Shakspeare

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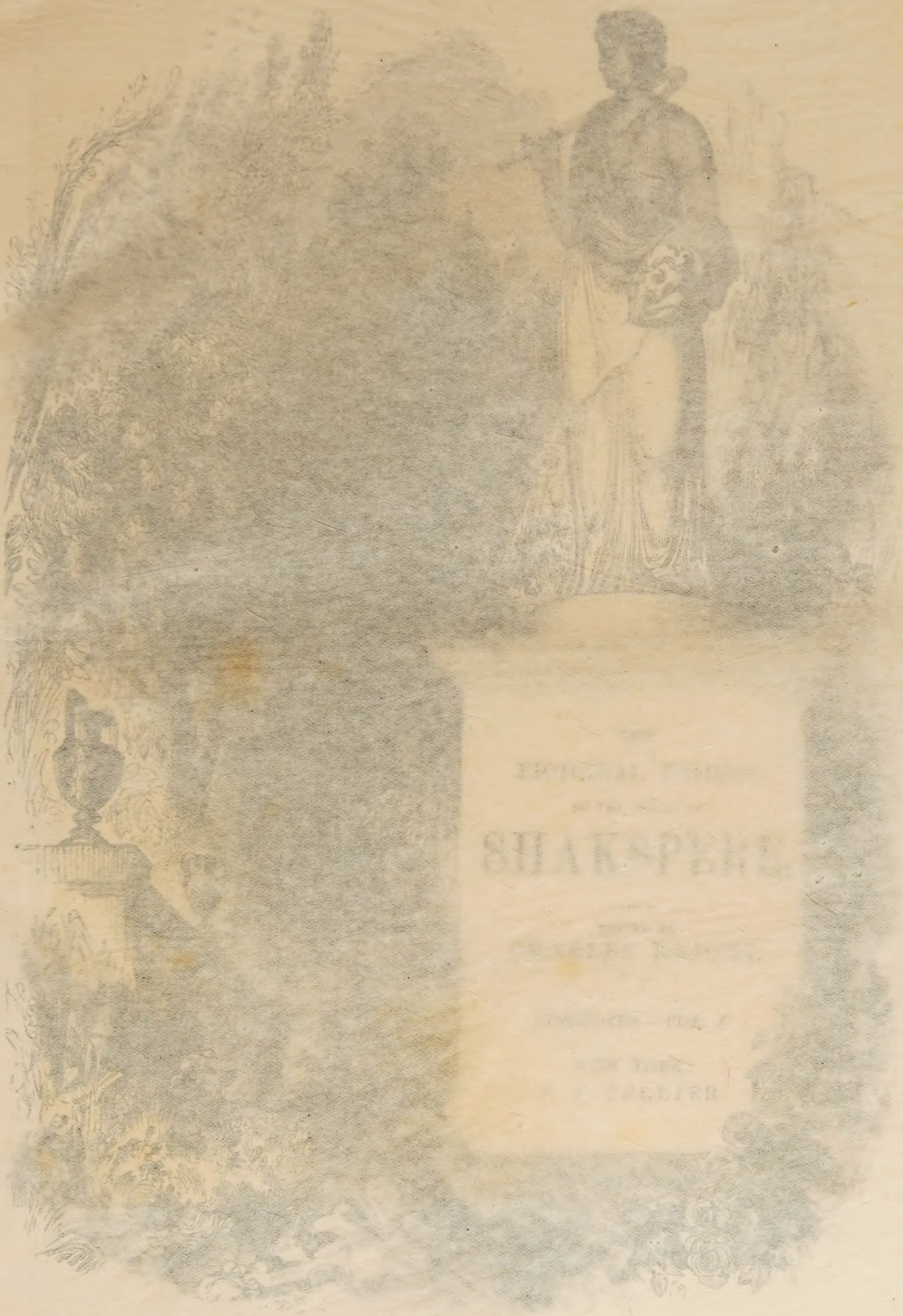
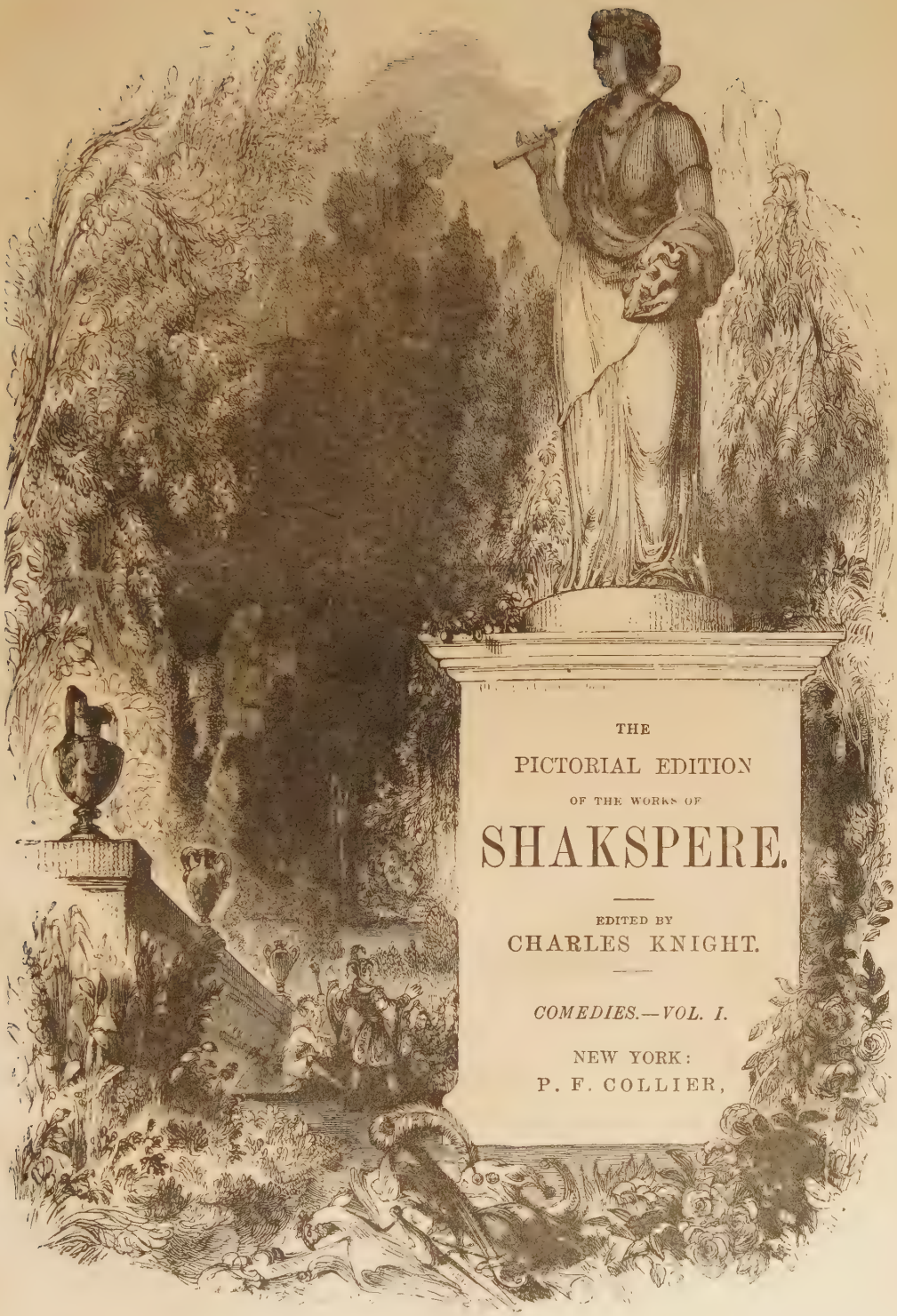
Katherine.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.
Act 2. Sc. 1.


SHAKSPERE



THE

PICTORIAL EDITION

OF THE WORKS OF

SHAKSPERE.

EDITED BY

CHARLES KNIGHT.

COMEDIES.—VOL. I.

NEW YORK:
P. F. COLLIER,

KNIGHT'S PICTORIAL EDITION.

THE WORKS

OF

EDITED BY

CHARLES KNIGHT.

COMEDIES.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

NEW YORK:
P. F. COLLIER.
1880.

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THE
TWO GENTLEMEN
OF
VERONA

* The above autograph of "WILLM. SHAKSPERE" is copied from his undoubted signature in the volume of Montaigne's Essays, by John Florio, which was purchased, for a large sum, by the Trustees of the British Museum.

NOTICE OF THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS OF THE PLAYS.

We propose here to give a very brief account of the Original Copies, upon which the Text of every edition of our author must be founded. We reserve a more detailed notice for a General Preface, when this new impression of the 'Pictorial Shakspere,' with large corrections and additions, is more advanced.

"Mr. William Shakspeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, published according to the True Originall Copies," is the title of this first collection of our poet's plays. This volume is "printed by Isaac Iaggard and Ed. Blount;" but the Dedication bears the signatures of "John Heminge, Henry Condell." That Blount and Jaggard had become the proprietors of this edition we learn from an entry in the Stationers' registers, under date November 8, 1623; in which they claim "Mr. William Shakespeere's Comedyes, Histories, and Tragedyes, soe many of the said copies as are not formerly entered to other men."

Most of the plays "formerly entered to other men" had been previously published—some in several editions—at dates extending from 1597 to 1622. These are what are commonly spoken of as *the quarto editions.*

John Heminge and Henry Condell were amongst the "principal actors" of the plays of Shakspere, according to a list prefixed to their edition. In 1608 they were shareholders with Shakspere in the Blackfriars Theatre. In his will, in 1616, they are honourably recognized in the following bequest—"To my fellows, John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Condell, twenty-six shillings eight-pence apiece, to buy them rings." In 1619, after the death of Shakspere and Burbage, they were at the head of their remaining "fellows."

This first folio edition is dedicated to the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Montgomery. The two friends and fellows of Shakspere, in an Address "to the great variety of readers," use very remarkable words:—"It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings. But since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he, by death, departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care and pain to have collected and published them; and so to have published them, as where, before, you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them,—even those are now offered to your view cured, and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them; who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. *His mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers.*"

That the editors of Shakspere were held to perform an acceptable service to the world by this publication, we may judge from some of the verses prefixed to the edition. Ben Jonson's celebrated poem, "To the Memory of my beloved the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare: and what he hath left us," follows the preface, and it concludes with these lines:—

> "Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage,
> Or influence, chide, or cheer, the drooping stage;
> Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
> And despairs day, *but for thy volume's light.*"

Another poem in the same volume, by Leonard Digges is in the same tone:—

> "Shake-speare, at length *thy pious fellows give*
> *The world thy works;* thy works by which outlive
> Thy tomb thy name must. When that stone is rent,
> And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
> Here we alive shall view thee still. *This book,*
> When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
> Fresh to all ages."

The edition of 1623 secured from a probable destruction, entire or partial, some of the noblest monuments of Shakspere's genius. The poet had been dead seven years when this edition was printed. Some of the plays which it preserved, through the medium of the press, had been written a considerable period before his death. We have not a single manuscript line in existence, written, or supposed to be written, by Shakspere. If, from any notions of exclusive advantage as the managers of a company, Heminge and Condell had not printed this edition of Shakspere,—if the publication had been suspended for ten, or at most for fifteen, years, till the civil wars broke out, and the predominance of the puritanical spirit had shut up the theatres,—the probability is that all Shakspere's manuscripts would have perished. What then should we have lost, which will now remain when "brass and marble fade!" We will give the list of

those plays which, as far as any edition is known, were printed for the first time in the folio of 1623 :—

COMEDIES . .	The Tempest.	HISTORIES . .	King John.
	The Two Gentlemen of Verona.		Henry VI., Part I.
	Measure for Measure.		Henry VIII.
	The Comedy of Errors.	TRAGEDIES . .	Coriolanus.
	As You Like it.		Timon of Athens.
	The Taming of the Shrew.		Julius Cæsar.
	All's Well that Ends Well.		Macbeth.
	Twelfth Night.		Antony and Cleopatra.
	The Winter's Tale.		Cymbeline.

In addition to the eighteen plays thus recited, which were first printed in the folio, there were four other plays there first printed in a perfect shape. Of the fourteen *Comedies*, nine first appeared in that edition. Between the quarto editions of the four Comedies,—"Love's Labour 's Lost," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado about Nothing,"—and the folio of 1623, the variations are exceedingly few; and these have probably, for the most part, been created by the printer. "The Merry Wives of Windsor"—of the quarto edition of which, in 1602 and in 1619, we shall give a more particular account in our notice of that play—is a very incomplete sketch of the Comedy which first appeared in a perfect shape in the edition of 1623.

The second edition of 1632 was held up as an authority by Steevens, because, in some degree, it appeared to fall in with his notions of versification. We doubt if it had an editor properly so called; for the most obvious typographical errors are repeated without change. The printer, probably, of this edition occasionally pieced out what he considered an imperfect line, and altered a word here and there that had grown obsolete during the changes in our language since Shakspere first wrote. But, beyond this, we have no help in the second edition; and none whatever in the subsequent ones. For eighteen plays, therefore, the folio of 1623 must be received as the only accredited copy —standing in the same relation to the text as the one manuscript of an ancient author. For four other plays it must be received as the only accredited complete copy.

The folio of 1623 contains thirty-six plays: of these, thirteen were published in the author's lifetime, with such internal evidences of authenticity, and under such circumstances, as warrant us in receiving them as authentic copies. These copies are, therefore, entitled to a very high respect in the settlement of the author's text. But they do not demand an exclusive respect; for the evidence, in several instances, is most decided, that the author's posthumous copies in manuscript were distinguished from the printed copies by verbal alterations, by additions, by omissions not arbitrarily made, by a more correct metrical arrangement. To refer these differences to alterations made by the players, has been a favourite theory with some of Shakspere's editors; but it is manifestly an absurd one. We see, in numerous cases, the minute but most effective touches

of the skilful artist; and a careful examination of this matter in the plays where the alterations are most numerous, is quite sufficient to satisfy us of the jealous care with which Shakspere watched over the more important of these productions, so as to leave with his "fellows" more complete and accurate copies than had been preserved by the press.

The order in which the Comedies are presented in the folio of 1623 is as follows:—

The Tempest.	Midsummer Night's Dream.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona.	The Merchant of Venice.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.	As You Like It.
Measure for Measure.	The Taming of the Shrew.
The Comedy of Errors.	All 's Well that Ends Well.
Much Ado about Nothing.	Twelfth Night, or What You Will.
Love's Labour 's Lost.	The Winter's Tale.

In the 'Pictorial Edition' we have endeavoured, to the best of our judgment, to arrange the Comedies and Tragedies according to the evidence of the dates of their composition. The Histories follow the Chronology of the several Reigns.

We subjoin a Chronological Table of Shakspere's Plays, which we have constructed with some care, showing the *positive* facts which determine dates *previous* to which they were produced.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF SHAKSPERE'S PLAYS.

Henry VI. Part I.	Alluded to by Nash, in 'Pierce Pennilesse,'	1592
Henry VI. Part II.	Printed as the 'First Part of the Contention'	1594
Henry VI. Part III.	Printed as 'The True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York'	1595
Richard II.	Printed	1597
Richard III.	Printed	1597
Romeo and Juliet	Printed	1597
Love's Labour 's Lost	Printed	1598
Henry IV. Part I.	Printed	1598
Henry IV. Part II.	Printed	1600
Henry V.	Printed	1600
Merchant of Venice	Printed 1600. Mentioned by Meres	1598
Midsummer Night's Dream	Printed 1600 Mentioned by Meres	1598
Much Ado about Nothing	Printed	1600
As You Like It	Entered at Stationer's Hall	1600
All 's Well that Ends Well	Held to be mentioned by Meres as 'Love's Labour's Won'	1598
Two Gentlemen of Verona	Mentioned by Meres	1598
Comedy of Errors	Mentioned by Meres	1598
King John	Mentioned by Meres	1598
Titus Andronicus	Printed	1600
Merry Wives of Windsor	Printed	1602
Hamlet	Printed	1603
Twelfth Night	Acted in the Middle Temple Hall	1602
Othello	Acted at Harefield	1602
Measure for Measure	Acted at Whitehall	1604
Lear	Printed 1608 Acted at Whitehall	1607
Taming of the Shrew	Supposed to have been acted at Henslowe's Theatre, 1593. Entered at Stationer's Hall	1607
Troilus and Cressida	Printed 1609. Previously acted at Court	1609
Pericles	Printed	1609
The Tempest	Acted at Whitehall	1611
The Winter's Tale	Acted at Whitehall	1611
Henry VIII.	Acted as a new play when the Globe was burned	1613

Out of the thirty-seven Plays of Shakspere the dates of thirty-one are thus to some extent fixed in epochs. These dates are, of course, to be modified by other circumstances. There are only six plays remaining, whose dates are not thus limited by publication, by the notice of contemporaries, or by the record of their performances; and these certainly belong to the poet's latter period. They are:—

Macbeth.	Julius Cæsar.
Cymbeline.	Antony and Cleopatra.
Timon of Athens	Coriolanus.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of the Two Gentlemen of Verona.

We have seen, from the list previously given, that this comedy was originally printed in the first folio. The text is singularly correct.

In the edition of 1623, the Two Gentlemen of Verona appears the second in the collection of "Comedies." The Tempest, which it can scarcely be doubted was one of Shakspere's latest plays, precedes it. The arrangement of that edition, except in the three divisions of "Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies," and in the order of events in the "Histories," is quite arbitrary. It is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to fix a precise date to many of Shakspere's plays; and the reasons which Malone, Chalmers, and Drake have given for the determining of an exact chronological order (in which they each differ), are, to our minds, in most instances, unsatisfactory. In the instance before us, Malone originally ascribed the play to the year 1595, because the lines which we shall have occasion afterwards to notice,—

> "Some, to the wars, to try their fortunes there
> Some, to discover islands far away;"—

he thought had reference to Elizabeth's military aid to Henry IV., and to Raleigh's expedition to Guiana. He has subsequently fixed the date of its being written as 1591, because there was an expedition to France under Essex in that year. The truth is, as we shall shew, that the excitements of military adventure, and of maritime discovery, had become the most familiar objects of ambition, from the period of Shakspere's first arrival in London to nearly the end of the century. The other arguments of Malone for placing the date of this play in 1591, appear to us as little to be regarded. They are, that the incident of Valentine joining the outlaws has a resemblance to a passage in Sidney's Arcadia, which was not published till 1590;—that there are two allusions to the story of Hero and Leander, which he thinks were suggested by Marlowe's poem on that subject; and that there is also an allusion to the story of Phaeton, which Steevens thinks Shakspere derived from the old play of King John, printed in 1591. All this is really very feeble conjecture, and it is absolutely all that is brought to shew an exact date for this play. The incident of Valentine is scarcely a coincidence, compared with the story in the Arcadia;—and if Shakspere knew nothing of the classical fables from direct sources (which it is always the delight of the commentators to suppose), every palace and mansion was filled with *Tapestry*, in which the subjects of Hero and Leander, and of Phaeton, were constantly to be found. Malone, for these and for no other reasons, thinks the Two Gentlemen of Verona was produced in 1591, when its author was twenty-seven years of age. But he thinks, at the same time, that it was Shakspere's first play.

Supposed Source of the Plot.

A charge which has been urged against Shakspere, with singular complacency on the part of the accusers, is, that he did not invent his plots. A recent writer, who in these later days has thought that to disparage Shakspere would be a commendable task, says, "If Shakspere had little of what the world calls learning, he had less of *invention*, so far as regards the fable of his plays For every one of them he was, in some degree, indebted to a preceding piece." * We do not mention this writer as attaching any value to his opinions; but simply because he has contrived to put in a small compass all that could be raked together, in depreciation of Shakspere as a poet and as a man. The assertion that the most inventive of poets was without invention "as far as regards the fable of his plays," is as absurd as to say that Scott did not invent the fable of Kenilworth, because the sad tale of Amy

* Life of Shakspere in Lardner's Cyclopædia.

Robsart is found in Mickle's beautiful ballad of "Cumnor Hall." The truth is, that no one can properly appreciate the extent as well as the subtlety of Shakspere's invention—its absorbing and purifying power—who has not traced him to his sources. It will be our duty, in many cases, to direct especial attention to the material upon which Shakspere worked, to shew how the rough ore became, under his hands, pure and resplendent—converted into something above all price by the unapproachable skill of the artist. It is not the workman polishing the diamond, but converting, by his wonderful alchemy, something of small value into the diamond. It is, in a word, precisely the same process by which the unhewn block of marble is fabricated into the perfect statue: the statue is within the marble, but the Phidias calls it forth. The student of Shakspere will understand that we here more particularly allude to the great plays which are founded on previous imaginative works, such as Romeo and Juliet, and Lear; and not to those in which, like the Two Gentlemen of Verona, a few incidents are borrowed from the romance writers.

"But what shall we do?" said the barber in Don Quixote, when, with the priest, the housekeeper, and the niece, he was engaged in making bonfire of the knight's library—"what shall we do with these little books that remain?" "These," said the priest, "are probably not books of chivalry, but of poetry." And opening one, he found it was the Diana of George Montemayor, and said (believing all the rest of the same kind), "These do not deserve to be burnt like the rest, for they cannot do the mischief that these of chivalry have done: they are works of genius and fancy, and do nobody any hurt." Such was the criticism of Cervantes upon the Diana of Montemayor. The romance was the most popular which had appeared in Spain since the days of Amadis de Gaul;* and it was translated into English by Bartholomew Yong, and published in 1598. The story involves a perpetual confusion of modern manners and ancient mythology; and Ceres, Minerva, and Venus, as well as the saints, constitute the machinery. The one part which Shakspere has borrowed, or is supposed to have borrowed, is the story of the shepherdess Felismena, which is thus translated by Mr. Dunlop:—"The first part of the threats of Venus was speedily accomplished; and, my father having early followed my mother to the tomb, I was left an orphan. Henceforth I resided at the house of a distant relative; and, having attained my seventeenth year, became the victim of the offended goddess, by falling in love with Don Felix, a young nobleman of the province in which I lived. The object of my affections felt a reciprocal passion; but his father, having learned the attachment which subsisted between us, sent his son to court, with a view to prevent our union. Soon after his departure, I followed him in the disguise of a page, and discovered on the night of my arrival at the capital, by a seranade I heard him give, that Don Felix had already disposed of his affections. Without being recognised by him, I was admitted into his service, and was engaged by my former lover to conduct his correspondence with the mistress who, since our separation, had supplanted me in his heart."

This species of incident, it is truly observed by Steevens, and afterwards by Dunlop, is found in many of the ancient novels. In Twelfth Night, where Shakspere is supposed to have copied Bandello, the same adventure occurs; but in that delightful comedy, the lady to whom the page in disguise is sent, falls in love with him. Such is the story of Felismena. It is, however, clear that Shakspere must have known this part of the Romance of Montemayor, although the translation of Yong was not published till 1598; for the pretty dialogue between Julia and Lucetta, in the first act, where Julia upbraids her servant for bringing the letter of Proteus, corresponds, even to some turns of expression, with a similar description by Felismena, of her love's history. We give a passage from the old translation by Bartholomew Yong, which will enable our readers to compare the romance writer and the dramatist:—

"Yet to try, if by giving her some occasion I might prevaile, I saide unto her—And is it so, Rosina, that Don Felix, without any regard to mine honour, dares write unto me? These are things, mistresse (saide she demurely to me again), that are commonly incident to love, wherefore, I beseech you, pardon me; for if I had thought to have angered you with it, I would have first pulled out the bals of mine eies. How cold my hart was at that blow, God knowes; yet did I dissemble the matter, and suffer myself to remain that night only with my desire, and with occasion of little sleepe."—(p. 55.)

Those who are curious to trace this subject further, may find all that Shakspere is supposed to have borrowed from Montemayor, in the third volume of "Shakspeare Illustrated," by Mrs.

* Dunlop's History of Fiction.

Lenox. We have compared this lady's translation of the passages with that of Bartholomew Yong. The substance is correctly given, though her verbal alterations are not improvements of the quaint prose of the times of Elizabeth.

The writer in Lardner's Cyclopædia, whom we have been already compelled to mention, says, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona (a very poor drama), is indebted for *many of its incidents* to two works—the Arcadia of Sidney, and the Diana of Montemayor." This writer had neither taken the trouble to examine for himself, nor to report correctly what others had said who had examined. The single incident in Sidney's Arcadia which bears the slightest resemblance to the story of the Two Gentlemen of Verona, is where Pyrocles, one of the two heroes of the Arcadia, is compelled to become the captain of a band of people called Helots, who had revolted from the Lacedemonians; and this is supposed to have given origin to the thoroughly Italian incident of Valentine being compelled to become the captain of the outlaws. The English travellers in Italy, in the time of Shakspere, were perfectly familiar with banditti, often headed by daring adventurers of good family. Fynes Moryson, who travelled between Rome and Naples in 1594, has described a band headed by "the nephew of the Cardinal Cajetano." We may, therefore, fairly leave the *uninventive* Shakspere to have found his outlaws in other narratives than that of the Arcadia. With regard to the Diana of Montemayor, we have stated the entire amount of what the author of the Two Gentlemen of Verona is supposed to have borrowed from it.

Period of the Action, and Manners.

Amongst the objections which Dr. Johnson, in the discharge of his critical office, appears to have thought it his duty to raise against every play of Shakspere, he says, with regard to the plot of this play, "he places the emperor at Milan, and sends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more." As the emperor had nothing whatever to do with the story of the Two Gentlemen of Verona, it was quite unnecessary that Shakspere should mention him more; and the mention of him at all was only demanded by a poetical law, which Shakspere well understood, by which the introduction of a few definite circumstances, either of time or place, is sought for, to take the conduct of a story, in ever so small a degree, out of the region of generalization, and, by so doing, invest it with some of the attributes of reality. The poetical value of this single line—

"Attends the emperor in his royal court,"*

can only be felt by those who desire to attach precise images to the descriptions which poetry seeks to put before the mind, and, above all, to the incidents which dramatic poetry endeavours to group and embody. Had this line not occurred in the play before us, we should have had a very vague idea of the scenes which are here presented to us; and, as it is, the poet has left just such an amount of vagueness as is quite compatible with the free conduct of his plot. He is not here dramatizing history. He does not undertake to bring before us the fierce struggles for the real sovereignty of the Milanese between Francis I. and the Emperor Charles V., while Francesco Sforza, the Duke of Milan, held a precarious and disputed authority. He does not pretend to tell us of the dire calamities, the subtle intrigues, and the wonderful reverses which preceded the complete subjection of Italy to the conqueror at Pavia. He does not shew us the unhappy condition of Milan, in 1529, when, according to Guicciardini, the poor people who could not buy provisions at the exorbitant prices demanded by the governor died in the streets,—when the greater number of the nobility fled from the city, and those who remained were miserably poor,—and when the most frequented places were overgrown with grass, nettles, and brambles. He gives us a peaceful period, when courtiers talked lively jests in the duke's saloons, and serenaded their mistresses in the duke's courts. This state of things might have existed during the short period between the treaty of Cambray, in 1529 (when Francis I. gave up all claims to Milan, and it became a fief of the empire under Charles V.), and the death of Francesco Sforza in 1535; or it might have existed at an earlier

* Act I. Scene III.

period in the life of Sforza, when, after the battle of Pavia, he was restored to the dukedom of Milan; or when, in 1525, he received a formal investiture of his dignity. All that Shakspere attempted to define was *some* period when there was a Duke of Milan holding his authority in a greater or less degree under the emperor. That period might have been before the time of Francesco Sforza. It could not have been after it, because, upon the death of that prince, the contest for the sovereignty of the Milanese was renewed between Francis I. and Charles V., till, in 1540, Charles invested his son Philip (afterwards husband of Mary of England) with the title, and the separate honours of a Duke of Milan became merged in the imperial family.

The one historical fact, then, mentioned in this play, is that of the emperor holding his court at Milan, which was under the government of a duke, who was a vassal of the empire. Assuming that this fact prescribes a limit to the period of the action, we must necessarily place that period at least half a century before the date of the composition of this drama. Such a period may, or may not, have been in Shakspere's mind. It was scarcely necessary for him to have defined the period for the purpose of making his play more intelligible to his audience. That was all the purpose he had to accomplish. He was not, as we have said before, teaching history, in which he had to aim at all the exactness that was compatible with the exercise of his dramatic art. He had here, as in many other cases, to tell a purely romantic story; and all that he had to provide for with reference to what is called costume, in the largest sense of that word, was that he should not put his characters in any positions, or conduct his story through any details, which should run counter to the actual knowledge, or even to the conventional opinions of his audience. That this was the theory upon which he worked as an artist we have little doubt; and that he carried this theory even into wilful anachronisms we are quite willing to believe. He saw, and we think correctly, that there was not less real impropriety in making the ancient Greeks speak English than in making the same Greeks describe the maiden "in shady cloister mew'd," by the modern name of a nun.* He had to translate the images of the Greeks, as well as their language, into forms of words that an uncritical English audience would apprehend. Keeping this principle in view, whenever we meet with a commentator lifting up his eyes in astonishment at the prodigious ignorance of Shakspere, with regard to geography, and chronology, and a thousand other proprieties, to which the empire of poetry has been subjected by the inroads of modern accuracy, we picture to ourselves a far different being from the rude workman which their pedantic demonstrations have figured as the *beau ideal* of the greatest of poets. We see the most skilful artist employing his materials in the precise mode in which he intended to employ them; displaying as much knowledge as he intended to display; and, after all, committing fewer positive blunders, and incurring fewer violations of accuracy, than any equally prolific poet before or after him. If we compare, for example, the violations of historical truth on the part of Shakspere, who lived in an age when all history came dim and dreamy before the popular eye, and on the part of Sir Walter Scott, who lived in an age when all history was reduced to a tabular exactness—if we compare the great dramatist and the great novelist in this one point alone, we shall find that the man who belongs to the age of accuracy is many degrees more inaccurate than the man who belongs to the age of fable. There is, in truth, a philosophical point of view in which we must seek for the solution of those contradictions of what is real and probable, which, in Shakspere, his self-complacent critics are always delighted to refer to his ignorance. One of their greatest discoveries of his geographical ignorance is furnished in this play:—Proteus and his servant go to Milan by water. It is perfectly true that Verona is inland, and that even the river Adige, which waters Verona, does not take its course by Milan. Shakspere, therefore, was most ignorant of geography! In Shakspere's days countries were not so exactly mapped out as in our own, and therefore he may, from lack of knowledge, have made a boat sail from Verona, and have given Bohemia a sea-board But let it be borne in mind that, in numberless other instances, Shakspere has displayed the most exact acquaintance with what we call geography—an acquaintance not only with the territorial boundaries, and the physical features of particular countries, but with a thousand nice peculiarities connected with their government and customs, which nothing but the most diligent reading and inquiry could furnish. Is there not, therefore, another solution of the ship at Verona, and the sea-board of Bohemia, than Shakspere's ignorance? Might not his knowledge have been in

* Midsummer Night's Dream.

subjection to what he required, or fancied he required, for the conduct of his dramatic incidents? Why does Scott make the murder of a Bishop of Liege, by William de la Marck, the great cause of the quarrel between Charles the Bold and Louis XI., to revenge which murder the combined forces of Burgundy and France stormed the city of Liege,—when, at the period of the insurrection of the Liegeois described in Quentin Durward, no William de la Marck was upon the real scene, and the murder of a Bishop of Liege by him took place fourteen years afterwards? No one, we suppose, imputes this inaccuracy to historical ignorance in Scott. He was writing a romance, we say, and he therefore thought fit to sacrifice historical truth. The real question, in all these cases, to be asked, is, Has the writer of imagination gained by the violation of propriety a full equivalent for what he has lost? In the case of Shakspere we are not to determine this question by a reference to the actual state of popular knowledge in our time. What startles us as a violation of propriety was received by the audience of Shakspere as a fact,—or, what was nearer the poet's mind, the fact was held by the audience to be in subjection to the fable which he sought to present;—the world of reality lived in a larger world of art;—art divested the real of its formal shapes, and made its hard masses plastic. In our own days we have lost the power of surrendering our understanding, spell-bound, to the witchery of the dramatic poet. We cannot sit for two hours enchained to the one scene which equally represents Verona or Milan, Rome or London, and ask no aid to our senses beyond what the poet supplies us in his dialogue. We must now have changing scenes, which carry us to new localities; and pauses to enable us to comprehend the time which has elapsed in the progress of the action; and appropriate dresses, that we may at once distinguish a king from a peasant, and a Roman from a Greek. None of these aids had our ancestors;—but they had what we have not—a thorough love of the dramatic art in its highest range, and an appreciation of its legitimate authority. Wherever the wand of the enchanter waved, there were they ready to come within his circle and to be mute. They did not ask, as we have been accustomed to ask, for happy Lears and unmetaphysical Hamlets. They were content to weep scalding tears with the old king, when his "poor fool was hanged," and to speculate with the unresolving prince even to the extremest depths of his subtlety. They did not require tragedy to become a blustering melodrame, or comedy a pert farce. They could endure poetry and wit—they understood the alternations of movement and repose. We have, in our character of audience, become degraded even by our advance in many appliances of civilization with regard to which the audiences of Shakspere were wholly ignorant. We know many small things exactly, which they were content to leave unstudied; but we have lost the perception of many grand and beautiful things which they received instinctively and without effort. They had great artists working for them, who knew that the range of their art would carry them far beyond the hard, dry, literal copying of every-day Nature which we call Art; and they laid down their shreds and patches of accurate knowledge as a tribute to the conquerors who came to subdue them to the dominion of imagination. What cared they, then, if a ship set sail from Verona to Milan, when Valentine and his man ought to have departed in a carriage;—or what mattered it if Hamlet went "to school at Wittemberg," when the real Hamlet was in being five centuries before the university of Wittemberg was founded! If Shakspere had lived in this age, he might have looked more carefully into his maps and his encyclopædias. We might have gained something, but what should we not have lost!

We have been somewhat wandering from the immediate subject before us; but we considered it right, upon the threshold of our enterprise, to make a profession of faith with regard to what many are accustomed to consider irredeemable violations of propriety in Shakspere. We believe the time is passed when it can afford any satisfaction to an Englishman to hear the greatest of our poets perpetually held up to ridicule as a sort of inspired barbarian, who worked without method, and wholly without learning. But before Shakspere can be properly understood, the popular mind must be led in an opposite direction; and we must all learn to regard him, as he really was, as the most consummate of artists, who had a complete and absolute control over all the materials and instruments of his art, without any subordination to mere impulses and caprices,—with entire self-possession and perfect knowledge.

"Shakspere," says Malone, "is fond of alluding to events occurring at the time when he wrote;"* and Johnson observes that many passages in his works evidently shew that "he often took advantage of the facts then recent, and the passions then in motion."† This was a part of the *method* of

* Life, vol. ii. p. 331, edit. 1821.

† Note on King John.

Shakspere, by which he fixed the attention of his audience. The Nurse in Romeo and Juliet, says, "It is now since the earthquake eleven years." Dame Quickly, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, talks of her "knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches. I warrant you, coach after coach." Coaches came into general use about 1605. "Banks's horse," which was exhibited in London in 1589 is mentioned in Love's Labour's Lost. These, amongst many other instances which we shall have occasion to notice, are not to be regarded as determining the period of the dramatic action; and, indeed, they are, in many cases, decided anachronisms. In the Two Gentlemen of Verona, there are several very curious and interesting passages which have distinct reference to the times of Elizabeth. and which, if Milan had then been under a separate ducal government, would have warranted us in placing the action of this play about half a century later than we have done. As it is, the passages are remarkable examples of Shakspere's close attention to "facts then recent;" and they shew us that the spirit of enterprise, and the intellectual activity which distinguished the period when Shakspere first began to write for the stage, found a reflection in the allusions of this accurate observer. We have noted these circumstances more particularly in our Illustrations; but a rapid enumeration o them may not be unprofitable.

In the scene between Antonio and Panthino, where the father is recommended to "put forth" his son "to seek preferment," we have a brief but most accurate recapitulation of the stirring objects that called forth the energies of the master-spirits of the court of Elizabeth :—

> "Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there:
> Some, to discover islands far away;
> Some, to the studious universities"

Here, in three lines, we have a recital of the great principles that, either separately, or more frequently in combination, gave their impulses to the ambition of an Essex, a Sidney, a Raleigh, and a Drake :—War, still conducted in a chivalrous spirit, though with especial reference to the "preferment" of the soldier;—Discovery, impelled by the rapid development of the commercial resources of the nation, and carried on in a temper of enthusiasm which was prompted by extraordinary success and extravagant hope;—and Knowledge, a thirst for which had been excited throughout Europe by the progress of the Reformation and the invention of printing, which opened the stores of learning freely to all men. These pursuits had succeeded to the fierce and demoralizing passions of our long civil wars, and the more terrible contentions that had accompanied the great change in the national religion. The nation had at length what, by comparison, was a settled Government. It could scarcely be said to be at war; for the assistance which Elizabeth afforded to the Hugonots in France, and to those who fought for freedom of conscience and for independence of Spanish dominion in the Netherlands, gave a healthy stimulus to the soldiers of fortune who drew their swords for Henry of Navarre and Maurice of Nassau;—and though the English people might occasionally lament the fate of some brave and accomplished leader, as they wept for the death of Sidney at Zutphen, there was little of general suffering that might make them look upon those wars as anything more to be dreaded than some well-fought tournament. Shakspere, indeed, has not forgotten the connexion between the fields where honour and fortune were to be won by wounds, and the knightly lists where the game of mimic war was still played upon a magnificent scale; where the courtier might, without personal danger,

> "Practise tilts and tournaments,"

before his queen, who sat in her "fortress of perfect beauty," to witness the exploits of the "foster-children of desire," amidst the sounds of cannon "fired with perfumed powder," and "moving mounts and costly chariots, and other devices."*

There was another circumstance which marked the active and inquiring character of these days, which Shakspere has noticed:

> "Home keeping youths have ever homely wits,"

exclaims Valentine; and Panthino says of Proteus, it

> "Would be great impeachment to his age
> In having known no travel in his youth"

* See Illustrations to Act I.

Travelling was the passion of Shakspere's times—the excitement of those who did not specially devote themselves to war, or discovery, or learning. The general practice of travelling supplies one, amongst many proofs, that the nation was growing commercial and rich, and that a spirit of inquiry was spread amongst the higher classes, which made it "impeachment" to their age not to have looked upon foreign lands in their season of youth and activity.

The allusions which we thus find in this comedy to the pursuits of the gallant spirits of the court of Elizabeth are very marked. The incidental notices of the general condition of the people are less decided; but a few passages that have reference to popular manners may be pointed out.

The boyhood of Shakspere was passed in a country town where the practices of the Catholic church had not been wholly eradicted either by severity or reason. We have one or two passing notices of these. Proteus, in the first scene, says,

"I will be thy Beadsman, Valentine."

Shakspere had, doubtless, seen the rosary still worn, and the "beads bidden," perhaps even in his own house. Julia compares the strength of her affection to the unwearied steps of "the true-devoted pilgrim." Shakspere had, perhaps, heard the tale of some ancient denizen of a ruined abbey, who had made the pilgrimage to the shrine of our Lady at Loretto, or had even visited the sacred tomb at Jerusalem. Thurio and Proteus are to meet at "Saint Gregory's well." This is the only instance in Shakspere in which a holy well is mentioned; but how often must he have seen the country people, in the early summer morning, or after their daily labour, resorting to the fountain which had been hallowed from the Saxon times as under the guardian influence of some venerated saint. These wells were closed and neglected in London when Stowe wrote; but at the beginning of the last century, the custom of making journeys to them, according to Bourne, still existed among the people of the North; and he considers it to be "the remains of that superstitious practice of the Papists of paying adoration to wells and fountains." This play contains several indications of the prevailing taste for music, and exhibits an audience proficient in its technical terms; for Shakspere never addressed words to his hearers which they could not understand. This taste was a distinguishing characteristic of the age of Elizabeth; it was not extinct in those of the first Charles; but it was lost amidst the puritanism of the Commonwealth and the profligacy of the Restoration, and has yet to be born again amongst us. There is one allusion in this play to the games of the people—"bid the base,"—which shews us that the social sport which the school-boy and school-girl still enjoy,—that of prison base, or prison bars,—and which still make the village green vocal with their mirth on some fine evening of spring, was a game of Shakspere's days. In the long winter nights the farmer's hearth was made cheerful by the well-known ballads of Robin Hood; and to "Robin Hood's fat friar" Shakspere makes his Italian outlaws allude. But with music, and sports, and ales, and old wife's stories, there was still much misery in the land. "The beggar" not only spake "puling" "at Hallowmas," but his importunities or his threats were heard at all seasons. The disease of the country was vagrancy; and to this deep-rooted evil there were only applied the surface remedies to which Launce alludes, "the stocks" and "the pillory." The whole nation was still in a state of transition from semi-barbarism to civilization; but the foundations of modern society had been laid. The labourers had ceased to be vassals; the middle class had been created; the power of the aristocracy had been humbled, and the nobles had clustered round the sovereign, having cast aside the low tastes which had belonged to their fierce condition of independent chieftains. This was a state in which literature might, without degradation, be adapted to the wants of the general people; and "the best public instructor" then, was the drama. Shakspere found the taste created; but it was for him, most especially, to purify and exalt it.

It is scarcely necessary, perhaps, to caution our readers against imagining that because Shakspere in this, as in all his plays, has some reference to the manners of his own country and times, he has given a false representation of the manners of the persons whom he brings upon his scene. The tone of the Two Gentlemen of Verona is, perhaps, not so thoroughly Italian as some of his later plays—the Merchant of Venice, for example; but we all along feel that his characters are not English. The allusions to home customs which we have pointed out, although curious and important as illustrations of the age of Shakspere, are so slight that they scarcely amount to any

violation of the most scrupulous propriety; and regarded upon that principle which holds that in a work of art the exact should be in subordination to the higher claims of the imaginative, they are no violations of propriety at all.

Scenes and Costume.

In the folio of 1623, there are no indications of the localities of the several Scenes. The notices, such as "An open Place in Verona, The Garden of Julia's House, A Room in the Duke's Palace, A Forest near Mantua," are additions that have been usefully made, from time to time. The text, either specially or by allusion, of course furnishes the authority for these directions.

The scenes which we have illustrated are the following; and we shall mention in this, as in all other cases, the authorities upon which we have founded our designs.

1. *An open Place in Verona.* In this view is seen the "Piazza della Bra" of Palladio, which was erected about the time of Shakspere; and, of course, somewhat later than the period we have assigned to the dramatic action. An old print in the British Museum has been here copied.

2. *Room in the Duke's Palace at Milan.* This is after a composition by Mr. A. Poynter, strictly in accordance with the architecture of the period. The apartment is supposed to open upon a loggia, with a balcony looking over a garden.

3. *Street in Milan.* The authorities for this view are, Aspar Veduta di Milano, and Veduta dell Ospitale Maggiore, 1456. The hospital is the large building shewn on the left of the design.

4. *General View of Milan.* Braun's Civitates Orbis Terrarum, a very curious work, in six folio volumes, first printed in 1523, contains a plan of Milan; and an old print in the King's Library has been partly copied, with some slight picturesque adaptations.

5. *Forest near Mantua.* A well-known print after Salvator Rosa has furnished this scene.

6. *Court of the Palace, Milan.* This is also after a composition by Mr. A. Poynter, in which he has endeavoured to exemplify the Lombard architecture of the sixteenth century.

7. *Abbey at Milan.* This is a view of the Cloister of Saint Ambrosio, in that city, a building existing at the period of the play. It is drawn from an original sketch.

The period at which the incidents of this play are supposed to have taken place, has been our guide in the selection of its Costume. It is fixed, as we have previously noticed, by the mention of the Emperor holding "his Royal Court" at Milan, while there was a sovereign prince of that particular duchy. We have therefore chosen our pictorial illustrations from authorities of the commencement of the sixteenth century; as, after the death of Francesco Sforza, in 1535, the duchy of Milan became an appanage of the Crown of Spain, and, as such, formed part of the dominions of Philip II., husband of our Queen Mary.

Ceasare Vecellio, the brother of Titian, in his curious work, "Habiti Antiche e Moderni di tutto il mondo," completed in 1589, presents us with the general costume of the noblemen and gentlemen of Italy at the period we have mentioned, which has been made familiar to us by the well-known portraits of the contemporary monarchs, Francis I. and our own Henry VIII, He tells us they wore a sort of diadem surmounted by a turban-like cap of gold tissue, or embroidered silk, a plaited shirt low in the neck with a small band or ruff, a coat or cassock of the German fashion, short in the waist and reaching to the knee, having sleeves down to the elbow, and from thence shewing the arm covered only by the shirt with wristbands or ruffles. The cassock was ornamented with stripes or borders of cloth, silk, or velvet of different colours, or of gold lace or embroidery, according to the wealth or taste of the wearer. With this dress they sometimes wore doublets and stomachers, or *placcards*, as they were called, of different colours, their shoes being of

velvet, like those of the Germans, that is, very broad at the toes. Over these cassocks again were occasionally worn cloaks or mantles of silk, velvet, or cloth of gold, with ample turn-over collars

of fur or velvet, having large arm-holes through which the full puffed sleeves of the cassock passed, and sometimes loose hanging sleeves of their own, which could either be worn over the others or thrown behind at pleasure.

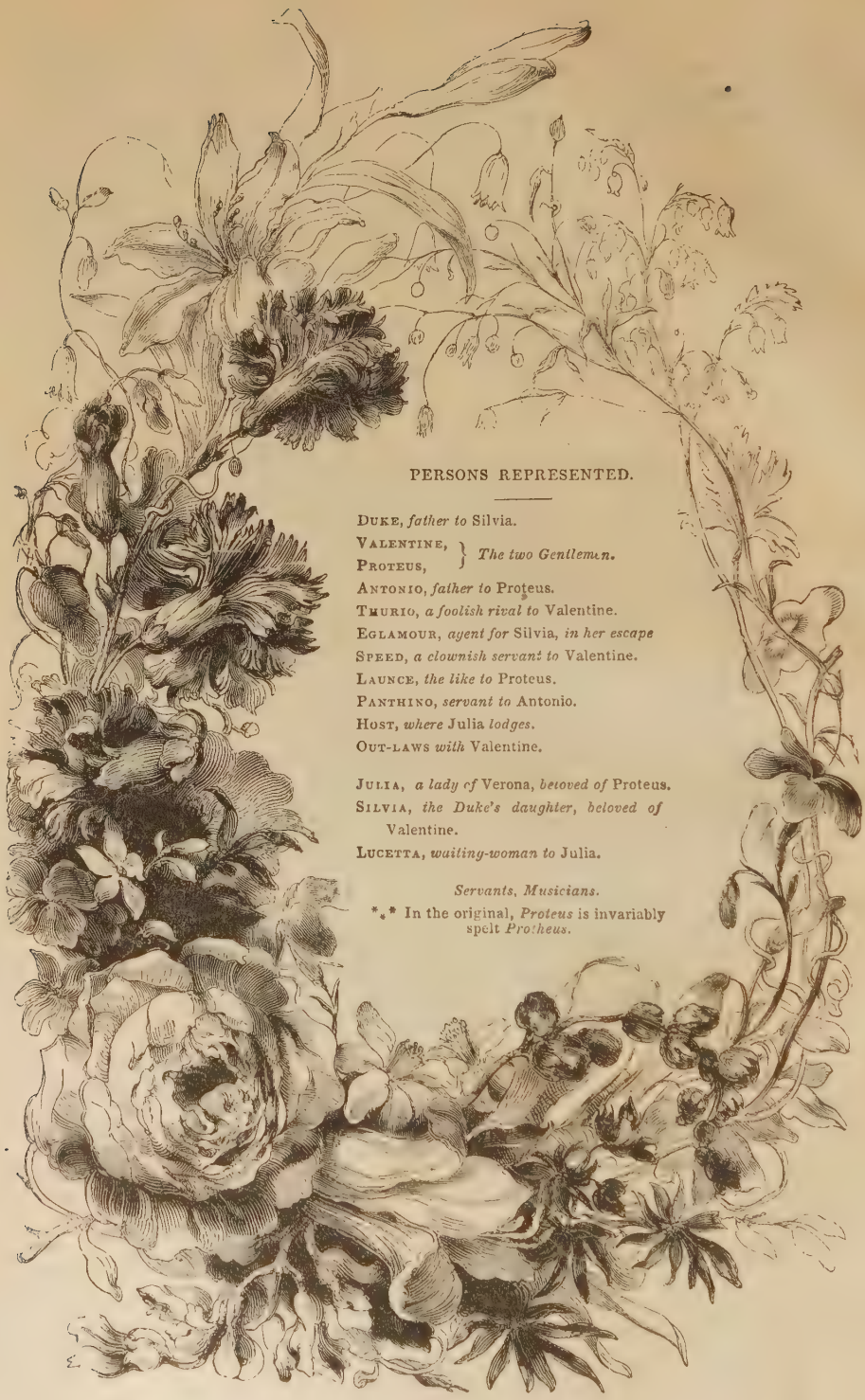
Nicholas Hoghenberg, in his curious series of prints exhibiting the triumphal processions and other ceremonies attending the entry of Charles V. into Bologna, A.D. 1530, affords us some fine specimens of the costume at this period, worn by the German and Italian nobles in the train of the Emperor. Some are in the cassocks described by Vecellio, others in doublets with slashed hose; confined both above and below knee by garters of silk or gold. The turban head-dress is worn by the principal herald; but the nobles generally have caps or bonnets of cloth or velvet placed on the side of the head, sometimes over a caul of gold, and ornamented with feathers, in some instances profusely. These are most probably the Milan caps or bonnets of which we hear so much in wardrobe accounts and other records of the time. They were sometimes slashed and puffed round the edges, and adorned with "points" or "agletts" *i.e.* tags or aiguilletes. The feathers in them, also, were occasionally ornamented with drops or spangles of gold, and jewelled up the quills.

Milan was likewise celebrated for its silk hose. In the inventory of the wardrobe of Henry VIII., Harleian MSS., Nos. 1419 and 1420, mention is made of "a pair of hose of purple silk, and Venice gold, woven like unto a caul, lined with blue silver sarcenet, edged with a passemain of purple silk and gold, wrought at Milan, and one pair of hose of white silk and gold knits, bought of Christopher Millener." Our readers need scarcely be told that the present term milliner is derived from Milan, in consequence of the reputation of that city for its fabrication as well "of weeds of peace" as of "harness for war;" but it may be necessary to inform them that by hose at this period is invariably meant breeches or upper stocks, the *stockings*, or *nether stocks*, beginning now to form a separate portion of male attire.

The ladies, we learn from Vecellio wore the same sort of turbaned head-dress as the men, resplendent with various colours, and embroidered with gold and silk in the form of rose leaves, and other devices. Their neck chains and girdles were of gold, and of great value. To the latter were

attached fans of feathers with richly ornamented gold handles. Instead of a veil they wore a sort of collar or neckerchief (Bavaro) of lawn or cambric, pinched or plaited. The skirts of their gowns were usually of damask, either crimson or purple, with a border lace or trimming round the bottom, a quarter of a yard in depth. The sleeves were of velvet or other stuff, large and slashed, so as to shew the lining or under garment, terminating with a small band or ruffle like that round the edge of the collar. The body of the dress was of gold stuff or embroidery. Some of the dresses were made with trains which were either held up by the hand when walking, or attached to the girdle. The head-dress of gold brocade given in one of the plates of Vecellio, is not unlike the beretta of the Doge of Venice; and caps very similar in form and material are still worn in the neighbourhood of Linz in Upper Austria.

The Milan bonnet was also worn by ladies as well as men at this period. Hall, the chronicler, speaks of some who wore "Myllain bonnets of crymosyne sattin drawn through (*i.e.* slashed and puffed) with cloth of gold;" and in the roll of provisions for the marriage of the daughters of Sir John Nevil, *tempore* Henry VIII., the price of "a Millan bonnet, dressed with agletts," is marked as 11*s*.



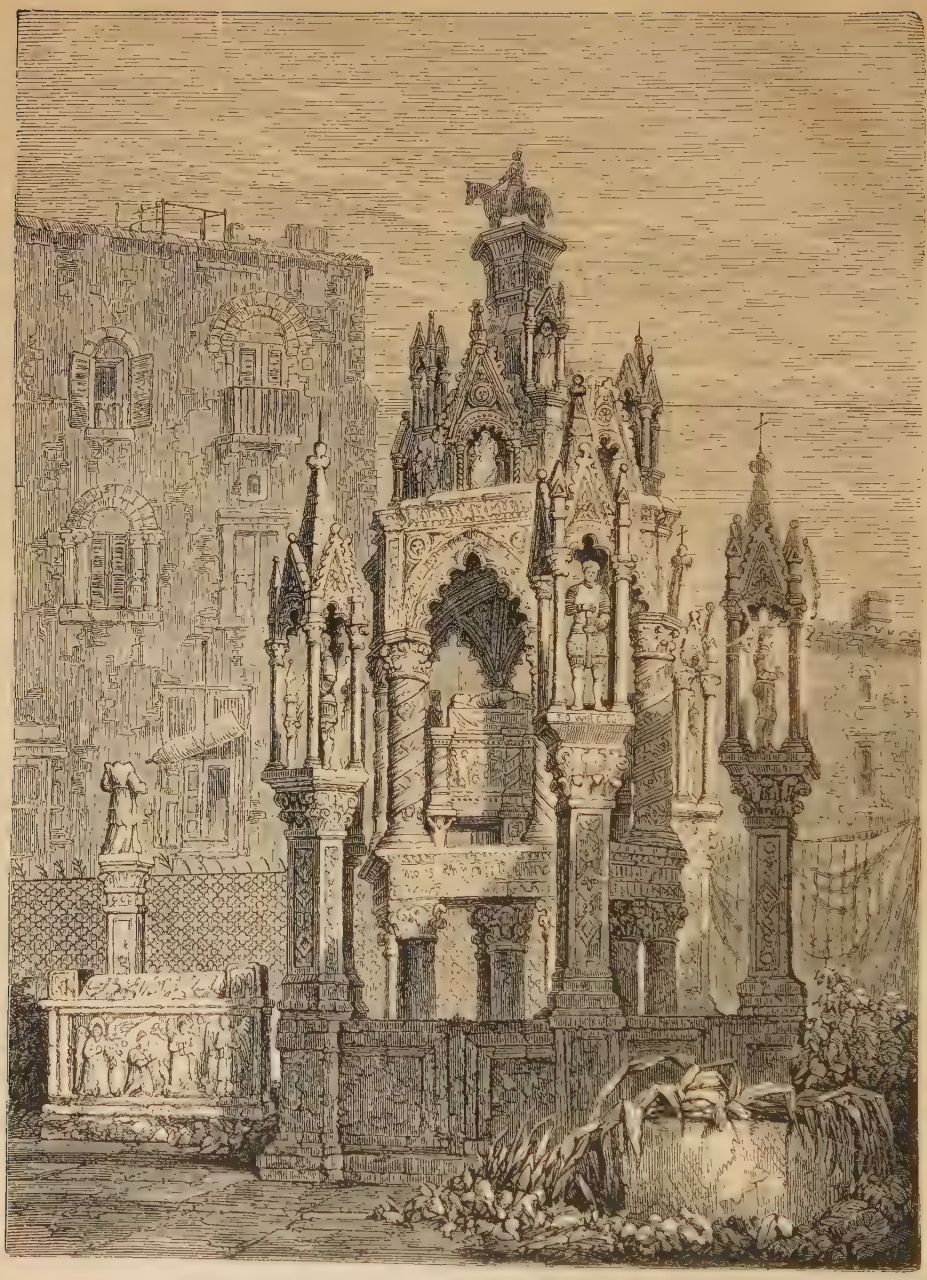
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE, *father to* Silvia.
VALENTINE, } *The two Gentlemen.*
PROTEUS, }
ANTONIO, *father to* Proteus.
THURIO, *a foolish rival to* Valentine.
EGLAMOUR, *agent for* Silvia, *in her escape*
SPEED, *a clownish servant to* Valentine.
LAUNCE, *the like to* Proteus.
PANTHINO, *servant to* Antonio.
HOST, *where* Julia *lodges.*
OUT-LAWS *with* Valentine.

JULIA, *a lady of* Verona, *beloved of* Proteus.
SILVIA, *the Duke's daughter, beloved of* Valentine.
LUCETTA, *waiting-woman to* Julia.

Servants, Musicians.

*** In the original, *Proteus* is invariably spelt *Protheus.*



THE TOMB OF THE SCALLIGERS AT VERONA.

Two Gentlemen of Verona. Act i. sc., 1.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open place in* Verona.

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits;
Wer't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap: and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.[1]

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success?

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over boots in love.

Val. 'T is true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swom the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.[2]

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,[a]
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However,[b] but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

a Steevens gives the passage thus:—

Val. No, I'll not, for it boots thee not.
Pro. What?
Val. To be
In love, where scorn is bought with groans; coy look:
With heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth, &c.

By this reading, the Alexandrine in the line beginning with "coy looks" is avoided;—but the force and harmony of the entire passage are weakened. Our reading is that of the edit. of 1623. We mention this deviation from the reading of the common octavo edition here; but we shall not often repeat this sort of notice. Steevens having a notion of metre which placed its highest excellence in monotonous regularity, has unsparingly maimed the text, or stuck something upon it, to satisfy his "finger-counting ear." We shall silently restore the text, as Malone has in *many* cases done.

b *However.* In whatsoever way, "haply won," or "lost."

Val. So, by your circumstance,[a] I fear, you'll prove.

Pro. 'T is love you cavil at; I am not love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells,[3] so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his [b] verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters,[c]
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell. [*Exit* Valentine.

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself,[d] my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you: Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already;
And I have played the sheep, in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir; I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton;[a] and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour!

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray;[b] 't were best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'T is threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she? did she nod?[c]

[Speed *nods*.

[a] *Circumstance.* The word is used by the two speakers in different senses. Proteus employs it in the meaning of *circumstantial deduction*;—Valentine in that of *position*.

[b] According to modern construction, we should read *its* verdure. In an elaborate note by Professor Craik, in his valuable "Philological Commentary on Julius Cæsar," he has clearly shown that "*His* was formerly neuter as well as masculine, or the genitive of *It* as well as of *He*."

[c] *To* Milan. Let me hear from thee by letters, *addressed* to Milan. *To* is the reading of the first folio, and has been restored by Malone.

[d] The original copy reads, "I love myself."

[a] *A laced mutton.* The commentators have much doubtful learning on this passage. They maintain that the epithet "laced" was a very uncomplimentary epithet of Shakspere's time; and that the words taken together apply to a female of loose character. This is probable; but then the insolent application, by Speed, of the term to Julia is received by Proteus very patiently. The original meaning of the *verb* lace is to catch—to hold (see Tooke's Diversions &c. part ii. ch. 4); from which the *noun* lace,—any thing which catches or holds. Speed might, therefore, without an insult to the mistress of Proteus, say—I, a lost sheep, gave your letter to her, a caught sheep.

[b] *Astray.* The adjective here should be read "*a stray*"—a stray sheep.

[c] *Did she nod?* These words, not in the original text, were introduced by Theobald. The stage-direction, "Speed nods," is also modern.

Speed. I.[a]

Pro. Nod, I; why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say, I.

Pro. And that set together, is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: What said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains: What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Could'st thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat[4] for delivering your letter: And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear, she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind.[b] Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What said she,—nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—*take this for thy pains.* To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd[5] me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wrack;
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore:[c]—
I must go send some better messenger;
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exeunt.*

[a] *I.* The old spelling of the affirmative particle *Ay.*

[b] The second folio changes the passage to "*her* mind." The first gives it "*your* mind." Speed says,—she was hard to me that *brought* your mind, by letter;—she will be as hard to you in *telling* it, in person.

[c] The same allusion to the proverb, "He that is born to be hanged," &c., occurs in the Tempest.

SCENE II.—*The same. Garden of* Julia's *House.*

Enter Julia *and* Lucetta.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle[a] encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll shew my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 't is a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure[b] thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus,——of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shews his love but small.

Luc. Fire[c] that's closest kept burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love that do not shew their love.

[a] *Parle.* Speech. The first folio spells it par'le, which shews the abbreviation of the original French *parole.*

[b] *Censure.* Give an opinion—a meaning which repeatedly occurs.

[c] *Fire* is here used as a dissyllable. Steevens, whose ear received it as a monosyllable, corrupted the reading. In Act II. Sc. VII., we have this line—

"But qualify the fire's extreme rage."

See Walker, on "Shakespeare's Versification," § xviii. The present play furnishes other examples, such as,

"Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat."

When the reader has a key to the reading of such words—*fi-er, hou-er*—he may dispense with the notes that he will perpetually find on these matters in the pages of Steevens.

Luc. O, they love least that let men know their love.
Jul. I would I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.
Jul. *To Julia,*—Say, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will shew.
Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?
Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus:
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 't is an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper, see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.
Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.
Jul. Will you be gone?
Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*
Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What 'fool is she, that knows I am a maid,[a]
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that
Which they would have the profferer construe *Ay*.
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly[b] I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past:—
What ho! Lucetta?

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyship?
Jul. Is 't near dinner time?
Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
Jul. What is 't you took up
So gingerly?
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?
Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

[a] What 'fool (for what a fool). *Dyce.*
[b] *Angerly*, not angrily, as many modern editions have it, was the adverb used in Shakspere's time.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.[a]
Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.[6]
Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath some burden then.
Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.
Jul. And why not you?
Luc. I cannot reach so high.
Jut. Let's see your song;—How now, minion?
Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, madam; 't is too sharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:[b]
There wanteth but a mean[c] to fill your song.
Jul. The mean is drown'd with you, unruly base.[d]
Luc. Indeed, I bid the base[e] for Proteus.
Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation!—[*Tears the letter.*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.
Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,[7]
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I 'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ—*kind Julia;*—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,

[a] *Set.* Compose. Julia plays upon the word, in the next line, in a different sense,—to "set by," being to make account of.
[b] *Descant.* The simple air, in music, was called the "Plain *song*," or ground. The "descant" was what we now call a "variation."
[c] *Mean.* The tenor. The whole of the musical allusions in this passage shew that the terms of the art were familiar to a popular audience.
[d] *You* in the original. The ordinary reading is "your unruly base."
[e] The quibbling Lucetta here turns the allusion to the country game of *base*, or prison-base, in which one runs and challenges another to pursue.

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And, here is writ—*love-wounded Proteus :—*
Poor wounded name ! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: *that* some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock,[a]
And throw it thence into the raging sea !
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia; that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names;
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, dinner is ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.[b]
Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.[c]
Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come, wilt please you go.
[*Ex.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A room in* Antonio's *House.*

Enter Antonio *and* Panthino.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad[d] talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
Pan. 'T was of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pan. He wonder'd, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities[8]
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet:
And did request me, to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.[9]
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have considered well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, and tutored in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?
Pan. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.
Ant. I know it well.
Pan. 'T were good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,[10]
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.
Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known:
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.
Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.
Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And,—in good time.[a]—Now will we break with him.[b]

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,

[a] *Fearful-hanging*, adopted from Delius, in Camb. edit. 1863.
[b] *For catching cold.* Lest they should catch cold.
[c] The *month's mind*, in one form of the expression, referred to the solemn mass, or other obsequies directed to be performed for the repose of the soul, under the will of a deceased person. The strong desire with which this ceremony was regarded in Catholic times might have rendered the general expression "month's mind" equivalent to an eager longing, in which sense it is generally thought to be here used. But we are not quite sure that it means a strong and abiding desire; two lines in Hudibras would seem to make the "month's mind" only a passing inclination:—
"For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
Who hath not a month's mind to combat."
[d] *Sad.* Serious.

[a] *In good time.* As Antonio is declaring his intention Proteus appears; the speaker, therefore, breaks off with the expression, "in good time"—apropos.
[b] *Break with him.* Break the matter to him,—a form which repeatedly occurs.

To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!
Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?
Pro. May 't please your lordship, 't is a word or two
Of commendation sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.
Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well-beloved,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?
Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.
Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition[a] thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.
Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.
[*Exeunt* Ant. *and* Pan.
Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to shew my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter Panthino.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you go.
Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, no.
[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Exhibition.* Stipend, allowance. The word is still used in this sense in our universities.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

[1] SCENE.—"*I will be thy* Beadsman, *Valentine.*"

THE Anglo-Saxon *bead*,—a prayer,—something prayed,—has given the name to the mechanical help which the ritual of the early church associated with the act of praying. To drop a ball down a string at every prayer, whether enjoined by the priest or by voluntary obligation, has been the practice of the Romish church for many centuries. In our language the ball, from its use, came to be called the bead. To "bid the beads," and to "pray," were synonymous. Burnet, in his History of the Reformation, says, "The form of *bidding* prayer was not begun by King Henry, as some have weakly imagined, but was used in the times of popery, as will appear by the form of *bidding the beads* in King Henry the Seventh's time. The way was, first, for the preacher to name and open his text, and then to call on the people to go to their prayers, and to tell them what they were to pray for; after which all the people said their *beads* in a general silence, and the minister kneeled down also and said his." We find the expression "bedes bydding" in the Vision of Pierce Plowman, which was written, according to Tyrwhitt, about 1362. In the same remarkable poem we also find *Bedman*—beadman, or beadsman. A beadsman, in the sense of "I will be thy beadsman," is one who offers up prayers for the welfare of another. In this general sense it was used by Sir Henry Lee to Queen Elizabeth. (See Illustration 10.) "Thy poor daily orator and beadsman" was the common subscription to a petition to any great man or person in authority. We retain the substance, though not the exact form, of this courtly humiliation, even to the present day, when we memorialize the Crown and the Houses of Parliament, and seek to propitiate those authorities by the unmeaning assurance that their "petitioners shall ever pray." But the great men of old did not wholly depend upon the efficacy of their prayers for their welfare, which proceeded from the expectation or gratitude of their suitors. They had regularly appointed *beadsmen*, who were paid to weary Heaven with their supplications. It is to this practice that Shakspere alludes, in the speech of Scroop to Richard II.:—

> "Thy very *beadsmen* learn to bend their bows
> Of double-fatal yew against thy state."

Johnson, upon this passage, says, "The king's beadsmen were his chaplains." This assertion is partly borne out by an entry in "The Privy Purse Expenses of King Henry VIII.," published by Sir Harris Nicolas:—"Item, to Sir Torche, the king's bede man at the Rood in Grenewiche, for one yere now ended, xl s." The title "Sir" was in these days more especially applied to priests. (See Merry Wives of Windsor.) But the term "Bedesman" was also, we have little doubt, generally applied to any persons, whether of the clergy or laity, who received endowments for the purpose of offering prayers for the sovereign. Henry VII. established such persons upon a magnificent scale. The Harleian MS. No. 1498, in the British Museum, is an indenture made between Henry VII. and John Islipp, Abbot of St. Peter, Westminster, in which the abbot engages to "provide and sustain within the said monastery, in the almshouses there, therefore made and appointed by the said king, thirteen poor men, one of them being a priest;" and the duty of these thirteen poor men is "to pray during the life of the said king, our sovereign lord, for the good and prosperous state of the same king, our sovereign lord, and for the prospering of this his realm." These men are not in the indenture called *bedesmen;* that instrument providing that they "shall be named and called the *Almesse men* of the said king our sovereign lord." The general designation of those who make prayers for others—bedesmen—is here sunk in a name derived from the particular almesse (alms), or endowment. The dress of the twelve almsmen is to be a gown and a hood, "and a scochyn to be made and set upon every of the said gowns, and a red rose crowned and embroidered thereupon." In the following design (the figure of which, a monk at his devotions, is from a drawing by Quelinus, a pupil of Rubens) the costume is taken from an illumination in the indenture now recited, which illumination represents the abbot, the priest, and the almsmen receiving the indenture.

The first almsman bears a string of *beads* upon his hand. The "scochyn" made and set upon the gown reminds us of the "badge" of poor Edie

Ochiltree, in the Antiquary; and this brings us back to "Beadsmen." This prince of mendicants was, as our readers will remember, a "King's Bedesman"—"an order of paupers to whom the kings of Scotland were in the custom of distributing a certain alms, in conformity with the ordinances of the Catholic church, and who were expected, in return, *to pray for the royal welfare and that of the state.*" The similarity in the practices of the "King's Bedesmen" of Scotland, and the "Almesse men" of Henry VII., is precise. "This order," as Sir Walter Scott tells us in his advertisement to the Antiquary, from which the above description is copied, "is still kept up." The "poor orators and beadsmen" of England live now only in a few musty records, or in the allusions of Spenser and Shakspere; and in the same way the "Blue Gowns" or "King's Bedesmen" of Scotland, who "are now seldom to be seen in the streets of Edinburgh," will be chiefly remembered in the imperishable pages of the Author of Waverley.

[2] SCENE I.—"*Nay, give me not the* boots."

This expression may refer, as Steevens has suggested, to a country sport in harvest-time, in which any offender against the laws of the reaping-season was laid on a bench and slapped with boots. But Steevens has also concluded—and Douce follows up the opinion,—that the allusion is to the instrument of torture called *the Boots.* That horrid engine, as well as the rack and other monuments of the cruelty of irresponsible power, was used in the *question*, in the endeavour to wring a confession out of the accused by terror or by actual torment. This meaning gives a propriety to the allusion which we have not seen noticed. In the passage before us Valentine is bantering Proteus about his mistress—and Proteus exclaims, "Nay, give me not the boots"—do not *torture me to confess* to those love-delinquencies of which you accuse me. The torture of the boots was used principally in Scotland; and Douce has an extract from a very curious pamphlet containing an account of its infliction in the presence of our James I., before he was called to the English crown, upon one Dr. Fein, a supposed wizard, who was charged with raising the storms which the king encountered on his passage from Denmark. The brutal superstition, which led James to the use of this horrid torture, is less revolting than the calculating tyranny which prescribed its application to the unhappy Whig preachers of a century later, as recorded by Burnet, in the case of Maccael, in 1666. Our readers will here again remember Scott, in his powerful scene of Macbriar before the Privy Council of Scotland, —and will think of the wily Lauderdale and his detestable joke when the tortured man has fainted —"he'll scarce ride to-day, though he has had his boots on." Douce says, "the torture of the boot was known in France, and, in all probability, imported from that country." He then gives a representation of it, copied from Millæus's *Praxis criminis persequendi*, Paris, 1541. The wood-cut which we subjoin is from the same book; but we have restored a portion of the original engraving which Douce has omitted—the judges, or examiners, witnessing the torture, and prepared to record the prisoner's deposition under its endurance.

[3] SCENE I. "*In the sweetest bud*
The eating canker dwells."

This is a figure which Shakspere has often repeated. In the sonnets we have (Sonnet LXX.),—

"Canker vice the sweetest buds doth love."

In King John—

"Now will canker sorrow eat my bud."

In Hamlet,—

"The canker galls the infants of the spring."

The peculiar canker which our poet, a close observer of Nature, must have noted, is described in Midsummer Night's Dream,—

"Some to kill cankers in the *musk-rose* buds."

And in 1 Henry VI.,—

"Hath not thy *rose* a canker."

The instrument by which the canker was produced is described in

"The bud bit with an envious worm"

of Romeo and Juliet; and in

"concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Fed on her *damask* cheek,"

in Twelfth Night.

Shakspere found the "canker worm" in the Old Testament (Joel i. 4). The Geneva Bible, 1561, has "That which is left of the palmer-worm hath the grasshopper eaten, and the residue of the grasshopper hath the *canker-worm* eaten, and the residue of the *canker-worm* hath the caterpillar eaten." The Arabic version of the passage in Joel, renders what is here, and in our received translation, "the palmer-worm" by *dud*, which seems a general denomination for the larva state of an insect, and which applies especially to the "canker-worm." The original Hebrew, which is rendered palmer-worm, is from a verb meaning to cut or shear; the Greek of the Septuagint, by which the same word is rendered, is derived from the verb meaning, to bend. —(See Pictorial Bible, Joel i.) These two words give a most exact description of the "canker-worm;"—of "the canker in the musk-rose buds;"

of the larvæ which are produced in the leaves of many plants, and which find habitation and food by the destruction of the receptacle of their infant existence These caterpillars are termed "leaf-rollers," and their economy is amongst the most curious and interesting of the researches of entomology. The general operations of these larvæ, and the particular operations of the "cankers in the musk-rose buds," have been described in a little volume entitled, "Insect Architecture." A small dark brown caterpillar, with a black head and six feet, is the "canker worm" of the rose. It derives its specific name *Lozotænia Rosana*, from its habits. The grub, produced from eggs deposited in the previous summer or autumn, makes its appearance with the first opening of the leaves, and it constructs its summer tent while the leaves are in their soft and half-expanded state. It weaves them together so strongly, *bending* them (according to the Greek of the Septuagint) and fastening their discs with the silken cords which it spins—that the growth of the bud in which it forms its canopy is completely stopped. Thus secured from the rain and from external enemies, it begins to destroy the inner partitions of its dwelling: it becomes the *cutting* insect of the Hebrew. In this way,

"the most forward bud
"Is eaten by the canker ere it blow."

[4] SCENE I.—"*Not so much as* a ducat."

The ducat—which derives its name from duke, a ducal coin—is repeatedly mentioned in Shakspere. There were two causes for this. First, many of the incidents of his plays were derived from Italian stories, and were laid in Italian scenes; and his characters, therefore, properly use the name of the coin of their country. Thus, ducat occurs in this play—in the Comedy of Errors—in Much Ado about Nothing—in Romeo and Juliet; and, more than all, in the Merchant of Venice. But Italy was the great resort of English travellers in the time of Shakspere; and ducat being a familiar word to him, we find it also in Hamlet, and in Cymbeline. Venice has, at present, its silver ducat—the ducat of eight livres—worth about 3*s.* 3*d.* The following representation of its *old* silver ducat is from a coin in the British Museum:—

The gold ducat of Venice is at present worth about 6*s.* The following representation of its *old* gold ducat is from a print in the Coin Room in the British Museum.

[5] SCENE I.—"*You have* testern'd *me.*"

A verb is here made out of the name of a coin—the *tester*—which is mentioned twice in Shakspere: 1, by Falstaff, when he praises his recruit Wart, "There's a tester for thee;" and, 2, by Pistol, "Tester I'll have in pouch." We have also testril, which is the same, in Twelfth Night. The value of a tester, teston, testern, or testril, as it is variously written, was supposed to be determined by a passage in Latimer's sermons (1584):—"They brought him a denari, a piece of their current coin that was worth ten of our usual pence—such another piece as our testerne." But the value of the tester, like that of all our ancient coins, was constantly changing, in consequence of the infamous practice of debasing the currency, which was amongst the expedients of bad governments for wringing money out of the people by cheating as well as violence. The French name, *teston*, was applied to a silver coin of Louis XII., 1513, because it bore the king's head; and the English shilling received the same name at the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII.,—probably because it had the same value as the French teston. The following representation of the shilling of Henry VIII. is from a specimen in the British Museum. The testons were called in by proclamations in the second and third years of Edward VI., in consequence of the extensive forgeries of this coin by Sir William Sherrington, for which, by an express act of parliament, he was attainted of treason. They are described in these proclamations as "pieces of xii*d.*, commonly called testons." But the base shillings still continued to circulate, and they were, according to Stow, "called down" to the value of ninepence, afterwards to sixpence, and finally to fourpence halfpenny, in the reign of Edward VI.

The value seems, at last, to have settled to sixpence. Harrison, in his Description of England, says, "Sixpence, usually named the testone." In Shakspere's time it would appear, from the following passage in Twelfth Night, where Sir Toby and Sir Andrew are bribing the Clown to sing, that its value was sixpence:—

"*Sir. To.* Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.
Sir. A. There's a testril of me, too."

In the reign of Anne, its value, according to Locke, who distinguishes between the shilling and the tester, was sixpence; and to this day we sometimes hear the name applied to sixpence.

[6] SCENE II.—"*Best sing it to the tune of* Light o' love."

This was the name of a dance tune, which, from the frequent mention of it in the old poets, appears to have been very popular. Shakspere refers to it again in Much Ado about Nothing, with more exactness: "Light o' love;—that goes without a burthen; do you sing it and I'll dance it." We shall give the music (which Sir John Hawkins recovered from an ancient MS.) in that play.

[7] SCENE II.—"*Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey.*"

The economy of bees was known to Shakspere with an exactness which he could not have derived from books. The description in Henry V., "So work the honey bees," is a study for the naturalist as well as the poet. He had doubtless not only observed "the lazy, yawning drone," but the "injurious wasps," that plundered the stores which had been collected by those who

"Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds."

These were the fearless robbers to which the pretty pouting Julia compares her fingers:—

"Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings."

The metaphor is as accurate as it is beautiful.

[8] SCENE III.—"*Some to the wars, &c.*"

We have alluded to these lines, somewhat at length, in the Introductory Notice. It would be out of place here to give a more particular detail of what were the *wars*, and who the illustrious men that went "to try their fortunes there," or to recapitulate "the islands far away," that were sought for or discovered, or to furnish even a list of "the studious universities" to which the eager scholars of Elizabeth's time resorted. The subject is too large for us to attempt its illustration by any minute details. We may, however, extract a passage from Gifford's "Memoirs of Ben Jonson," prefixed to his excellent edition of that great dramatist, which directly bears upon this passsage:—

"The long reign of Elizabeth, though sufficiently agitated to keep the mind alert, was yet a season of comparative stability and peace. The nobility, who had been nursed in domestic turbulence, for which there was now no place, and the more active spirits among the gentry, for whom entertainment could no longer be found in feudal grandeur and hospitality, took advantage of the diversity of employment happily opened, and spread themselves in every direction. They put forth, in the language of Shakspere,

'Some, to the wars, to try their fortunes there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities;'

and the effect of these various pursuits was speedily discernible. The feelings narrowed and embittered in household feuds, expanded and purified themselves in distant warfare, and a high sense of honour and generosity, and chivalrous valour, ran with electric speed from bosom to bosom, on the return of the first adventurers in the Flemish campaigns; while the wonderful reports of discoveries, by the intrepid mariners who opened the route since so successfully pursued, faithfully committed to writing, and acting at once upon the cupidity and curiosity of the times, produced an inconceivable effect in diffusing a thirst for novelties among a people, who, no longer driven in hostile array to destroy one another, and combat for interests in which they took little concern, had leisure for looking around them, and consulting their own amusement."

[9] SCENE III.—"*In having known no travel, &c.*"

There was a most curious practice with reference to travelling in those days, which is well described in Fynes Moryson's Itinerary. Adventurous persons, of slender fortune, deposited a small sum, upon undertaking a distant or perilous journey, to receive a larger sum if they returned alive. Moryson's brother, he tells us, desired to visit Jerusalem and Constantinople, and he "thought this putting out of money to be an honest means of gaining, at least, the charges of his journey." He, therefore, "put out some few hundred pounds, to be repaid twelve hundred pounds, upon his return from those two cities, and to lose it if he died in the journey." We shall have occasion to refer to this

practice, in the Tempest, where Shakspere distinctly notices it:

> "Each putter out on five for one will bring us
> Good warrant of," &c.

We have here mentioned this singular sort of bargain, to shew that those who undertook "travel" in those days were considered as incurring serious dangers.

[10] SCENE III.—"*There shall he practise tilts and tournaments.*"

St. Palaye, in his Memoirs of Chivalry, says, that, in their private castles, the gentlemen *practised* the exercises which would prepare them for the public tournaments. This refers to the period which appears to have terminated some half century before the time of Elizabeth, when real warfare was conducted with express reference to the laws of knighthood; and the tournay, with all its magnificent array,—its minstrels, its heralds, and its damosels in lofty towers,—had its hard blows, its wounds, and sometimes its deaths. There were the "Joustes à outrance," or the "Joustes mortelles et à champ," of Froissart. But the "tournaments" that Shakspere sends Proteus to "practise," were the "Joustes of Peace," the "Joustes à Plaisance," the tournaments of gay pennons and pointless lances. They had all the gorgeousness of the old knightly encounters, but they appear to have been regarded only as courtly pastimes, and not as serious preparations for "a well-foughten field." One or two instances from the annals of these times will at least amuse our readers, if they do not quite satisfy them that these combats were as harmless to the combatants as the fierce encounters between other less noble actors—the heroes of the stage,

On Whitsun Monday, 1581, a most magnificent tournament was held in the Tilt-yard at Westminster, in honour of the Dauphin, and other noblemen and gentlemen of France, who had arrived as commissioners to the queen. Holinshed describes the proceedings respecting this "Triumph," at great length. A magnificent gallery was erected for the queen and her court, which was called by the combatants the fortress of perfect beauty; "and not without cause, forasmuch as her highness would be there included." Four gentlemen—the Earl of Arundel, the Lord Windsor, Mr. Philip Sydney, and Mr. Fulke Greville—calling themselves the foster-children of Desire, laid claim to this fortress, and vowed to withstand all who should dare to oppose them. Their challenge being accepted by certain gentlemen of the court, they proceeded (in gorgeous apparel, and attended by squires and attendants richly dressed) forthwith to the tilt, and on the following day to the tournay, where they behaved nobly and bravely, but, at length, submitted to the queen, acknowledging that they ought not to have accompanied Desire by Violence, and concluding a long speech, full of the compliments of the day, by declaring themselves thenceforth slaves to the "Fortress of Perfect Beautie." These "Courtlie triumphes" were arranged and conducted in the most costly manner. The queen's gallery was painted in imitation of stone and covered with ivy and garlands of flowers; cannons were fired with perfumed powder; the dresses of the knights and courtiers were of the richest stuffs, and covered with precious stones; and moving mounts, costly chariots, and many other devices were introduced to give effect to the scene.

In the reign of Elizabeth there were annual exercises of arms, which were first commenced by Sir Henry Lee This worthy knight made a vow to appear armed in the Tilt-yard at Westminster, on the 27th November (the anniversary of the queen's accession) in every year, until disabled by age, where he offered to tilt with all comers, in honour of Her Majesty's accession. He continued the queen's champion until the thirty-third year of her reign, when, having arrived at the sixtieth year of his age, he resigned in favour of George, Earl of Cumberland, who was invested in the office with much form and solemnity in 1590. It was on the 27th November in that year, that Sir Henry Lee, having performed his devoirs in the lists for the last time, and with much applause, accompanied by the Earl of Cumberland, presented himself before the queen, who was seated in her gallery overlooking the lists, and kneeling on one knee, humbly besought Her Majesty to accept the Earl of Cumberland for her knight, to continue the yearly exercises which he was compelled, from infirmities of age, himself to relinquish. The queen graciously accepting the offer, the old knight presented his armour at Her Majesty's feet, and then assisting in fastening the armour of the earl, he mounted him on his horse. This ceremony being performed, he put upon his own person a side coat of "black velvet pointed under the arm, and covered his head (in lieu of a helmet) with a buttoned cap of the country fashion." Then, whilst music was heard proceeding from a magnificent temple which had been erected for the occasion, he presented to the queen, through the hands of three beautiful maidens, a veil curiously wrought, and richly adorned, and other gifts of great magnificence, and declared that, although his youth and strength had decayed, his duty, faith, and love remained perfect as ever; his hands, instead of wielding the lance, should now be held up in prayer for Her Majesty's welfare; and he trusted she would allow him to be her Beadsman, now that he had ceased to incur knightly perils in her service. But the queen complimented him upon his gallantry, and desired that he would attend the future annual jousts, and direct the knights in their proceedings; for indeed his virtue and valour in arms were declared by all to be deserving of command. In the course of the good old knight's career of "virtue and valour in arms," he was joined by many companions, anxious to distinguish themselves in all courtly and chivalrous exercises. One duke, nineteen earls, twenty-seven barons, four knights of the garter, and above one hundred and fifty other knights and esquires, are stated to have taken part in these annual feats of arms.—(See Walpole's Miscellaneous Antiquities, No. I. pp. 41 to 48, which contains an extract from "Honour, Miltary and Civil." By Sir W. Segur; Norroy: London, 1602.)

If Shakspere had not looked upon these "Annual Exercises of Arms," when he thought of the tournaments "in the emperor's court," he had probably been admitted to the Tilt-yard at Kenilworth, on some occasion of magnificent display by the proud Leicester.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Milan. *A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.[1]

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.[a]

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:—

Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
An Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you 'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learned, like sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a Robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A. B. C.; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.[2] You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions;[a] when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you! nay, that's certain, for

[a] The quibble here depends upon the pronunciation of *one*, which was anciently pronounced as if it were written *on*.

[a] *To walk like one of the lions*, is thus commented on by Ritson: "If Shakspere had not been thinking of the lions in the Tower, he would have written 'like a lion.'"—Shakspere was thinking dramatically; and he therefore made Speed use an image with which he might be familiar. The firm, decided step of a lion, furnished an apt illustration of the bold bearing of Speed's master before he was a lover. The comparison was not less just, when made with "one of the lions;"—and the use of that comparison was in keeping with Speed's character, whilst the lofty image, "like a lion," would not have been so. The "clownish servant" might compare his master to a *caged* lion, without being poetical, which Shakspere did not intend him to be.

without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard favoured, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well favoured.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well favoured.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That 's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteemest thou me! I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at sir Proteus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose;[3] and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set; so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them; Peace, here she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. O excellent motion![a] O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.[b]

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. O, 'give ye good even! here 's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant,[4] to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 't is very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet. [*Aside.*

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

a *Motion.* A puppet-show. Silvia is the puppet, and Valentine will interpret for her. The master of the show was, in Shakspere's time, often called interpreter to the puppets.

b Capell and Cambridge edit. give these speeches of Speed as [*Aside.*

Val. Please you, I 'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And w en it 's writ, for my sake read it over:
And if it please you, so: if not, why so.

Val. If it please me, madam! what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour.
And so good morrow, servant. [*Exit* Silvia.

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming; 't is you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, sir: But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That 's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.

Val. I would, it were no worse.

Speed. I 'll warrant you 't is as well.

For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.—

All this I speak in print,[a] for in print I found it.—
Why muse you, sir? 't is dinner time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the cameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved.[a] [*Exeunt.*

[a] *In print* With exactness. Speed is repeating, or affects to be repeating, some lines which he has read.

[a] *Be moved.* Have compassion on me.

SCENE II.—Verona. *A Room in* Julia's *House.*

Enter Proteus *and* Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
[*Giving a ring.*

Pro. Why then we 'll make exchange;[5] here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness;
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should:
[*Exit* Julia.
Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter Panthino.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are staid for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come:—
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter Launce, *leading a Dog.*

Laun. Nay, 't will be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault: I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid a howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did

not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear; he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll shew you the manner of it: This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe[6] is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither:—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole; This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; A vengeance on't! there 't is: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; *Father, your blessing;* now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on:—now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood[a] woman;—well, I kiss her;—why, there 't is; here's my mother's breath up and down; now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter Panthino.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass; you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied[b] that ever man tied.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's tied here; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood: and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?

Laun. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied![c] Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

a *Wood.* Mad; wild.

b This quibble, according to Steevens, is found in Lyly's Endymion, 1591.

c We give the punctuation of the original edition. Malone prints the passage thus:—

"Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service: and the tide!"

Steevens omits the *and*, completing the sentence at "service;" and adding "The tide!" as interjectional. Both editors appear to forget the quibble of Launce on his *tied* dog; to which quibble, it appears to us, he returns in this passage. In the first instance he says, "It is no matter if the *tied* were lost;"—he now says, "Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the *tied*." In the original there is no difference in the orthography of the two words. Mr. Dyce says, "none of the explanations are satisfactory."

SCENE IV.—Milan. *A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, *and* Speed.

Sil. Servant.

Val. Mistress.

Speed. Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'T were good you knocked him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I, that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote[a] you my folly?

Val. I quote[b] it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.[7]

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

a *Quote* To mark.

b Quote was pronounced *cote*, from the old French *coter*. Hence the quibble,—I *coat* it in your *jerkin*,—your short coat, or jacket.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'T is indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire: sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I know him, as myself[a]; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)
He is complete in feature,[b] and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

[a] *Knew*, in folio; *know*, Dyce.

[b] *Feature* (form or fashion) was applied to the body as well as the face. Thus, in Gower,—

"Like to a woman in semblance
Of feature and of countenance"

And later, in "All Ovid's Elegies, by C. M." (Christopher Marlowe)

"I fly her lust, but follow beauty's creature,
I loath her manners, love her body's feature."

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time a-while:
I think, 't is no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth;
Silvia, I speak to you:—and you, sir Thurio:—
For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it:
I 'll send him hither to you presently.

[*Exit* Duke.

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them,
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure I think she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all—

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself;
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter Proteus.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed;
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I 'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. No; that you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.[a]
Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit* Servant.
Come, sir Thurio,
Go with me:—Once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[*Exeunt* Silvia, Thurio, *and* Speed.
Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.
Val. And how do yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.
Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthrailed eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O, gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,[b]
Nor to his service no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.
Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the idol that you worship so?
Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?
Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.
Val. Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.
Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.
Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

a This speech is given to Thurio in the folio. Theobald assigned it to a servant. Mr. White says Thurio is right, as in the poorly-appointed stage of Shakspere's time Thurio might act as a messenger.
b There is no woe *compared* to his correction.

Pro. Except my mistress.
Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou will except against my love.
Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.
Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?
Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies[a] nothing;
She is alone.
Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.
Pro. But she loves you?
Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd;
Nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.
Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road,[b] to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.
Val. Will you make haste?
Pro. I will.— [*Exit* Val.
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it her mien[c] or Valentinus' praise,

a Mr. White prints *worth as*, and says *worthies* is a palpable misprint, though hitherto unnoticed.
b *Road.* Open harbour.
c The folio of 1623 reads, "It is mine, or Valentine's praise." Warburton would read, "It is mine eye, &c." This reading Steevens adopts, making the sentence interrogative, "Is it mine eye?" The present reading is that of Malone, and its correctness is supported by the circumstance that *mien* was, in Shakspere's time, spelt *mine*

Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me reasonless, to reason thus?
She 's fair; and so is Julia, that I love;—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that 's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'T is but her picture[a] I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled[b] my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I 'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter Speed *and* Launce.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.[c]

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I 'll to the ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of five-pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not!

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou can'st not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do, too: look thee, I 'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand under and understand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will 't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

Speed. 'T is well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee, I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the ale-house; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale[a] with a Christian: Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Proteus.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:
O sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will

[a] *Picture.* Her person, which I have seen, has shewn me her "perfections" only as a picture. Dr. Johnson receives the expression in a literal sense.

[b] *Dazzled* is here used as a trisyllable.

[c] The Cambridge edition retains *Padua* of the original, as showing that Shakspere had written the play before he had finally determined on the locality. For the same reason, *Verona* is retained in Act. III. sc. 1 (note *a*, p. 43).

[a] *Ale.* A rural festival, oftentimes connected with the holidays of the Church, as a Whitson-ale. Launce calls Speed a Jew because he will not go to the Ale (the Church feast) with a Christian.

To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fye, fye, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
For Valentine, myself: for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend:
For love is still most precious in itself:
And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair!
Shews Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I 'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine:—
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor:
Now presently I 'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended[a] flight;
Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I 'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—Verona. *A Room in* Julia's *House.*

Enter Julia *and* Lucetta.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta! gentle girl, assist me!
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table[8] wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,—[9]
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.
Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.
Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim[10] is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus.
Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.
Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns;
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I 'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I 'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.
Luc. But in what habit will you go along?
Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.[11]
Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.
Jul. No, girl; I 'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:[12]
To be fantastic, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.
Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?
Jul. That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my lord,
"What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even that fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.
Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.
Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.
Luc. A round hose, madam, now 's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.
Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

[a] *Pretended,*—intended.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who 's displeased, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite[a] of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth!
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love, by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:
Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Infinite,*—infinity. The same form of expression occurs in Chaucer:—"although the life of it be stretched with infinite of time."—The reading we give is that of the first folio. The common reading is that of the second folio:—'Instances *as* infinite."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Sir, your glove.*"

GLOVES finely perfumed were brought from Italy as presents in the sixteenth century. "A pair of sweet gloves" is mentioned in an inventory of apparel at Hampton Court, temp. Henry VIII.

[2] SCENE I.—"*Beggar at Hallowmas.*"

If we were to look only at the severe statutes against mendicancy, we might suppose that, at the period when Shakspere thus described what he must have commonly seen, there were no beggars in the land but the licensed beggars, which these statutes permitted. Unlicensed beggars were, by the statute of 1572, to be punished, in the first instance, by grievous whipping, and burning through the gristle of the right ear; and for second and third offences they were to suffer death as felons. It is clear that these penal laws were almost wholly inoperative; and Harrison, in his Description of Britain, prefixed to Holinshed,

shews the lamentable extent of vagrancy amongst the "thriftless poor." In our notes upon King Lear, where Edgar describes himself as "Poor Tom, who is whipped from tything to tything, and stock'd, punish'd, and imprison'd," this subject is noticed more at length. Of the "valiant beggar"—the compound of beggar and thief,—Shakspere has given a perfect picture in his "Autolycus," which also furnishes an interesting annotation. In the mean time we give a curious representation of the Beggarman and Beggarwoman, from a manuscript of the Roman de la Rose, in the Harleian Collection (No 4425). The date of the MS. is somewhat earlier than this play, and these beggars are French; but the costume of rags is not a subject for very nice distinctions either of time or place.

[3] SCENE I.—"*He, being in love, could not see to garter his hose.*"

We shall have frequent occasions of mentioning the costly garters of the sixteenth century, and the various fashion of wearing them. Shakspere is here speaking of those of his own time, but at the period to which we have confined the costume of this play, garters of great magnificence appeared round the large slashed hose, both above and below the knee. To go ungartered was the common trick of a fantastic lover, who thereby implied he was too much occupied by his passion to pay attention to his dress.

[4] SCENE I.—"*Sir Valentine and servant.*"

Sir J. Hawkins says, "Here Silvia calls her lover servant, and again her gentle servant. This was the common language of ladies to their lovers, at the time when Shakspere wrote." Steevens gives several examples of this. Henry James Pye, in his "Comments on the Commentators," mentions that, "in the Noble Gentlemen of Beaumont and Fletcher, the lady's gallant has no other name in the dramatis personæ than servant," and that "mistress and servant are always used for lovers in Dryden's plays." It is clear to us, however, that Shakspere here uses the words in a much more general sense than that which expresses the relations between two lovers. At the very moment that Valentine calls Silvia mistress, he says that he has written for her a letter,—"some lines to one she loves,"—unto a "secret nameless friend;" and what is still stronger evidence that the word "servant" had not the full meaning of lover, but meant a much more general admirer, Valentine introducing Proteus to Silvia, says,

> "Sweet lady, entertain him
> To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship;"

and Silvia, consenting, says to Proteus,

> "Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress."

Now, when Silvia says this, which, according to the meaning which has been attached to the words servant and mistress, would be a speech of endearment, she had accepted Valentine really as her betrothed lover, and she had been told by Valentine that Proteus

> "Had come along with me, but that his mistress
> Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks."

It appears, therefore, that we must receive these words in a very vague sense, and regard them as titles of courtesy, derived, perhaps, from the chivalric times, when many a harness'd knight and sportive troubadour described the lady whom they had gazed upon in the tilt-yard as their "mistress," and the same lady looked upon each of the gallant train as a "servant" dedicated to the defence of her honour, or the praise of her beauty.

[5] SCENE II.—"*Why then we'll make exchange.*"

The priest in Twelfth Night (Act. V, Sc. I.), describes the ceremonial of bethrothing, for which the Catholic church had a ritual:

> "A contract of eternal bond of love,
> Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
> Attested by the holy close of lips,
> Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings."

This contract was made, in private, by Proteus and Julia; and it was also made by Valentine and Silvia—"we are betroth'd."

[6] SCENE III.—"*This left shoe.*"

A passage in King John also shews that each foot was formerly fitted with its shoe, a fashion of unquestionable utility, which was revived many years ago:

> "Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
> Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet."

[7] SCENE IV.—"*My jerkin is a doublet.*"

The jerkin, or jacket, was generally worn over the doublet; but occasionally the doublet was worn alone, and, in many instances, is confounded with the jerkin. Either had sleeves or not, as the wearer fancied; for by the inventories and wardrobe accounts of the time, we find that the sleeves were frequently separate articles of dress, and attached to the doublet, jerkin, coat, or even woman's gown, by laces or ribbands, at the pleasure of the wearer. A "doblet jaquet" and hose of blue velvet, cut upon cloth of gold, embroidered, and a "doblet hose and jaquet" of purple velvet, embroidered, and cut upon cloth of gold, and lined with black satin, are entries in an inventory of the wardrobe of Henry VIII.

In 1535, a jerkin of purple velvet, with purple satin sleeves, embroidered all over with Venice gold, was presented to the king by Sir Richard Cromwell; and another jerkin of crimson velvet, with wide sleeves of the same coloured satin, is mentioned in the same inventory.

[8] SCENE VII.—"*The table wherein all my thoughts*
Are visibly character'd."

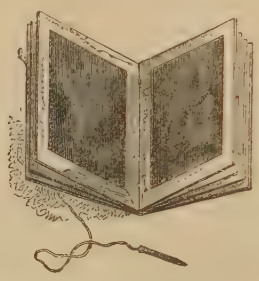
The allusion is to the table-book, or tables, which were used, as at present, for noting down something to be remembered. Hamlet says:

> "My tables,—meet it is I set it down."

They were made sometimes of ivory, and sometimes of slate. The Archbishop of York, in Henry IV., says:

> "And, therefore, will he wipe his tables clean."

The table-book of slate is engraved and described in Gesner's treatise, *De Rerum Fossilium Figuris*, 1565; and it has been copied in Douce's Illustrations.



[9] SCENE VII.—"*And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee.*"

Malone prints the word conjure with an accent on the first syllable, *cónjure*. In the same way, in the next line but one, he marks the accent on *charácter'd*. Since the publication of our first edition we have been led, through a consideration of the many false theories which have prevailed as to the general versification of Shakspere, to believe that this system of accenting words differently from their ordinary pronunciation, and constantly varying, is a false one. For example, in the passage before us, Malone prints

> "And, e'en in kind love, I do cónjure thee."

The emphasis must here be on *kind* and *con*. But read,

> "And, *even* in kind love, I do conjure thee."

placing the emphasis on *love* and *jure*, and the metre is perfect enough, without such a variation from the common pronunciation. Upon a just metrical system there is no difficulty in such passages. Our opinion is much strengthened by the communication of a friend on this subject; and we therefore omit these arbitrary marks.

[10] SCENE VII.—"*A true devoted pilgrim.*"

The comparison which Julia makes between the ardour of her passion, and the enthusiasm of the pilgrim, is exceedingly beautiful. When travelling was a business of considerable danger and personal suffering, the pilgrim, who was not weary

> "To traverse kingdoms with his feeble steps,"

to encounter the perils of a journey to Rome, or Loretto, or Compostella, or Jerusalem, was a person to be looked upon as thoroughly in earnest.

In the time of Shakspere the pilgrimages to the tomb of St. Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury, which Chaucer has rendered immortal, were discontinued; and few, perhaps, undertook the sea voyage to Jerusalem. But the pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James, or St. Jago, the patron-saint of Spain, at Compostella, was undertaken by all classes of Catholics. The house of our Lady at Loretto was, however, the great object of the devotee's vows; and, at particular seasons, there were not fewer than two hundred thousand pilgrims visiting it at once. The Holy House (the *Santa Casa*) is the house in which the Blessed Virgin is said to have been born, in which she was betrothed to Joseph, and where the annunciation of the Angel was made. It is pretended that it was carried, on the 9th of May, 1291, by supernatural means from Galilee to Tersato, in Dalmatia; and from thence removed, on the 10th of December, 1294, to Italy, where it was deposited in a wood at midnight. The Santa Casa (which now stands within the large church of Loretto) consists of one room, the length of which is 31¾ feet, the breadth 13 feet, and the height 18 feet. On the ceiling is painted the Assumption of the Virgin Mary; and other paintings once adorned the walls of the apartment. On the west side is the window through which the Angel is said to have entered the house; and facing it, in a niche, is the image of the Virgin and Child, which was once enriched by the offerings of princes and devotees. The mantle, or robe, which she had on was covered with innumerable jewels of inestimable value, and she had a triple crown of gold enriched with pearls and diamonds, given her by Louis XIII. of France. The niche in which the figure stands was adorned with seventy-one large Bohemian topazes, and on the right side of the image is an angel of cast gold, profusely enriched with diamonds and other gems. A great part of these treasures was taken by Pope Pius VII., in order to pay to France the sum extorted by the treaty of Tolentino, in 1797. They have been partially replaced since by new contributors, among whom have been Murat, Eugene Beauharnois, and other members of the Bonaparte family. There are a few relics considered more valuable than the richest jewels that have been carried away. Notwithstanding the mean appearance of the walls within the Santa Casa, the outside is encased, and adorned with the finest Carrara marble. This work was begun in 1514, in the pontificate of Leo X., and the House of our Lady was consecrated in 1538. The expense of this casing amounted to 50,000 crowns, and the most celebrated sculptors of the age were employed. Bramante was the architect, and Baccio Bandinelli assisted in the sculptures. The whole was completed in 1579, in the pontificate of Gregory XIII. The munificent expenditure upon the house of our Lady at Loretto, had, probably, contributed greatly to make the pilgrimage the most attractive in Europe, when Shakspere wrote.

[11] SCENE VII.——— "*Such weeds*
As may beseem some well-reputed page."

"Such weeds" are here represented from a print after Paul Veronese. The original painting is, or was, in the French royal collection.

[12] SCENE VII.—"*I'll knit it up in silken strings,*
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots."

The accompanying heads—one from Boissard, "Habitus variarum Orbis Gentium, 1581;" and the other from a print of the sixteenth century, may be supposed to illustrate the fashion of Shakspere's own time here mentioned.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Milan. *An Ante-room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about.——
[*Exit* THURIO.
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?
Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal:
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.
Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judged me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim[a] might err,
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,[b]
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.
Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aim'd at;[c]

[a] *Aim.* Steevens explains this noun as meaning *guess.* Professor Craik says, "Aim, in old French, *eyme*, *esme*, and *estime*, is the same word as *esteem*, and should, therefore, signify properly a judgment or conjecture of the mind." 'Julius Cæsar,' 57.

[b] *Suggested*—tempted.

[c] *Aimed at.* Here the word is again stated, both by Steevens and Johnson, to mean, *to guess.* The common interpretation of aim,—to point at, to level at,—will, however, give the meaning of the passage quite as well. At first sight it might appear that the word *aim*, which, literally or metaphorically, is ordinarily taken to mean the act of looking towards a definite object with a precise intention, cannot include the random determination of the mind which we imply by the word *guess.* But we must go a little further. The etymology of both words is somewhat doubtful.

For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.[a]

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; sir Valentine is coming.
[*Exit.*

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter; stay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'T is not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
's full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where[b] I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in.
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,[a]
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long agone I have forgot to court:
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd;)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her:
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 't is not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say:
For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean, *away;*
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But, she I mean is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets,[b] but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,

Aim is supposed to be derived from *æstimare*, to weigh attentively; guess, from the Anglo-Saxon *wiss-an*, *wis*, to think (See Richardson's Dictionary). Here the separate meanings of the two words almost slide into one and the same. It is certain that in the original and literal use of the word *aim*, in archery, was meant the act of the mind in considering the various circumstances connected with the flight of the arrow, rather than the mere operation of the sense in pointing at the mark. When Locksley, in Ivanhoe, tells his adversary, "You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert, or that would have been a better shot," he furnishes Hubert with a new element of calculation for his next *aim*. There is a passage of Bishop Jewell: "He that seethe no marke must shoote by ayme." This certainly does not mean *must shoot at random*—although it may mean *must shoot by guess*.—must shoot by calculation. To give aim, in archery, was the business of one who stood within view of the butts, to call out how near the arrows fell to the mark,—as "Wide on the bow-hand;—wide on the shaft-hand;—short;—gone." To give aim was, therefore, to give the knowledge of a fact, by which the intention, the aim, of the archer might be better regulated in future. In the fifth Act (4th scene) of this comedy, the passage

"Behold her, that gave aim to all thy oaths,"

has reference to the aim-giver of the butts

[a] *Pretence*—design.
[b] *Where*—whereas.

[a] Mr. Dyce prefers Mr. Collier's correction—
"There is a lady in Milano here."
Mr. Halliwell reads, "*of* Verona."
[b] *Lets*—hinders.

To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I 'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak, that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn!

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak:
I 'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same? What 's here?—*To Silvia?*
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I 'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should be.

What 's here?

Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.

'T is so; and here 's the ladder for the purpose.
Why Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' son,)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. [*Exit* Duke.

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self: a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Proteus *and* Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What seest thou?

Laun. Him we go to find: there 's not a hair on 's head, but 't is a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who would'st thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, sir, I 'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—

Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there 's a proclamation that you are vanish'd.

Pro. That thou art banish'd. O, that 's the news;
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force,)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou can'st not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence:
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.[1]
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I 'll convey thee through the city gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia, hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt* Valentine *and* Proteus.

Laun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that 's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 't is I love, and yet 't is a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 't is a milkmaid; yet 't is not a maid, for she hath had gossips: yet 't is a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare-christian. Here is the cate-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions. Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry.* Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. Item, *She can milk;* look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

Laun. With my master's ship? why it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: What news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fye on thee, jolt-head; thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Laun. I will try thee: tell me this: Who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves, that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Laun. There; and St. Nicholas be thy speed![2]

Speed. Imprimis, *She can milk.*

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, *She brews good ale.*

Laun. And thereof comes the proverb,—
Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, *She can sew.*

Laun. That 's as much as to say, can she so?

Speed. Item, *She can knit.*

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock.[a]

Speed. Item, *She can wash and scour.*

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. She can spin.

Laun. Then I may set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, *She hath many nameless virtues.*

Laun. That 's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, *She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.*

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: Read on.

Speed. Item, *She hath a sweet mouth.*

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

Laun. It 's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, *She is slow in words.*

Laun. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with 't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, *She is proud.*

Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, *She is curst.*

Laun. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. She will often praise her liquor.

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, *She is too liberal.*

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that 's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I 'll keep shut: now of another thing she may; and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,*[b] *and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Stop there; I 'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article: Rehearse that once more.

[a] *Stock.*—Stocking.
[b] An old English proverb.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,*—

Laun. More hair than wit,—it may be; I 'll prove it; The cover of the salt hides the salt,[3] and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What 's next?

Speed.—And more faults than hairs,—

Laun. That 's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed.—And more wealth than faults.

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: Well, I 'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay: who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Laun. Now will he be swinged for reading my letter: An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!—I 'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Milan. A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke *and* Thurio; Proteus *behind.*

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice; which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—
How now, sir Proteus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert,)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.
Duke. Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect
The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.
Pro. I do, my lord.
Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.
Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.
Duke. Ay, and perversely she persevers so.
What might we do, to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?
Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but she'll think, that it is spoke in hate.
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.
Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.
Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially, against his very[a] friend.
Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.
Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me;[b]
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.
Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind;
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.
Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:—
But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime, to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.
Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.
Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart.
Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window,
With some sweet consort:[a] to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump;[b] the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit[c] her.
Duke. This discipline shews thou hast been in love.
Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort[d] some gentlemen well skill'd in music
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.
Duke. About it, gentlemen.
Pro. We'll wait upon your grace, till after supper;
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you.
[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Very.* True; real (verus).
[b] This image, derived from the labours of the sempstress, had found its way into English poetry, before the time of Shakspere:—

"A *bottom* for your silk, it seems,
My letters are become,
Which oft with winding off and on,
Are wasted whole and some."
Grange's Garden, 1557.

[a] The modern *concert* is the same as the old *consort*—a band or company.
[b] *Dump.* A mournful elegy. Dump, or dumps, for sorrow, was not originally a burlesque term:—

"My sinews dull, in dumps I stand."—Surrey.

[c] *Inherit.* To obtain possession.
[d] *Sort.* To choose.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.*"

THE lady of the sixteenth century had a small pocket in the front of her stays, in which she carried her letters, and other matters which she valued. In the verses which Valentine has addressed to Silvia, he says,

"My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them."

In Hamlet we have the same allusion: "These to her excellent white bosom." A passage in Lord Surrey's Sonnets conveys the same idea, which occurs also in Chaucer's Merchant's Tale:—

"This purse hath she in hire bosome hid."

[2] SCENE I.—"*Saint Nicholas be thy speed.*"

When Speed is about to read Launce's paper, Launce, who has previously said, "Thou can'st not read," invokes Saint Nicholas to assist him. Saint Nicholas was the patron-saint of scholars. There is a story in Douce how the saint attained this distinction, by discovering that a wicked host had murdered three scholars on their way to school, and by his prayers restored their souls to their bodies. This legend is told in the Life of Saint Nicholas, composed in French verse by *Maitre Wace*, chaplain to Henry II., and which remains in manuscript. By the statutes of St. Paul's School, the scholars are required to attend divine service at the cathedral on the anniversary of this saint. The parish clerks of London were incorporated into a guild, with Saint Nicholas for their patron. These worthy persons were, probably, at the period of their incorporation, more worthy of the name of *clerks* (scholars) than we have been wont in modern times to consider. But why are thieves called Saint Nicholas' clerks in Henry IV.? Warburton says, by a quibble between Nicholas and old Nick. This we doubt. Scholars appear, from the ancient statutes against vagrancy, to have been great travellers about the country. These statutes generally recognise the right of poor scholars to beg; but they were also liable to the penalties of the gaol and the stocks, unless they could produce letters testimonial from the chancellor of their respective universities. It is not unlikely that in the journeys of these hundreds of poor scholars they should have occasionally "taken a purse" as well as begged "an almesse," and that some of "Saint Nicholas's clerks" should have become as celebrated for the same accomplishments which distinguished Bardolph and Peto at Gadshill, as for the learned poverty which entitled them to travel with a chancellor's licence.

[3] SCENE I.—"*The cover of the salt hides the salt.*

The large salt-cellar of the dinner-table was a massive piece of plate, with a cover equally substantial. There was only one salt-cellar on the board, which was placed near the top of the table; and the distinction of those who sat above and below the salt was universally recognised. The following representation of a salt-cellar, *a*, with its cover, *b*, presented to Queen Elizabeth, is from "Nichol's Progresses."

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Forest, near* Mantua.

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.
2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we 'll make you sit, and rifle you.
Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.
Val. My friends,—
1 *Out.* That 's not so, sir; we are your enemies.
2 *Out.* Peace; we 'll hear him.
3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he 's a proper man.
Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am cross'd with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
2 *Out.* Whither travel you?
Val. To Verona.
1 *Out.* Whence came you?
Val. From Milan.
3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?
Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have staid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?
Val. I was.
2 *Out.* For what offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.
1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so:
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.
1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?
Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or else I often had been miserable.
3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,[1]
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.
1 *Out.* We 'll have him; sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them;
It is an honourable kind of thievery.
Val. Peace, villain!
2 *Out.* Tell us this: Have you anything to take to?
Val. Nothing, but my fortune.
3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful[a] men:
Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.
2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.
1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives,
And, partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape; and by your own report
A linguist; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want;—
2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?
3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:
We 'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.
1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.
2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.
Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.
3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we 'll bring thee to our crews,
And shew thee all the treasure we have got:
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Milan. *Court of the Palace.*

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend:
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter Thurio *and Musicians.*

Thu. How now, sir Proteus? are you crept before us?
Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.
Thu. Ay, but, I hope, sir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
Thu. Who? Silvia?
Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.
Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let 's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter Host, *at a distance; and* Julia *in boy's clothes.*

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you 're allycholly; I pray you, why is it?
Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.
Host. Come, we 'll have you merry: I 'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.
Jul. But shall I hear him speak?
Host. Ay, that you shall.
Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays*
Host. Hark! hark!
Jul. Is he among these?
Host. Ay: but peace, let 's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

[a] *Awful.* Steevens and others think we should here read *lawful.* But Shakspere, in other places, uses this word in the sense of lawful:—
"We come within our awful banks again."

Is she kind, as she is fair
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before?
How do you, man; the music likes[a] you not.
Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.
Host. Why, my pretty youth?
Jul. He plays false, father.
Host. How? out of tune on the strings?
Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.
Host. You have a quick ear.
Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.
Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.
Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.
Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!
Jul. Ay; that change is the spite.
Host. You would have them always play but one thing.
Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.
But, host, doth this sir Proteus, that we talk on,
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?
Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he loved her out of all nick.[b]
Jul. Where is Launce?
Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.
Jul. Peace! stand aside! the company parts.
Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead,
That you shalt say, my cunning drift excels.
Thu. Where meet we?
Pro. At saint Gregory's well.[2]
Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt* Thurio *and Musicians.*

Silvia *appears above, at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.
Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen:
Who is that, that spake?
Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.
Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.
Sil. What is your will?
Pro. That I may compass[a] yours.
Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,—
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And by and by intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.
Jul. 'T were false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried. [*Aside.*
Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd: And art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?
Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.
Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.
Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;
Or, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.
Jul. He heard not that. [*Aside.*
Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,

[a] *Likes*—pleases.
[b] *Nick.* Beyond all reckoning. The nick was the notch upon the tally stick, by which accounts were kept. An innkeeper in a play before Shakspere's time—"A Woman never Vexed," says—

———"I have carried
The tallies at my girdle seven years together,
For I did ever love to deal honestly in the nick."

These primitive day-books and ledgers were equally adapted to an alehouse score and a nation's revenue; for, as our readers know, they continued to be used in the English Exchequer till within the last thirty years.

[a] *Compass.* Johnson says that in this passage "the word *will* is ambiguous. He wishes to gain her will; she tells him, if he wants her will he has it." Douce considers that Johnson has mistaken the meaning of the word *compass*, which does not here mean to gain, but to perform. It appears to us that a double ambiguity is here intended. Silvia says "What is your will"—what is your *wish*,—for although Shakspere has accurately distinguished between the two words, as in this play (Act I. Sc. III.),

"My will is something sealed with his wish,"

he yet often uses them synonymously. Proteus' reply to the question, is—"That I may compass your's"—*that I may have your will within my power*—encompassed—surrounded. Julia, in her answer, receives the word compass in its meaning of *to perform;* and distinguishes between wish and will. "You have your wish;"—you may compass—you may perform my will—"my will is even this," &c. This latter meaning of compass is frequent in Shakspere, as, "You judge it impossible to compass wonders." (1 Hen. VI.) "That were hard to compass." (Tw. Night.) The meaning in which Proteus appears to us to use the term, is indicated in the Merry Wives—"May be the knave bragged of that he could not compass"—of that which was beyond his power.

The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. If 't were a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am. [*Aside.*

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er-night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* Proteus; *and* Silvia, *from above.*

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom,[a] I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house: Trust me, I think, 't is almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watched, and the most heaviest.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind;
There 's some great matter she 'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

Silvia *appears above, at her window.*

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,[b]
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,)
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd.[c]
Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.[3]
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which Heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:
Good-morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good-morrow, kind sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter Launce, *with his dog.*

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher,[4] and steals her capon's leg. O, 't is a foul thing when a cur cannot keep[a] himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for 't; sure as I live he had suffer'd for 't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemen-like dogs,

[a] *Halidom*—Holiness; *holi* and *dom*,—as in king*dom*. Holidame—holy virgin—was a corruption of the term.

[b] *Impose*—command.—The word, as a noun, does not occur again in Shakspere.

[c] Mr. Dyce has "my very soul *abhors*," remarking that Hanmer had made the obvious correction.

[a] *Keep*—restrain.

under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with the dog*, says one; *What cur is that?* says another; *Whip him out*, says the third; *Hang him up*, says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'t was I did the thing you wot of.* He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? Nay, I 'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks[5] for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory[6] for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffer'd for 't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter Proteus *and* Julia.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please.—I 'll do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant? [*To* Launce.
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say: Stay'st thou to vex me here?
A slave, that still an end turns me to shame.
[*Exit* Launce.
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 't is no trusting to yon foolish lowt;
But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour;
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thee, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia:
She lov'd me well,[a] deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you lov'd her not to leave[b] her token:
She 's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so; I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas!

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'T is pity, love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter;—that 's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.
[*Exit* Proteus.

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now am I (unhappy messenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refus'd;
To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.
I am my master's true confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet I will woo for him; but yet so coldly,
As, Heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

a She lov'd me well, *who* deliver'd it to me.
b To *leave*—to part with.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?
Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my master, sir Proteus, madam.
Sil. O!—he sends you for a picture?
Jul. Ay, madam.
Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.
[*Picture brought.*
Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.
Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.——
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd
Delivered you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship.
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold.
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As easily as I do tear his paper.
Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.
Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.
Sil. What say'st thou?
Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.
Sil. Dost thou know her?
Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept an hundred several times.
Sil. Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.
Jul. I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.
Sil. Is she not passing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,[7]
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.[a]

Sil. How tall was she?
Jul. About my stature: for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown;
Which serv'd me as fit, by all men's judgment,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part;
Madam, 't was Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!
Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!—
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—
I weep myself to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. [*Exit* Silvia.
Jul. And she shall thank you for 't, if e'er you know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: Let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:[a]
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.[9]
Her eyes are grey as glass;[b] and so are mine.
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective[c] in myself,

[a] In this passage *pinch'd* means painted, and not as Johnson has it, pinch'd with cold. *Black* signifies dark, tanned. In the next act Thurio says "my face is *black*," as opposed to "fair." It is curious that *black*, *bleak*, *blight*, are words having a strong affinity; and that, therefore, "the air," which "starv'd the roses," and "pinch'd the lily tincture," so as to make "black," is the same as the withering and *blighting* agency, the *bleak* wind, which covers vegetation with a sterile *blackness*. (See Richardson's Dictionary.)

[a] Capell says the colour of the hair marks this play as of the period of Elizabeth. The auburn, or yellow, of the queen's hair made that colour beautiful.

[b] The glass of Shakspere's time was not of the colourless quality which now constitutes the perfection of glass, but of a light blue tint; hence "as grey as glass." "Eyen as gray as glasse," in the old romances, expresses the pale cerulean blue of those eyes which usually accompany a fair complexion—a complexion belonging to the "auburn" and "yellow" hair of Julia and Silvia.

[c] Steevens interprets *respective* as respectful, respectable; but the true meaning of the word, and the context, shew that Julia says, "What he respects in her, has equal *relation to* myself."

If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 't is thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue[a] in thy stead.
I 'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee. [*Exit.*

[a] The words *statue* and *picture* were often used without distinction. In Massinger's City Madam, Sir John Frugal desires that his daughters

"may take leave
Of their late suitors' statues."

Luke replies:—"There they *hang*." Stow, speaking of Queen Elizabeth's funeral, mentions "her statue or picture lying upon the coffin;" and in one of the inventories of Henry the Eighth's furniture, *pictures of earth*—that is, busts of *terra cotta*—are recited.

RECENT NEW READINGS.

Sc. I. p. 50.—"Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our *crews*."

"Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our *cave*."—*Collier*. Mr. Collier says, in defence of his reading, that the "crews," so to call them, were on the stage, while the "cave" was the place where the treasure was deposited. Crews, however, are companions, and it was not necessary that all the outlaws should be on the stage, leaving the treasure unguarded. Mr. Dyce adopts the correction of *cave*. Mr. Singer has *caves*. Mr. Grant White, in his edition of "The Works of William Shakespeare," published at Boston, U.S., in 1859, adheres to *crews*.

Sc. IV. p. 53.—"The other squirrel was stolen from me by the *hangman's boys*."

"By the *hangman-boy*."—*Collier*.

The *hangman-boy*, says Mr. Collier, is a rascally boy, a gallows boy. There is no occasion for the change, for the "hangman's boys" are boys dedicated to the hangman. Mr. Dyce and Mr. G. White print "hangman boys."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Robin Hood's fat friar.*"

THE jolly Friar Tuck, of the old Robin Hood ballads—the almost equally famous Friar Tuck, of Ivanhoe—is the personage whom the outlaws here invoke. It is unnecessary for us to enter upon the legends

"Of Tuck, the merry friar, which many a sermon made,
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and his trade,"

as old Drayton has it. It may be sufficient to give a representation of his "bare scalp." The following illustration is copied, with a little improvement in the drawing, from the Friar in Mr. Tollett's painted window, representing the celebration of May-day. The entire window is given in the Illustrations of All's Well that Ends Well, with a detailed account of the several figures. We may mention here, that the figures, which represent Morris dancers, are very spirited. One of the chief is supposed to be Maid Marian, the Queen of May; and as Marian was the mistress of Robin Hood, who was anciently styled King of May, it has been conjectured that the Friar is Robin's jovial chaplain. At any rate, the figure is not unworthy of Friar Tuck.

Shakspere has two other allusions to Robin Hood. The old duke, in As You Like It, "is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him, and there they live, like the old Robin Hood of England." Master Silence, that 'merry heart," that "man of mettle," sings, "in the sweet of the night," of

"Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John."

The honourable conditions of Robin's lawless rule over his followers, were evidently in our poet's mind when he makes Valentine say

"I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, and poor passengers."

[2] SCENE II.—"*At Saint Gregory's well.*"

This is, as far as we know, the only instance in which holy wells are mentioned by Shakspere. We have already mentioned (see Introductory Notice) that the popular belief in the virtues of these sainted wells, must have been familiar to him. Saint Gregory's well, the place where Proteus and Thurio were to meet, might have been found in some description of Italian and other cities which Shakspere had read; for these wells were often contained within splendid buildings, raised by some devotee to protect the sacred fount from which, he believed, he had derived inestimable advantage. Such was the well of Saint Winifred at Holywell, in Flintshire. This remarkable fountain throws up eighty-four hogsheads every minute, which volume of water forms a considerable stream. The well is enclosed within a beautiful Gothic temple, erected by the mother of Henry VII. The following engraving represents this rich and elegant building.

[3] SCENE III.—'*Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.*"

Sir Eglamour was selected by Silvia as the companion of her flight, not only as "a gentleman,"

but as one whose affections were buried in the "grave" of his "lady," and "true love." Steevens says, that it was common for widows and widowers to make solemn vows of chastity, of which the church took account. It is immaterial (for the matter has been controverted) whether Sir Eglamour was a widower, or had made this vow upon the death of one to whom he was betrothed.

[3] SCENE IV.—"*He steps me to her trencher.*"

That the daughter of a Duke of Milan should eat her capon from a trencher, may appear somewhat strange. It may be noted, however, that the fifth Earl of Northumberland, in 1512, was ordinarily served on wooden trenchers, and that plates of pewter, mean as we may now think them, were reserved in his family for great holidays. The Northumberland Household Book, edited by Bishop Percy, furnishes several entries which establish this. In the privy-purse expenses of Henry VIII. there are also entries regarding trenchers; as, for example, in 1530,—"Item, paied to the s'geant of the pantrye for certen trenchors for the king, xxiijs iiijd."

[5] SCENE IV.—"*I have sat in the stocks.*"

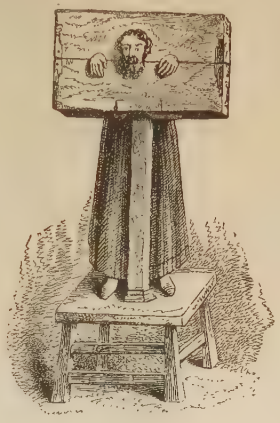
Launce speaks familiarly of an object that was the terror of vagabonds in every English village,—the "Ancient Castle" of Hudibras,—the

> "Dungeon scarce three inches wide;
> With roof so low, that under it
> They never stand, but lie or sit;
> And yet so foul, that whoso is in,
> Is to the middle-leg in prison."

Civilization has banished the stocks, with many other relics of a barbarous age. The following representation, which is taken from Fox's Acts and Monuments, and there professes to depict "the straight handling of close prisoners in Lollard's tower," may contribute to preserve the remembrance of this renowned "Fabrick."

[6] SCENE IV.—"*I have stood on the pillory.*"

The pillory is also abolished in all ordinary cases, and perhaps public opinion will prevent it being ever again used. Our ancestors were ingenious in the varieties of form in which they constructed their pillories. Douce has engraved no less than six specimens of these instruments of punishment. The pillory that was in use amongst us not a quarter of a century ago, appears to have differed very slightly from that of the time of Henry VIII. The following engraved illustration, which represents the infliction of the punishment upon Robert Ockam, in that reign, is copied, like the preceding illustration, from Fox's Martyrs.



[7] SCENE IV.—"*Sun-expelling mask.*"

Stubbs, in his Anatomie of Abuses, published in 1595, thus describes the masks of the ladies of Elizabeth's time: "When they use to ride abroad they have masks and visors made of velvet, wherewith they cover all their faces, having holes made in them against their eyes, whereout they look."

[8] SCENE IV.——————"*At Pentecost,*
When all our pageants of delight were play'd."

We shall include the general subject of pageants in an illustration of the line in Act V.

> "Triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity."

[9] SCENE IV.—"*A colour'd periwig.*"

No word has puzzled etymologists more than periwig. It has been referred to a Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and northern origin, and, perhaps, with equal want of success. It is the same word as *perwick, periwicke,* and *peruke.* Whiter, in his very curious Etymological Dictionary, thinks it is a compound of two words, or, rather, combinations of sounds, common to many languages. "The WIG belonging to the head," he says, "means the *raised up, soft* covering. In the *perruque,* or *perri*-WIG, the PRQ, or PR, means, I believe, the *enclosure,* as in *park.*" When we smile at Julia's expression, "a colour'd periwig," we must recollect that, in Shakspere's time, the word had not a ludicrous meaning. False hair was worn by ladies long before wigs were adopted by men. In a beautiful passage in the Merchant of Venice, Shakspere more particularly notices this female fashion:

> "So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
> Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
> Upon supposed fairness, often known
> To be the dowry of a second head,
> The scull that bred them in the sepulchre."

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. An Abbey.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky:
And now, it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See where she comes: Lady, a happy evening!
Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall;
I fear I am attended by some spies.
Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off:
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
Thu. What, that my leg is too long?
Pro. No; that it is too little.[a]
Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.
Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.
Thu. What says she to my face?
Pro. She says, it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

[a] *That it is too little.* "Little" does not sound like an epithet of Shakspere's. Might not he have written "lithe"? Lithe, lithy, lither, are often used in the sense of *weak*.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.
Jul. 'T is true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside.*
Thu. How likes she my discourse?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?
Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [*Aside.*
Thu. What says she to my valour?
Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.
Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. [*Aside.*
Thu. What says she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd.
Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside.*
Thu. Considers she my possessions?
Pro. O, ay; and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. That such an ass should owe them. [*Aside.*
Pro. That they are out by lease.[a]
Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, sir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why, then, she 's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'T is true; for friar Lawrence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled.
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*
Thu. Why this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
I'll after; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*
Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*
Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

[a] By his possessions, Thurio means his lands; but Proteus, who is bantering him, alludes to his mental endowments, which he says "are out by lease"—are not in his own keeping.

SCENE III.—*Frontiers of* Mantua. *The Forest.*

Enter Silvia, *and* Out-laws.

1 *Out.* Come, come;
Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.
Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.
1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?
3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us,
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,
There is our captain: we 'll follow him that 's fled.
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.
1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave;
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.
Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter Valentine.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record[a] my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain
What halloing, and what stir, is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase:

[a] *Record*, to sing: thus:—

"Fair Philomel, night-music of the spring,
Sweetly *records* her tuneful harmony."
Drayton's Eclogues, 1593.

Douce says that the word was formed from the *recorder*, a sort of flute with which birds were taught to sing.

They love me well; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who 's this comes here? [*Steps aside.*

Enter Proteus, Silvia, *and* Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth,)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.
Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aside.*
Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.
Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence. [*Aside.*
Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, Heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life 's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much, (for more there cannot be,)
I do detest false perjur'd Proteus:
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.
Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
O, 't is the curse in love, and still approv'd,[a]
When women cannot love, where they 're belov'd.
Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he 's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hadst two,
And that 's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!
Pro. In love,
Who respects friend?

[a] *Approv'd*—proved, experienced.

Sil. All men but Proteus.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I 'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.
Sil. O heaven!
Pro. I 'll force thee yield to my desire.
Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!
Pro. Valentine!
Val. Thou common friend, that 's without faith or love;
(For such is a friend now;) treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted when one's own right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time most accurs'd!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst.
Pro. My shame, and guilt, confounds me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I render it here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest:—
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeas'd:—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.[c]

[a] This passage has much perplexed the commentators. Pope thinks it very odd that Valentine should give up his mistress at once, without any reason alleged; and, consequently, the two lines spoken by Valentine, after his forgiveness of Proteus,—

"And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine, in Silvia, I give thee,"

are considered to be interpolated or transposed. Sir W. Blackstone thinks they should be spoken by Thurio. In our first edition we suggested, without altering the text, that the two lines might be spoken by Silvia. A correspondent, however, had the kindness to supply us with an explanation, which, we think, is very preferable, removing, as it appears to do, much of the difficulty; although, after all, it might be intended that Valentine, in a fit of romance, should give up his mistress. Our correspondent writes as follows:—"It appears to me that the lines belong properly to Valentine, as given in all the editions, and not to Silvia, as suggested by you. The error of all the previous commentators, and, as I think, the one into which you have fallen, is in understanding the word 'all' to be used by Shakspere, in the above passage, in the sense of 'everything,' or as applying to 'love' in the previous line; whereas it refers to 'wrath' in the line which immediately precedes the above couplet. The

Jul. O me, unhappy! [*Faints.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what's the matter? Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring to madam Silvia; which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 't is: this is it. [*Gives a ring.*

Pro. How! let me see: why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry your mercy, sir, I have mistook; This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

[*Shews another ring.*

Pro. But, how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart, I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,[a]
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?[b]
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live
In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 't is true; O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins:
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'T were pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, *with* Duke *and* Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milan shall not behold thee.[a] Here she stands,
Take but possession of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,

way in which I would read these three lines is as follows:—

'By penitence the Eternal's *wrath* 's appeas'd;
And that my love (*i.e.* for Proteus) may appear plain and free,
All (*i.e.* the wrath) that *was* mine in (*i.e.* on account of) Silvia, I give thee (*i.e.* give thee up—forego).'

In other words, Valentine, having pardoned Proteus for his treachery to himself, in order to convince him how sincere was his reconciliation (justifying, however, to himself what he was about to do, by the consideration that even

'By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd'),

also forgives him the insult he had offered to Silvia. The use above suggested of the preposition "in" appears to me to be highly poetical. It distinguishes between Valentine's wrath on his own account for Proteus's treachery to himself, and that of Silvia for the indignity offered her by Proteus, which latter Valentine adopts and makes his own and so calls his wrath in Silvia. The use of the word 'was' also supports this reading. Valentine wishes to express that his wrath was past: had he been speaking of his 'love,' he would have said 'is.'"

Mr. G. White, in his edition of the Plays, calls it "a singular passage," but says that comment belongs rather to the philosopher than the critic, as it appears to be uncorrupted. He calls attention to similar overstrained generosity in Valentine, in Act II. Sc. IV. where he twice earnestly entreats Silvia to accept Proteus as her "lover," on equal terms with him as his "fellow-servant to her."

a See Note to Act III. Sc. I.

b "Cleft the root" is an allusion to *cleaving the pin*, in archery, continuing the metaphor from "give aim." To *cleave the pin* was to break the nail which attached the mark to the butt.

a The reading of the original edition is "Verona shal' not hold thee." Mr. Collier gives

"Milano shall not hold thee;"

of which Mr. Dyce approves. See remark of the Cambridge editors, Act. II. Sc. V.

And let them be recalled from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them, and thee;
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.[1]

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make you[2] grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I 'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.—
Come Proteus; 't is your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

[1] SCENE IV.—"*Triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.*"

MALONE, in a note on this passage, says, "*Triumphs*, in this and many other passages of Shakspere, signify masques and revels." This assertion appears to us to have been hastily made. We have referred to all the passages of Shakspere in which the plural noun "triumphs" is used; and it appears to us to have a signification perfectly distinct from that of masques and revels. And first of Julius Cæsar. Antony says:—

> "O, mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
> Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
> Shrunk to this little measure?"

In Titus Andronicus, Tamora, addressing her conqueror, exclaims,

> "We are brought to Rome
> To beautify thy triumphs."

In these two quotations we have the original meaning of triumphs—namely, the solemn processions of a conqueror with his captives and spoils of victory. The triumphs of modern times were gorgeous shows, in imitation of those pomps of antiquity. When Columbus, returning from his first voyage, presented to the sovereigns of Castile and Arragon the productions of the countries which he had discovered, the solemn procession on that memorable occasion was a real *Triumph*. But when Edward IV., in Shakspere (Henry VI., Part iii.), exclaims, after his final conquest,

> "And now what rests, but that we spend the time
> With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
> Such as befit the pleasures of the court,"

he refers to those ceremonials which the genius of chivalry had adopted from the mightier pomps of antiquity, imitating something of their splendour, but laying aside their stern demonstrations of outward exultation over their vanquished foes. There were no human captives in massive chains—no lions and elephants led along to the amphitheatre, for the gratification of a turbulent populace. Edward exclaims of his prisoner Margaret—

> "Away with her, and waft her hence to France."

The dread of Cleopatra was that of exposure in the Triumph:—

> "Shall they hoist me up,
> And shew me to the shouting varletry
> Of censuring Rome?"

Here, then, was the difference of the Roman and the feudal manners. The triumphs of the middle ages were shows of peace, decorated with the pomp of arms; but altogether mere scenic representations, deriving their name from the more solemn triumphs of antiquity. But they were not masques, as Malone has stated. The Duke of York, in Richard II., asks,

> "What news from Oxford? hold these justs and triumphs?"

and for these "justs and triumphs" Aumerle has prepared his "gay apparel." There is one more passage which appears to us conclusive as to the use of the word Triumphs. The passage is in Pericles: Simonides asks,

> "Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?"

And when answered that they are, he says—

> "Return then, we are ready; and our daughter,
> In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
> Sits here, like beauty's child."

The triumph, then, meant the "joustes of peace" which we have noticed in a previous illustration; and the great tournament there mentioned, when Elizabeth sat in her "fortress of perfect beauty," was expressly called a triumph. In the triumph was, of course, included the processions and other "stately" shows that accompanied the sports of the tilt-yard.

In this view of the word triumph we have given an engraved illustration at the foot of the last Act, which represents a procession at Milan of the nobles, and knights, and prelates of Italy, who attended "the emperor in his royal court." The various figures are grouped from particular scenes in the very curious book of Hogheuburg (which we have mentioned in the Introductory Notice), representing the triumphs upon the occasion of the visit of Charles V., to Bologna.

The Duke of Milan, in this play, desires to "include all jars," not only with "triumphs," but with "mirth and rare solemnity." The "mirth" and the "solemnity" would include the "pageant"—the favourite show of the days of Elizabeth. The "masque" (in its highest signification) was a more refined and elaborate device than the pageant; and, therefore, we shall confine the remainder of this illustration to some few general observations on the subject of "pageants."

We may infer, from the expression of Julia in the fourth Act,

> "At Pentecost,
> When all our pageants of delight were play'd,"

that the pageant was a religious ceremonial, connected with the festivals of the church. And so it originally was. The "pageants" performed at Coventry were, for the most part, "dramatic mysteries;" and the city, according to Dugdale,

was famous, before the suppression of the monasteries, for the pageants that were played there on Corpus Christi day. "These pageants," says the fine old topographer, "were acted with mighty state and reverence by the fryers of this house, and contained the story of the New Testament, which was composed into old English rhyme. The theatres for the several scenes were very large and high, and being placed upon wheels, were drawn to all the eminent places of the city, for the better advantage of the spectators." It appears, from Mr. Sharp's Dissertation on the Coventry Pageants, that the trading companies were accustomed to perform these plays; and it will be remembered that when Elizabeth was entertained by Leicester at Kenilworth, the "old Coventry play of Hock Tuesday" formed a principal feature of the amusements. The play of Hock Tuesday commemorates the great victory over the Danes, A.D. 1002, and it was exhibited before the queen by Captain Cox and many others from Coventry. The Whitsun plays at Chester, called the Chester Pageants, or Chester Mysteries, were also performed by the trading companies of that ancient city. Archdeacon Rogers, who died in 1569, has left an account of the Whitsun plays, which he saw in Chester, which shews that the pageant-vehicles there, like those of Coventry, were scaffolds upon wheels. Mr. Collier, in his valuable History of the Stage, mentions a fact, given by Hall the historian, that in 1511, at the revels at Whitehall, Henry VIII. and his lords "entered the hall in a pageant on wheels."

It is clear from the passage in which Julia describes her own part in the "pageants of delight,"—

> "Ariadne passioning
> For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight,"—

that the pageant had begun to assume something of the classical character of the masque. But it had certainly not become the gorgeous entertainment which Jonson has so glowingly described, as "of power to surprise with delight, and steal away the spectators from themselves." The pageant in which Julia acted at Pentecost was probably such as Shakspere had seen in the streets of Coventry, or in some stately baronial hall of his rich county. The "pageant on wheels" in which Henry and his lords entered his hall of revels was evidently the same sort of machine as that described by Dugdale, and which is here copied, with a slight adaptation, from a representation in Sharp's Dissertation.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

"ASSUREDLY that criticism of Shakspere will alone be genial which is reverential. The Englishman who, without reverence, a proud and affectionate reverence, can utter the name of William Shakspere, stands disqualified for the office of critic. He wants one at least of the very senses, the language of which he is to employ; and will discourse at best but as a blind man, while the whole harmonious creation of light and shade, with all its subtle interchange of deepening and dissolving colours, rises in silence to the silent *fiat* of the uprising Apollo." * Thus a "reverential" criticism will not only be most genial,—it will be most intelligible. Heminge and Condell, in their Preface to the first collected edition of Shakspere, truly say,—"Read him again and again; and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him." To love Shakspere best is best to understand him. And yet, from the days of Rymer, who described Othello as a "bloody farce, without salt or savour," we have had a "wilderness" of *critics*, each one endeavouring, "merely by his *ipse dixit*, to treat as contemptible what he has not intellect enough to comprehend, or soul to feel, without assigning any reason, or referring his opinion to any demonstrative principle."† In offering an analysis of the various critical opinions upon each play, we must, of necessity, present our readers with many remarks which are not "reverential." But we trust, also, to be able to shew, in most cases by authorities which *do* refer to some "demonstrative principle," that those who have uttered the name of Shakspere "without reverence," as too many of the commentators have done, are "but stammering interpreters of the general and almost idolatrous admiration of his countrymen."‡

Without any reference to the period of the poet's life in which the Two Gentlemen of Verona was written, Theobald tells us, "This is one of Shakspere's worst plays." Hanmer thinks Shakspere "only enlivened it with some speeches and lines thrown in here and there." Upton determines "that if any proof can be drawn from manner and style, this play must be sent packing, and seek for its parent elsewhere." Johnson, though singularly favourable in his opinion of this play, says of it. "there is a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence." Mrs. Lenox (who, in the best slip-slop manner, does not hesitate to pass judgment upon many of the greatest works of Shakspere), says, "'t is generally allowed that the plot, conduct, manners, and incidents of this play are extremely deficient." On the other hand, Pope gives the style of this comedy the high praise of being "natural and unaffected;" although he complains that the familiar parts are "composed of the lowest and most trifling conceits, to be accounted for only by the gross taste of the age he lived in." Johnson says, "when I read this play, I cannot but think that I find, both in the serious and ludicrous scenes, the language and sentiments of Shakspere. It is not, indeed, one of his most powerful effusions; it has neither many diversities

* Coleridge, Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 63. † Id. p. 11.
‡ Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Literature, Black's Translation, vol. ii. p. 104.

of character, nor striking delineations of life. But it abounds in γνωμαί (sententious observations) beyond most of his plays; and few have more lines or passages which, singly considered, are eminently beautiful." Coleridge, the best of critics on Shakspere, has no remark on this play beyond calling it "a sketch." Hazlitt, in a more elaborate criticism, follows out the same idea: "This is little more than the first outlines of a comedy loosely sketched in. It is the story of a novel dramatised with very little labour or pretension; yet there are passages of high poetical spirit, and of inimitable quaintness of humour, which are undoubtedly Shakspere's, and there is throughout the conduct of the fable a careless grace and felicity which marks it for his." We scarcely think that Coleridge and Hazlitt are correct in considering this play "a sketch," if it be taken as a whole. In the fifth Act, unquestionably, the outlines "are loosely sketched in." The unusual shortness of that Act would indicate that it is, in some degree, hurried and unfinished. If the text be correct which makes Valentine offer to give up Silvia to Proteus, there cannot be a doubt that the poet intended to have worked out this idea, and to have exhibited a struggle of self-denial, and a sacrifice to friendship, which very young persons are inclined to consider possible. Friendship has its romance as well as love. In the other parts of the comedy there is certainly extremely little that can be called sketchy. They appear to us to be very carefully finished. There may be a deficiency of power, but not of elaboration. A French writer who has analysed all Shakspere's plays (M. Paul Duport), considers that this play possesses a powerful charm, which he attributes to the brilliant and poetical colouring of its style. He thinks, and justly, that a number of graceful comparisons, and of vivid and picturesque images, here take the place of the bold and natural conceptions (the "vital and organic" style, as Coleridge expresses it) which are the general characteristic of his genius. In these elegant generalizations, M. Duport properly recognises the vagueness and indecision of the youthful poet.* The remarks of A. W. Schlegel on this comedy are, as usual, acute and philosophical:—"The Two Gentlemen of Verona paints the irresolution of love, and its infidelity towards friendship, in a pleasant, but, in some degree, superficial manner; we might almost say with the levity of mind which a passion suddenly entertained, and as suddenly given up, pre-supposes. The faithless lover is at last forgiven without much difficulty by his first mistress, on account of his ambiguous repentance. For the more serious part, the premeditated flight of the daughter of a prince, the captivity of her father along with herself by a band of robbers, of which one of the two gentlemen, the faithful and banished friend, has been compulsively elected captain; for all this a peaceful solution is soon found. It is as if the course of the world was obliged to accommodate itself to a transient youthful caprice, called love." † An English writer, who has well studied Shakspere, and has published a volume of very praiseworthy research,‡ distinguished for correct taste and good feeling (although some of its theories may be reasonably doubted), considers this comedy Shakspere's first dramatic production, and imagines that it might have been written at Stratford, and have formed his chief recommendation to the Blackfriars company. He adds,—"This play appears to me enriched with all the freshness of youth; with strong indications of his future matured poetical power and dramatic effect. It is the day-spring of genius, full of promise, beauty, and quietude, before the sun has arisen to its splendour. I can likewise discern in it his peculiar gradual development of character, his minute touches, each tending to complete a portrait; and if these are not executed by the master hand, as shewn in his later plays, they are by the same apprentice-hand, each touch of strength sufficient to harmonize with the whole." Johnson says of this play, "I am inclined to believe that it was not very successful." It is difficult to judge of the accuracy of this belief. The "quietude," the "minute touches," may not have been exactly suited to an audience who had as yet been unaccustomed to the delicate lights and shadows of the Elizabethan drama. Shakspere, in some degree, stood in the same relation to his predecessors, as Raphael did to the earlier painters. The gentle gradations, the accurate distances, the harmony and repose, had to be superadded to the hard outlines, the strong colouring, and the disproportionate parts of the elder artists, in the one case as in the other. But our dramatist, who unquestionably always looked to what the *stage* demanded from him, however he may have looked beyond the mere wants of his present audience, put enough of attractive matter into the Two Gentlemen

* Essais Littéraires sur Shakspere, tome ii. p. 357. Paris, 1828.
† Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature, Black's translation, vol. ii. p. 156.
‡ Shakspere's Autobiographical Poems, &c. By Charles Armitage Brown. 1838.

of Verona, to command its popularity. No "clown" that had appeared on the stage before his time could at all approach to Launce in real humour. But the clowns that the celebrated Tarleton represented had mere words of buffoonery put in their mouths; and it is not to be wondered at that Shakspere retained some of their ribaldry. It would be some time before he would be strong enough to assert the rights of his own genius, as he unquestionably did in his later plays. He must, as a young writer, have been sometimes forced into a sacrifice to the popular requirements.

Mr. Boaden, as it is stated by Malone, is of opinion that the Two Gentlemen of Verona contains the germ of other plays which Shakspere afterwards wrote.* The expression, "germ of other plays," is somewhat undefined. There are in this play the germ of several incidents and situations which occur in the poet's maturer works—the germ of some other of his most admired characters—the germ of one or two of his most beautiful descriptions. When Julia is deputed by Proteus to bear a letter to Silvia, urging the love which he ought to have kept sacred for herself, we are reminded of Viola, in Twelfth Night, being sent to plead the duke's passion for Olivia,—although the other circumstances are widely different; when we see Julia wearing her boy's disguise, with a modest archness and spirit, our thoughts involuntary turn not only to Viola, but to Rosalind, and to Imogen, three of the most exquisite of Shakspere's exquisite creations of female characters;—when Valentine, in the forest of Mantua, exclaims,

> "How use doth breed a habit in a man!
> This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
> I better brook than flourishing peopled towns,"

we hear the first faint notes of the same delicious train of thought, though greatly modified by the different circumstances of the speaker, that we find in the banished Duke of the Forest of Ardennes:—

> "Now my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
> Hath not old custum made this life more sweet
> Than that of painted pomp?"

When Valentine exclaims,

> "And why not death, rather than living torment?"

we recollect the grand passage in Macbeth, where the same thought is exalted, and rendered terrible, by the peculiar circumstances of the speaker's guilt:—

> "Better be with the dead,
> Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
> Than on the torture of the mind to lie
> In restless ecstasy."

There are, generally speaking, resemblances throughout the works of Shakspere, which none but his genius could have preserved from being imitations. But, taking the particular instance before us, when, with matured powers, he came to deal with somewhat similar incidents and characters in other plays, and to repeat the leading idea of a particular sentiment, we can, without difficulty, perceive how vast a difference had been produced by a few years of reflection and experience;—how he had made to himself an entirely new school of art, whose practice was as superior to his own conceptions as embodied in his first works, as it was beyond the mastery of his contemporaries, or of any who have succeeded him. It was for this reason that Pope called the style of the Two Gentlemen of Verona "simple and unaffected." It was opposed to Shakspere's later style, which is teeming with allusion upon allusion, dropped out of the exceeding riches of his glorious imagination. With the exception of the few obsolete words, and the unfamiliar application of words still in use, this comedy has, to our minds, a very modern air. The thoughts are natural and obvious, the images familiar and general. The most celebrated passages have a character of grace rather than of beauty; the elegance of a youthful poet aiming to be correct, instead of the splendour of the perfect artist, subjecting every crude and apparently unmanageable thought to the wonderful alchemy of his all-penetrating genius. Look, in this comedy, at the images, for example, which are derived from external nature, and compare them with the same class of images in the later plays. We might select several illustrations, but one will suffice:—

> "As the most favour'd bud
> Is eaten by the canker ere it blow;

* Malone's Shakspere, by Boswell, vol. ii. p. 32

Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime."

Here the image is feeble, because it is generalized. But compare it with the same image in Romeo and Juliet :—

"But he, his own affection's counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say how true,
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovering,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun."

Johnson, as we have already seen, considered this comedy to be wanting in "diversity of character." The action, it must be observed, is mainly sustained by Proteus and Valentine, and by Julia and Silvia; and the conduct of the plot is relieved by the familiar scenes in which Speed and Launce appear. The other actors are very subordinate, and we scarcely demand any great diversity of character amongst them; but it seems to us, with regard to Proteus and Valentine, Julia and Silvia, Speed and Launce, that the characters are exhibited, as it were, in pairs, upon a principle of very defined though delicate contrast. We will endeavour to point out these somewhat nice distinctions.

Coleridge says, in 'The Friend,' "It is Shakspere's peculiar excellence, that throughout the whole of his splendid picture gallery (the reader will excuse the acknowledged inadequacy of this metaphor), we find individuality everywhere,—mere portrait nowhere. In all his various characters we still feel ourselves communing with the same nature, which is everywhere present as the vegetable sap in the branches, sprays, leaves, buds, blossoms, and fruits, their shapes, tastes, and odours. Speaking of the effect, that is, his works themselves, we may define the excellence of their method as consisting in that just proportion, that union and interpenetration of the universal and the particular, which must ever pervade all works of decided genius and true science." Nothing can be more just and more happy than this definition of the distinctive quality of Shakspere's works,—a quality which puts them so immeasurably above all other works,—"the union and interpenetration of the universal and the particular." It constitutes the peculiar charm of his matured style,—it furnishes the key to the surpassing excellence of his representations, whether of facts which are cognizable by the understanding or by the senses, in which a single word individualizes the "particular" object described or alluded to, and, without separating it from the "universal," to which it belongs, gives it all the value of a vivid colour in a picture, perfectly distinct, but also completely harmonious. The skill which he attained in this wonderful mastery over the whole world of materials for poetical construction, was the result of continued experiment. In his characters, especially, we see the gradual growth of this extraordinary power, as clearly as we perceive the differences between his early and his matured forms of expression. But it is evident to us, that, in his very earliest delineations of character, he had conceived the principle which was to be developed in "his splendid picture gallery." In the comedy before us, Valentine and Proteus are the "two gentlemen,"—Julia and Silvia the two ladies "beloved,"—Speed and Launce the two "clownish" servants. And yet how different is the one from the other of the same class. The German critic, Gervinus, has honoured us by treating "the two gentlemen," the "two ladies beloved," and the two "clownish servants," on the same principle of contrast. Proteus, who is first represented to us as a lover, is evidently a very cold and calculating one. He is "a votary to fond desire;" but he *complains* of his mistress that she has metamorphosed him :—

"Made me neglect my studies,—lose my time."

He ventures, however, to write to Julia; and when he has her answer, "her oath for love, her honour's pawn," he immediately takes the most prudent view of their position :—

"O that our fathers would applaud our loves."

But he has not decision enough to demand this approbation :—

"I fear'd to shew my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love."

He parts with his mistress in a very formal and well-behaved style;—they exchange rings, but Julia has first offered "this remembrance" for her sake;—he makes a common-place vow of con-

stancy, whilst Julia rushes away in tears;—he quits Verona for Milan, and has a new love at first sight the instant he sees Silvia. The mode in which he sets about betraying his friend, and wooing his new mistress, is eminently characteristic of the calculating selfishness of his nature:—

> "If I can check my erring love, I will;
> If not, to compass her I'll use my skill."

He is of that very numerous class of men who would always be virtuous, if virtue would accomplish their object as well as vice;—who prefer truth to lying, when lying is unnecessary;—and who have a law of justice in their own minds, which if they can observe they "will;" but "if not,"—if they find themselves poor erring mortals, which they infallibly do,—they think

> "Their stars are more in fault than they."

This Proteus is a very contemptible fellow, who finally exhibits himself as a ruffian and a coward, and is punished by the heaviest infliction that the generous Valentine could bestow—his forgiveness. Generous, indeed, and most confiding, is our Valentine—a perfect contrast to Proteus. In the first scene he laughs at the passion of Proteus, as if he knew that it was alien to his nature; but when he has become enamoured himself, with what enthusiasm he proclaims his devotion:—

> "Why, man, she is mine own;
> And I as rich in having such a jewel
> As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl."

In this passionate admiration we have the germ of Romeo, and so also in the scene where Valentine is banished:—

> "And why not death, rather than living torment?"

But here is only a sketch of the strength of a deep and all-absorbing passion. The whole speech of Valentine upon his banishment is forcible and elegant; but compare him with Romeo in the same condition:—

> "Heaven is here
> Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
> And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
> Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
> But Romeo may not."

We are not wandering from our purpose of contrasting Proteus and Valentine, by shewing that the character of Valentine is compounded of some of the elements that we find in Romeo; for the strong impulses of both these lovers are as much opposed as it is possible to the subtle devices of Proteus. The confiding Valentine goes to his banishment with the cold comfort that Proteus gives him:—

> "Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that."

He is compelled to join the outlaws, but he makes conditions with them that exhibit the goodness of his nature; and we hear no more of him till the catastrophe, when his traitorous friend is forgiven with the same confiding generosity that has governed all his intercourse with him. We have little doubt of the corruption, or, at any rate, of the unfinished nature, of the passage in which he is made to give up Silvia to his false friend,—for that would be entirely inconsistent with the ardent character of his love, and an act of injustice towards Julia, which he could not commit. But it is perfectly natural and probable that he should receive Proteus again into his confidence, upon his declaration of "hearty sorrow," and that he should do so upon principle:—

> "Who by repentance is not satisfied,
> Is nor of heaven, nor earth."

It is, to our minds, quite delightful to find in this, which we consider amongst the earliest of Shakspere's plays, that exhibition of the real Christian spirit of charity which, more or less, pervades all his writings; but which, more than any other quality, has made some persons, who deem their own morality as of a higher and purer order, cry out against them, as giving encouragement to evil doers. We shall have occasion hereafter to speak of the noble lessons which Shakspere teaches *dramatically* (and not according to the childish devices of those who would make the dramatist write a "*moral*" at the end of five acts, upon the approved plan of a Fable in a spelling-book), and we therefore pass over, for the present, those profound critics who say "he has no moral purpose in view."* But there are some who are not quite so pedantically wise as to affirm "he paid no attention to that retributive justice which, when human affairs are righty understood, pervades them

* Lardner's Cyclopædia, Literary and Scientific Men, vol. ii. p. 128.

all;"* but who yet think that Proteus ought to have been at least banished, or sent to the galleys for a few years with the outlaws;—that Angelo, in Measure for Measure, should have been hanged;—that Leontes, in the Winter's Tale, was not sufficiently punished for his cruel jealousy by sixteen years of sorrow and repentance;—that Iachimo, in Cymbeline, is not treated with poetical justice when Posthumus says,—

> "Kneel not to me:
> The power that I have on you is to spare you;"—

and that Prospero is a very weak magician not to apply his power to a better purpose than only to give his wicked brother and his followers a little passing punishment;—weak indeed, when he has them in his hands, to exclaim,—

> "Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
> Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
> Do I take part: the rarer action is
> In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
> The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
> Not a frown further: go release them, Ariel."

Not so thought Shakspere. He, that never represented crime as virtue, had the largest pity for the criminal. "He has never varnished over wild and blood-thirsty passions with a pleasing exterior—never clothed crime and want of principle with a false shew of greatness of soul;"† but, on the other hand, he has never made the criminal a monster, and led us to flatter ourselves that he is not a man. It is as a man, subject to the same infirmities as all are who are born of woman, that he represents Proteus, and Iachimo, and other of the lesser criminals, as receiving pardon upon repentance. It is not so much that they are deserving of pardon, but that it would be inconsistent with the characters of the pardoners that they should exercise their power with severity. Shakspere lived in an age when the vindictive passions were too frequently let loose by men of all sects and opinions,—and much too frequently in the name of that religion which came to teach peace and good will. Is it to be objected to him, then, that wherever he could he asserted the supremacy of charity and mercy;—that he taught men the "quality" of that blessed principle which

> "Droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven;"—

that he proclaimed—no doubt to the annoyance of all self-worshippers—that "the web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together;"—and that he asked of those who would be hard upon the wretched, "Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping?" We may be permitted to believe that this large toleration had its influence in an age of racks and gibbets; and we know not how much of this charitable spirit may have come to the aid of the more authoritative and holier teaching of the same principle,—forgotten even by the teachers, but gradually finding its way into the heart of the multitude,—till human punishments at length were compelled to be subservient to other influences than those of the angry passions, and the laws could only dare to ask for justice, but not for vengeance.

The generous, confiding, courageous, and forgiving spirit of Valentine, are well appreciated by the Duke—"Thou art a gentleman." In this praise is included all the virtues which Shakspere desired to represent in the character of Valentine;—the absence of which virtues he has also indicated in the selfish Proteus. The Duke adds, "and well derived." "Thou art a gentleman" in "thy spirit"—a gentleman in "thy unrivalled merit;" and thou hast the honours of ancestry—the further advantage of honourable progenitors. This line, in one of Shakspere's earliest plays, is a key to some of his personal feelings. He was himself a true gentleman, though the child of humble parents. His exquisite delineations of the female character establish the surpassing refinement and purity of his mind in relation to women;—and thus, if there were no other evidence of the son of the wool-stapler of Stratford being a "gentleman," this one prime feature of the character would be his most pre-eminently. Well then might he, looking to himself, assert the principle that rank and ancestry are additions to the character of the gentleman, but not indispensable component parts. "Thou art a gentleman, and well derived."

We have dwelt so long upon the contrasts in the characters of the "two gentlemen," Proteus and Valentine, that we may appear to have forgotten our purpose of also tracing the distinctive peculiarities of the two ladies "beloved." Julia, in the sweetest feminine tenderness, is entirely

* Lardner's Cyclopædia, Literary and Scientific Men, vol. iii. p. 122.
† A. W. Schlegel, Black, vol. ii. p. 137.

worthy of the poet of Juliet and Imogen. Amidst her deep and sustaining love she has all the playfulness that belongs to the true woman. When she receives the letter of Proteus, the struggle between her affected indifference, and her real disposition to cherish a deep affection, is exceedingly pretty. Then comes, and very quickly, the development of the change which real love works,—the plighting her troth with Proteus,—the sorrow for his absence,—the flight to him,—the grief for his perjury,—the forgiveness. How full of heart and gentleness is all her conduct, after she has discovered the inconstancy of Proteus! How beautiful an absence is there of all upbraiding either of her faithless lover, or of his new mistress. Of the one she says,

"Because I love him, I must pity him;"

the other she describes, without a touch of envy, as

"A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful."

Silvia is a character of much less intensity of feeling. She plays with her accepted lover as with a toy given to her for her amusement; she delights in a contest of words between him and his rival Thurio; she avows she is betrothed to Valentine, when she reproves Proteus for his perfidy, but she allows Proteus to send for her picture, which is, at least, not the act of one who strongly felt and resented his treachery to his friend. When she resolves to escape from her prison, she does not go forth to danger and difficulty with the spirit of Julia,—"a true devoted pilgrim,"—but she places herself under the protection of Eglamour—("a very perfect gentle knight," as Chaucer would have called him),

"For the ways are dangerous to pass."

She goes to her banished lover, but she flies from her father—

"To keep me from a most unholy match."

When she encounters Proteus in the forest, she, indeed, spiritedly avows her love for Valentine, and her hatred for himself; nor is there, in any of the slight distinctions which we have pointed out, any real inferiority in her character to that of Julia. She is only more under the influence of circumstances. Julia, by her decision, subdues the circumstances of her situation to her own will.

Turn we now to Speed and Launce, the two "clownish" servants of Valentine and Proteus.

In a note introducing the first scene between Speed and Proteus, Pope says, "This whole scene, like many others in these plays (some of which I believe, were written by Shakspere, and others interpolated by the players), is composed of the lowest and most trifling conceits, to be accounted for only by the gross taste of the age he lived in; *populo ut placerent.* I wish I had authority to leave them out." There are passages in Shakspere which an editor would desire to leave out, if he consulted only the standard of taste in his own age; just as there are passages in Pope which we now consider filthy and corrupting, which the wits and fine ladies of the Court of Anne only regarded as playful and piquant. The scenes, however, in which Speed and Launce are prominent, with the exception of a few obscure allusions, which will not be discovered unless a commentator points them out, and of one piece of plain speaking in Launce, which is refinement itself when compared with the classical works of the Dean of St. Patrick's,—these scenes offer a remarkable instance of the reform which Shakspere was enabled to effect in the conduct of the English stage, and which, without doubt, banished a great deal of what had been offensive to good manners, as well as good taste. "The clown" or "fool" of the earlier English drama was introduced into every piece. He came on between the acts, and sometimes interrupted even the scenes by his buffoonery. Occasionally the author set down a few words for him to speak; but out of these he had to spin a monologue of doggerel verses created by his "extemporal wit." The "Jeasts" of Richard Tarleton, the most celebrated of these clowns, were published in 1611; and fortunate it must have been for the morals of our ancestors that Shakspere constructed dialogue for his "Clowns," and insisted on their adhering to it: "Let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them." The "Clown" was the successor of the "Vice" of the old Moralities; and he was the representative of the domestic "Jester" that flourished before and during the age of Shakspere. We shall have frequent occasion to return to this subject. The "clownish" servant was something intermediate between the privileged "fool" of the old drama, and the pert lacquey of the later comedy. But he originally stood in the place of the genuine "Clown;" and his "conceits" are to be regarded partly as a reflection of the manners of the most refined, whose wit, in a great degree, consisted in a play upon words, and partly as a law of the established drama, which even Shakspere could not dispense with, if he had desired so to do. But his instinctive knowledge of the value of

his dramatic materials led him to retain the "Clowns" amongst other inheritances of the old stage; and who that has seen the use he has made of the "*allowed* fool" in Twelfth Night, and As You Like It, and All's Well that Ends Well, and especially in Lear,—of the country clown in Love's Labour's Lost and The Merchant of Venice,—and of the "clownish" or witty servant in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, will regret that he did not cast away what Pope has called "low" and "trifling," determining to retain a machinery equally adapted to the relief of the tragic and the heightening of the comic, and entirely in keeping with what we now call the romantic drama,—an edifice of which Shakspere found the scaffolding raised and the stone quarried, but which it was reserved for him alone to build up upon a plan in which the most apparently incongruous parts were subjected to the laws of fitness and proportion, and wherein even the grotesque (like the grinning heads in our fine Gothic cathedrals) was in harmony with the beautiful and the sublime

Speed and Launce are both punsters; but Speed is by far the more inveterate one. He begins with a pun — my master "is shipp'd already, and I have play'd the sheep (ship) in losing him." The same play upon words which the ship originates runs through the scene; and we are by no means sure that if Shakspere made Verona a sea-port in ignorance (which we very much doubt),—if, like his own Hotspur, he had "forgot the map," — whether he would, at any time, have converted Valentine into a land traveller, and have lost his pun upon a better knowledge. Of these apparent violations of propriety we have already spoken in the Introductory Notice. In the scene before us, Speed establishes his character for a "quick wit;" Launce, on the contrary, very soon earns the reputation of "a mad-cap" and "an ass" And yet Launce can pun as perseveringly as Speed. But he can do something more. He can throw in the most natural touches of humour amongst his quibbles; and, indeed, he altogether forgets his quibbles when he is indulging his own peculiar vein. That vein is unquestionably drollery,—as Hazlitt has well described it,—the richest farcical drollery. His descriptions of his leave-taking, while "the dog all this while sheds not a tear," and of the dog's misbehaviour when he thrust "himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs," are perfectly irresistible. We must leave thee, Launce; but we leave thee with less regret, for thou hast worthy successors. Thou wert among the first fruits, we think, of the creations of the greatest comic genius that the world has seen, and thou wilt endure for ever, with Bottom, and Malvolio, and Parolles, and Dogberry. Thou wert conceived, perhaps, under that humble roof at Stratford, to gaze upon which all nations have since sent forth their pilgrims! Or, perhaps, when the young poet was, for the first time, left alone in the solitude of London, he looked back upon that shelter of his boyhood, and shadowed out his own parting in thine, Launce!

LOVE'S
LABOUR'S LOST

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of Love's Labour's Lost.*

This play was one of the fifteen published in Shakspere's lifetime. The first edition appeared in 1598, under the following title: "A pleasant conceited comedie, called Loues Labors Lost. As it was presented before her Highnes this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespere." No subsequent edition appeared in a separate form till 1631. In the first collected edition of Shakspere's plays, the folio of 1623, the text can scarcely be said to differ, except by accident, from the original quarto. The editors of the first folio without doubt took the quarto as their copy. The manifold errors of the press in the Latin words of the first edition have not been corrected in the second. We have still *Dictisima* for *Dictynna*, and *bome* for *bone*. Steevens, in a note to Henry V., observes, "It is very certain that authors, in the time of Shakspere did not correct the press for themselves. I hardly ever saw, in one of the old plays, a sentence of either Latin, Italian, or French without the most ridiculous blunders." This neglect on the part of dramatic authors may be accounted for by the fact that the press was not their medium of publication; but it is remarkable that such errors should have been perpetuated through four of the collected editions of Shakspere's works, and not have been corrected till the time of Rowe and Theobald.

We have seen, from the title of the first edition of Love's Labour's Lost, that when it was presented before Queen Elizabeth, at the Christmas of 1597, it had been "newly corrected and augmented." As no edition of the comedy, before it was corrected and augmented, is known to exist (though, as in the case of the unique Hamlet of 1603, one may some day be discovered), we have no proof that the few allusions to temporary circumstances, which are supposed in some degree to fix the date of the play, may not apply to the augmented copy only. Thus, when Moth refers to "the dancing horse" who was to teach Armado how to reckon what "deuce-ace amounts to," the fact that Banks's horse (See Illustrations to Act I. Scene II.) first appeared in London in 1589 does not prove that the original play might not have been written before 1589. This date gives it an earlier appearance than Malone would assign to it, who first settled it as 1591, and afterwards as 1594. A supposed allusion to "The Metamorphosis of Ajax," by Sir John Harrington, printed in 1596, is equally unimportant with reference to the original composition of the play. The "finished representation of colloquial excellence" † in the beginning of the fifth act, is supposed to be an imitation of a passage in Sidney's "Arcadia," first printed in 1590. The passage might have been introduced in the augmented copy; to say nothing of the fact that the "Arcadia" was known in manuscript before it was printed. Lastly, the mask in the fifth act, where the King and his lords appear in Russian habits, and the allusions to Muscovites which this mask produces, are supposed by Warburton to have been suggested by the public concern for the settlement of a treaty of commerce with Russia, in 1591. But the learned commentator overlooks a passage in Hall's Chronicle, which shows that a mask of Muscovites was a court recreation in the time of Henry VIII. ‡

In the *extrinsic* evidence, therefore, which this comedy supplies, there is nothing whatever to

* *Love's Labour's Lost.* The title of this play stands as follows in the folio of 1623: "*Loues Labour 's Lost.*" The modes in which the genitive case and the contraction of *is* after a substantive, are printed in the titles of other plays in this edition, and in the earlier copies, leads us to believe that the author intended to call his play "Love's Labour is Lost." The apostrophe is not given as the mark of the genitive case in these instances—"*The Winters Tale,*"—"*A Midsummer Nights Dream,*"—(so printed.) But when the verb *is* forms a part of the title, the apostrophe is introduced, as in "*All's well that ends well.*" We do not think ourselves justified, therefore, in printing either "Love's Labour Lost," or "Love's Labours Lost,"—as some have recommended.

† Johnson.

‡ See Illustrations to Act V.

disprove the theory which we entertain, that, before it had been "corrected and augmented," Love's Labour 's Lost was one of the plays produced by Shakspere about 1589, when, being only twenty-five years of age, he was a joint-proprietor in the Blackfriars Theatre. The *intrinsic* evidence appears to us entirely to support this opinion; and as this evidence involves several curious particulars of literary history, we have to request the reader's indulgence whilst we examine it somewhat in detail.

Coleridge, who always speaks of this comedy as a "juvenile drama"—"a young author's first work" — says, "The characters in this play are either impersonated out of Shakspere's own multiformity by imaginative self-position, *or out of such as a country-town and a schoolboy's observation might supply.*"* For this production, Shakspere, it is presumed, found neither characters nor plot in any previous romance or drama "I have not hitherto discovered," says Steevens, "any novel on which this comedy appears to have been founded; and yet the story of it has most of the features of an ancient romance." Steevens might have more correctly said that the story has most of the features which would be derived from an acquaintance with the ancient romances. The action of the comedy, and the higher actors, are the creations of one who was imbued with the romantic spirit of the middle ages—who was conversant "with their Courts of Love, and all that lighter drapery of chivalry, which engaged even mighty kings with a sort of serio-comic interest, and may well be supposed to have occupied more completely the smaller princes."† Our poet himself, in this play, alludes to the Spanish romances of chivalry:

> "This child of fancy that Armado hight,
> For interim to our studies, shall relate
> In high-born words the worth of many a knight
> From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate."

With these materials, and out of his own "imaginative self-position," might Shakspere have readily produced the King and Princess, the lords and ladies, of this comedy;—and he might have caught the tone of the Court of Elizabeth,—the wit, the play upon words, the forced attempts to say and do clever things,—without any actual contact with the society which was accessible to him after his fame conferred distinction even upon the highest and most accomplished patron. The more ludicrous characters of the drama were unquestionably within the range of "a schoolboy's observation."

And first, of Don Armado, whom Scott calls "the Euphuist."‡ The historical events which are interwoven with the plot of Scott's "Monastery" must have happened about 1562 or 1563, before the authority of the unhappy Queen of Scots was openly trodden under foot by Murray and her rebellious lords; and she had at least the personal liberty, if not the free will, of a supreme ruler. Our great novelist is, as is well known, not very exact in the matter of dates; and in the present instance his licence is somewhat extravagant. Explaining the source of the affectations of *his* Euphuist, Sir Piercie Shafton, he says—"it was about this period that 'the only rare poet of his time, the witty, comical, facetiously-quick, and quickly-facetious John Lyly — he that sate at Apollo's table, and to whom Phœbus gave a wreath of his own bays without snatching'§—he, in short, who wrote that singularly coxcomical work, called *Euphues and his England*,—was in the very zenith of his absurdity and reputation. The quaint, forced, and unnatural style which he introduced by his 'Anatomy of Wit' had a fashion as rapid as it was momentary—all the Court ladies were his scholars, and to *parler Euphuisme* was as necessary a qualification to a courtly gallant, as those of understanding how to use his rapier, or to dance a measure."‖ This statement is somewhat calculated to mislead the student of our literary history, as to the period of the commencement, and of the duration, of Lyly's influence upon the structure of "polite conversation." "Euphues,—the Anatomy of Wit," was first published in 1580; and "Euphues and his England" in 1581—some eighteen or twenty years after the time when Sir Piercie Shafton (the English Catholic who surrendered himself to the champions of John Knox and the Reformation) explained to Mary of Avenel the merits of the Anatomy of Wit—"that all-to-be-unparalleled volume—that quintessence of human wit—that treasury of quaint invention — that exquisitely-pleasant-to-read, and inevitably-necessary-to-be-remembered manual of all that is worthy to be known." ¶ Nor was the fashion of Euphuism as momentary as Scott represents it to have been. The prevalence of this "spurious and unnatural mode of conversation" ** is alluded to in Jonson's "Every Man out of his

* Literary Remains, vol. ii., p. 102.
† Coleridge, Literary Remains, vol. ii., p. 104.
‡ Introduction to the Monastery.
§ Extract from Blount, the editor of six of Lyly's plays, in 1632.
‖ Monastery, chap. xiv.
¶ Monastery, chap. xiv.
** Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. ii., p. 250.

Humour," first acted in 1599;—and it forms one of the chief objects of the satire of rare Ben's "Cynthia's Revels," first acted in 1600. But the most important question with reference to Shakspere's employment of the affected phraseology which he puts into the mouth of Armado is, whether this "quaint, forced, and unnatural style" was an imitation of that said to be *introduced* by Lyly; if, indeed, Lyly did more than reduce to a system those innovations of language which had obtained a currency amongst us for some time previous to the appearance of his books. Blount, it is true, says—"our nation are in his debt for a new English which he taught them. Euphues and his England began first that language." It is somewhat difficult precisely to define what "that language" is; but the language of Armado is not very different from that of Andrew Borde, the physician, who, according to Hearne, "gave rise to the name of Merry Andrew, the fool of the mountebank stage." His "Breviary of Health," first printed in 1547, begins thus: "Egregious doctours and maysters of the eximious and archane science of physicke, of your urbanitie exasperate not your selve."* Nor is Armado's language far removed from the example of "dark words and inkhorn terms" exhibited by Wilson, in his "Arte of Rhetorike" first printed in 1553, where he gives a letter thus devised by a Lincolnshire man for a void benefice:—"Ponderyng, expendyng, and revolutyng with myself, your ingent affabilitie, and ingenious capacitie for mundane affaires, I cannot but celebrate and extoll your magnificall dexteritie above all other. For how could you have adapted suche illustrate prerogative, and dominicall superioritie, if the fecunditie of your ingenie had not been so fertile and wonderfull pregnaunt."† In truth, Armado the braggart, and Holofernes the pedant, both talk in this vein; though the schoolmaster may lean more to the hard words of Lexiphanism, and the fantastic traveller to the quips and cranks of Euphuism. Our belief is, that, although Shakspere might have been familiar with Lyly's Euphues when he wrote Love's Labour's Lost, he did not, in Armado, point at the fashion of the Court "to parley Euphuism."‡ The courtiers in this comedy, be it observed, speak, when they are wearing an artificial character, something approaching to this language, but not the identical language. They, indeed, "trust to speeches penn'd"—they "woo in rhyme"—they employ

> "Taffata phrases, silken terms precise
> Three-pil'd hyperboles;"—

they exhibit a "constant striving after logical precision, and subtle opposition of thoughts, together with the making the most of every conception or image, by expressing it under the least expected property belonging to it."§ But of no one of them can it be said, "He speaks not like a man of God's making." Ben Jonson, on the contrary, when, in "Cynthia's Revels," he satirized "the special Fountain of Manners, the Court," expressly makes the courtiers talk the very jargon of Euphuism; as for example: "You know I call madam Philautia, my Honour; and she calls me, her Ambition. Now, when I meet her in the presence anon, I will come to her, and say, Sweet Honour, I have hitherto contented my sense with the lilies of your hand, but now I will taste the roses of your lips; and, withal kiss her: to which she cannot but blushing answer, Nay, now you are too ambitious. And then do I reply, I cannot be too ambitious of Honour, sweet lady." But Armado,—

> "A refined traveller of Spain;
> A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
> That hath a mint of phrases in his brain,"—

is the only man of "fire-new words." The pedant even laughs at him as a "fanatical phantasm." But such a man Shakspere might have seen in his own country-town: where, unquestionably, the schoolmaster and the curate might also have flourished. If he had found them in books, Wilson's "Rhetorike" might as well have supplied the notion of Armado and Holofernes, as Lyly's "Euphues" of the one, or Florio's "First Fruits" of the other.

Warburton, in his usual "discourse peremptory," tells us, "by Holofernes is designed a particular character, a pedant and schoolmaster of our author's time, one John Florio, a teacher of the Italian tongue in London, who has given us a small Dictionary of that language, under the title of 'A World of Words.'" What Warburton asserted Farmer upheld. Florio, says Farmer, had given the first affront, by saying, "the plays that they play in England are neither right comedies nor right tragedies; but representations of histories without any decorum." Florio says this in his "Second Fruites," published in 1591. Now, if Shakspere felt himself aggrieved at this statement,

* Quoted in Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. iii., p. 355, 1824. † Ibid., vol. iv., p. 160.
‡ Blount. § Coleridge's Literary Remains, vol. ii., p. 104.

which was true enough of the English drama before his time, he was betrayed by his desire for revenge into very unusual inconsistencies. For, in truth, the making of a teacher of Italian the prototype of a country schoolmaster, who, whilst he lards his phrases with words of Latin, as if he were construing with his class, holds to the good old English pronunciation, and abhors "such rackers of orthography, as to speak, *dout*, fine, when he should say, *doubt*," &c., is such an absurdity as Shakspere, who understood his art, would never have yielded to through any instigation of caprice or passion. The probability is, that when Shakspere drew Holofernes, whose name he found in Rabelais,* he felt himself under considerable obligations to John Florio for having given the world "his 'First Fruites;' which yeelde familiar speech, merie proverbes, wittie sentences, and golden sayings." This book was printed in 1578. But, according to Warburton, Florio, in 1598, in the preface to a new edition of his "World of Words," is furious upon Shakspere in the following passage: "There is another sort of leering curs, that rather snarle than bite, whereof I could instance in one, who, lighting on a good sonnet of a gentleman's, a friend of mine, that loved better to be a poet than to be counted so, called the author a Rymer. Let Aristophanes and his comedians make plais, and scowre their mouths on Socrates, those very mouths they make to vilifie shall be the means to amplifie his virtue." Warburton maintains that the sonnet was Florio's own, and that it was parodied in the "extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer," beginning

'The praiseful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket."

This is very ingenious argument, but somewhat bold; and it appears to us that Thomas Wilson was just as likely to have suggested the alliteration as John Florio. In the "Arte of Rhetorike" which we have already quoted, we find this sentence: "Some use over-muche repetition of one letter, as pitifull povertie prayeth for a penie, but puffed presumpcion passeth not a point." Indeed, there are many existing proofs of the excessive prevalence of alliteration in the end of the sixteenth century. Bishop Andrews is notorious for it. Florio seems to have been somewhat of a braggart, for he always signs his name "Resolute John Florio." But, according to the testimony of Sir William Cornwallis, he was far above the character of a fantastical pedant. Speaking of his translation of Montaigne (the book which has now acquired such interest by bearing Shakspere's undoubted autograph), Sir William Cornwallis says, "divers of his (Montaigne's) pieces I have seen translated; they that understand both languages say very well done; and I am able to say (if you will take the word of ignorance), translated into a style admitting as few idle words as our language will endure."† Holofernes, the pedant, who had "lived long on the alms-basket of words"—who had "been at a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps," was not the man to deserve the praise of writing "a style admitting as few idle words as our language will endure."

As far then as we have been able to trace, the original comedy of Love's Labour's Lost might have been produced by Shakspere without any personal knowledge of the court language of Euphuism,—without any acquaintance with John Florio,—and with a design only to ridicule those extravagancies which were opposed to the maxim of Roger Ascham, the most unpedantic of schoolmasters, "to speake as the common people do, to thinke as wise men do."‡ The further intrinsic evidence that this comedy was a very early production is most satisfactory. Coleridge has a very acute remark—(which in our minds is worth all that has been written about the learning of Shakspere)—as to his early literary habits. "It is not unimportant to notice how strong a presumption the diction and allusions of this play afford, that, though Shakspere's acquirements in the dead languages might not be such as we suppose in a learned education, his habits had, nevertheless, been scholastic, and those of a student. For a young author's first work almost always bespeaks his recent pursuits, and his first observations of life are either drawn from the immediate employments of his youth, and from the characters and images most deeply impressed on his mind in the situations in which those employments had placed him;—or else they are fixed on such objects and occurrences in the world as are easily connected with, and seem to bear upon, his studies and the hitherto exclusive subjects of his meditations."§ The frequent rhymes,—the alternate verses,—the familiar metre which has been called doggerel (but which Anstey and Moore have made classical by wit, and by fun even more agreeable than wit), lines such as

"His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes,"—

* "De faict, l'on luy ensegna ung grand docteur sophiste, nommé maistre Thubal Holoferne." Gargantua, livre i., chap. xiv.
† Essays. 1600. ‡ Toxophilus. § Literary Remains, vol. ii., p. 106

the sonnets full of quaint conceits, or running off into the most playful anacreontics,—the skilful management of the pedantry, with a knowledge far beyond the pedantry,—and the happy employment of the ancient mythology,—all justify Coleridge's belief that the materials of this comedy were drawn from the immediate employments of Shakspere's youth. Still the play, when augmented and corrected, might have received many touches derived from the power which he had acquired by experience. If it were not presumptuous to attempt to put our finger upon such passages, we would say that Biron's eloquent speech at the end of the fourth act, beginning

"Have at you then, affection's men at arms,"—

and Rosaline's amended speech at the end of the play,

"Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,"—

must be amongst the more important of these augmentations.

Period of the Action, and Manners.

There is no historical foundation for any portion of the action of this comedy. There was no Ferdinand King of Navarre. We have no evidence of a difference between France and Navarre as to possessions in Aquitain. We may place, therefore, the period of the action as the period of Elizabeth, for the manners are those of Shakspere's own time. The more remarkable of the customs which are alluded to will be pointed out in our illustrations.

Costume.

Cesare Vecellio, at the end of his third book (edit. 1598), presents us with the general costume of Navarre at this period. The women appear to have worn a sort of clog or patten, something like the Venetian chioppine; and we are told in the text that some dressed in imitation of the French, some in the style of the Spaniards, while others blended the fashions of both those nations. The well-known costume of Henri Quatre and Philip II. may furnish authority for the dress of the king and nobles of Navarre, and of the lords attending on the Princess of France, who may herself be attired after the fashion of Marguerite de Valois, the sister of Henry III. of France, and first wife of his successor the King of Navarre. (Vide Montfaucon, Monarchie Française) We subjoin the Spanish gentleman, and the French lady, of 1589, from Vecellio. For the costume of the Muscovites in the mask (Act V.), see Illustrations.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FERDINAND, *King of* Navarre.

BIRON, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, } *Lords, attending on the* King.

BOYET, MERCADE, } *Lords, attending on the* Princess *of* France.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical* Spaniard.

Sir NATHANIEL, *a curate.*

HOLOFERNES, *a schoolmaster.*

DULL, *a constable.*

COSTARD, *a clown.*

MOTH, *page to* Armado.

A Forester.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE.

ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, } *Ladies, attending on the* Princess

JAQUENETTA, *a country wench.*

Officers and others, Attendants on the King *and* Princess.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Navarre. *A Park, with a Palace in it.*

Enter the KING, BIRON,[a] LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names;
That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are armed to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.[a]

Long. I am resolv'd: 't is but a three years fast:
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified.
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, To live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances:
As, not to see a woman in that term;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
And, one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside;

[a] *Biron.* In all the old copies this name is spelt *Berowne.* In Act. IV. Sc. III. we have a line in which *Biron* rhymes to *moon.* We may, therefore, suppose the pronunciation to have been *Beroon.*

[a] The first folio, and the quartos, read *oaths,* and still retain *it.* Mr. Dyce says that, in Shakspere's writings, and in those of his contemporaries, there are instances of *it* applied to a preceding plural word. The second folio gives "*oaths,* and keep *them* too." The line, as we give it, is a modern alteration, which, Mr. Dyce says, was made without regard to the line a little before,—

"Your oaths are pass'd, and now subscribe your names,"

&c. Addressing the three who had sworn, *your oaths* is correct. But it is not incorrect to call upon them to subscribe their names to the *one* oath which each had taken.

The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:
And then to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day;)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
Not to see ladies,—study,—fast,—not sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please;
I only swore, to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's godlike recompense.

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—To study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;[a]
Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid:
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; and that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is, to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

King. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well say I am; why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I join in an[a] abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate,[b]

King. Well, sit you out; go home, Biron; adieu!

Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet, confident I 'll keep what I have swore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day;[c]
Give me the paper, let me read the same;
And to the strictest decrees I 'll write my name.

[a] *Forbid.* The old copies read "to *fast* expressly am forbid." Theobald first supplied *feast*. The converse of the oath is *fast*; and unless we suppose that Biron was *forbid* in two senses—first, in its usual meaning, and then in its ancient mode of making *bid* more emphatical, *for-bid*,—we must adopt the change.

[a] For *any* Pope gave us *an*. Mr. Dyce says *any* was caught from the preceding line.

[b] So the quarto of 1598. The folio has,

"That were to climb o'er the house t' unlock the gate."

[c] It is usual to close the sentence at "three years' day;" but the construction requires the rejection of such a pause.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!
Biron. [*Reads.*]
Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court—
Hath this been proclaim'd?
Long. Four days ago.
Biron. Let's see the penalty. [*Reads.*]
—On pain of losing her tongue.—
Who devis'd this penalty?
Long. Marry, that did I.
Biron. Sweet lord, and why?
Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.
Biron. A dangerous law against gentility.[a] [*Reads.*]
Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court shall possibly devise.—
This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—
A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—
About surrender-up of Aquitain
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.
King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.
Biron. So study evermore is overshot.
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'T is won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.
King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree;
She must lie[b] here on mere necessity.
Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space:
For every man with his affects is born;
Not by might master'd, but by special grace.
If I break faith, this word shall speak[c] for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—
So to the laws at large I write my name: [*Subscribes.*
And he that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:
Suggestions[a] are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I seem so loth;
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?
King. Ay, that there is; our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements,[b] whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.[2]
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.
Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new[c] words, fashion's own knight.
Long. Costard, the swain, and he, shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter Dull, *with a letter, and* Costard.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?
Biron. This, fellow; What wouldst?
Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.
Biron. This is he.
Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.
Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.
King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.
Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.
Long. A high hope for a low heaven:[d] God grant us patience!
Biron. To hear? or forbear hearing?[e]

[a] In the early editions this line is given to Longaville. It seems more properly to belong to Biron, and we therefore receive Theobald's correction, especially as Biron is reading the paper, and the early copies do not mark this when they give the line of comment upon the previous item to Longaville.
[b] *To lie*—to reside. We have the sense in Wotton's punning definition of an ambassador—"an honest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country."
[c] The folio reads *break.*

[a] *Suggestions*—temptations.
[b] *Complements*—a man versed in ceremonial distinctions—in punctilios—a man who brings *forms* to decide the mutiny between right and wrong. *Compliment* and *complement* were originally written without distinction, and though the first may be taken to mean *ceremonies* and the second *accomplishments*, both the one and the other have the same origin—they each *make that perfect which was wanting.* In this passage we have the meaning of ceremonies; but in Act III., where Moth says "these are complements," we have the meaning of accomplishments.
[c] *Fire-new* and bran-new,—that is brand-new,—new off the irons,—have each the same origin.
[d] See Illustration, Act I.
[e] Capell proposed to read "*laughing;*" which some editors adopt.

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.[a]

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; And God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [*Reads.*]

"Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King.

"So it is,—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.[b]

King. Peace!

Cost. —be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words!

Cost. —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King.

"So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air: and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is yclepeed thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: But to the place where,—It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden.[a] There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,

Cost. Me?

King.

—"that unletter'd small-knowing soul,

Cost. Me?

King.

—"that shallow vassal,

Cost. Still me?

King.

—"which as I remember, hight Costard,

Cost. O me!

King.

—"sorted, and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,—O with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,

Cost. With a wench.

King.

—"with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

King.

"For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

Don Adriano de Armado."

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir; I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel, neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence; You shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—
My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er.—

[a] *Manner.* Costard here talks law-French. A thief was taken with the *mainour* when he was taken with the thing stolen—*hond-habend*, having in the hand.

[b] *So-so* in modern editions. *So* in early copies.

And go we, lords, to put in practice, that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.—
[*Exeunt* King, Longaville, *and* Dumain.

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—
Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and until then, Sit down, Sorrow![a]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the same.*
Armado's *House.*

Enter Armado *and* Moth.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm.[b] Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir; I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers: Thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary, crosses[a] love not him. [*Aside.*

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning; it fits the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.[4]

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cipher. [*Aside.*

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love: and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Sampson, master; he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Sampson! strong-jointed Sampson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too,—Who was Sampson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

[a] This is the reading of the first folio, and is adopted by Mr. White, instead of the usual reading of "*till* then, Sit *thee* down, Sorrow."

[b] In the early copies, Armado is called *Braggart* through the scene, after his first words.

[a] *Crosses.* A cross is a coin. Moth thinks his master has the poverty as well as pride of a Spaniard.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate[a] thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me.

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown:
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.[b]

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 't is not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard; she deserves well.

Moth. To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master. [*Aside.*

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that 's great marvel, loving a light wench.

[a] So the quarto of 1598. The folio *immaculate.* To maculate is to stain — maculate thoughts are impure thoughts. Thus in the Two Noble Kinsmen of Beaumont and Fletcher,

"O vouchsafe
With that thy rare green eye, which never yet
Beheld things *maculate.*"

[b] *Owe*—possess.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter Dull, Costard, *and* Jaquenetta.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a-week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman.[a] Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.— Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That 's hereby.[b]

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?[c]

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away

[*Exeunt* Dull *and* Jaquenetta.

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay nothing, master Moth, but what

[a] *Day-woman* most probably means dairy-woman. In parts of Scotland the term *dey* has been appropriated to dairy-maids; but in England, *deyes* were, perhaps, the lowest class of husbandry servants, generally. In a statute of Richard II., regulating wages, we have "a swineherd, a female labourer, and deye," put down at six shillings yearly. Chaucer describes the diet of his "poore widow" as that of a dey (Nonnes Preestes Tale):—

"Milk and brown bread, in which she fond no lack,
Seinde bacon, and sometime an ey or twey;
For she was, as it were, a maner *dey.*"

[b] *Hereby*—a provincial expression for *as it may happen.* Armado takes it as *hard by.*

[c] *With that face?* The folio has "With *what* face?" The phrase of the quarto, "with *that* face," was a vulgar idiomatic expression in the time of Fielding, who says he took it, "verbatim, from very polite conversation."

they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and, therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore, I can be quiet. [*Exeunt* Moth *and* Costard.

Arm. I do affect[a] the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falsehood,) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampson was so tempted; and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause[a] will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust rapier! be still drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonnet.[b] Devise wit; write pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

a *To affect* is to incline towards, and thence, metaphorically, to love.

a *First and second cause.* See Illustrations to Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Scene IV., page 43.

b *Sonnet.* All the old copies have *sonnel.* Hanmer "emended" it into *sonneteer* which is the received reading. To "turn sonneteer" is not in keeping with Armado's style—as "adieu valour—rust rapier;"—and afterwards, "devise wit—write pen." He says, in the same phraseology, he will "turn sonnet;" as at the present day we say, "he can *turn a tune.*" Ben Jonson, it will be remembered, speaks of Shakspere's "well-torned and true-filed lines."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

[1] SCENE I.—"*A high hope for a low heaven.*"

THIS is the reading of the early copies; but it was changed by Theobald to *having*. In our first edition we yielded to the universal adoption of the change; but we have become satisfied that *heaven* is the true word, and we restore it accordingly. Mr. Whiter, in his 'Specimen of a Commentary,' has noticed this passage in connexion with his theory of association. The *heaven* here mentioned is the *heaven* of the ancient stage—the covering or internal roof—according to Mr Whiter. (See Henry VI. Part I., Illustrations of Act I.) The "high words" expected in Armado's letter were associated with a "low heaven," as the ranting heroes of the early tragedy mouthed their lofty language beneath a very humble roof. Without adopting Mr. Whiter's theory in its full extent, we may receive the term "*low* heaven," as we receive the term "*highest* heaven" in Henry V., or the "*third* heaven" of some of the old comedies. Biron has somewhat profanely said, "I hope in God for high words;" and Longaville reproves him by saying "your hope is expressed in strong terms for a very paltry gratification—'A high hope for a low heaven.'"

[2] SCENE I.—"*In high-born words, the worth of many a knight*
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate."

In the variorum editions of Shakspere there is a long dissertation by Warburton, to show that the romances of chivalry were of Spanish origin; and an equally long refutation of this opinion by Tyrwhitt. Tyrwhitt is, undoubtedly, more correct than Warburton; for, although the romances of chivalry took root in Spain, very few were of Spanish growth. Shakspere could have known nothing of these romances through the sources by which they have become familiar to England,—for 'Don Quixote' was not published till 1605; but 'Amadis of Gaul' (asserted by Sismondi to be of Portuguese origin) was translated in 1592; and 'Palmerin of England'—which Southey maintains to be Portuguese—was translated in 1580. It is probable that many of the Spanish romances of the sixteenth century were wholly or partially known in England when Shakspere wrote Love's Labour's Lost; and formed, at least, a subject of conversation amongst the courtiers and men of letters. He, therefore, makes it one of the qualities of Armado to recount "in high-born words" the exploits of the knights of "tawny Spain"—exploits which once received their due meed of admiration, but which "the world's debate,"—the contentions of wars and political changes,—have obscured. The extravagances of these romances, as told by Armado, are pointed at by the king—"I love to hear him lie."

[3] SCENE I.—"*Curious knotted garden.*"

We have given, at the end of Act I., a representation of "a curious knotted garden," which will inform our readers better than any description. The beds, or plots, disposed in mathematical symmetry, were the knots. The gardener, in Richard II., comparing England to a neglected garden, says,

> "Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
> Her *knots* disorder'd."

Milton has exhibited the characteristics of this formal symmetry by a beautiful contrast:—

> 'Flowers, worthy Paradise, which not nice art
> In beds and curious *knots*, but nature boon
> Pour'd forth."

[4] SCENE II.—"*The dancing horse will tell you.*"

Our ancestors were fond of learned quadrupeds. "Holden's camel" was distinguished for "ingenious study," as mentioned by John Taylor, the water-poet; there was a superlatively wise elephant, noticed by Donne and Jonson;—but the "dancing horse"—"Banks's horse"—has been celebrated by Shakspere, and Jonson, and Donne, and Hall, and Taylor, and Sir Kenelm Digby, and Sir Walter Raleigh. The name of this wonderful horse was Morocco. Banks first showed his horse in London in 1589; where, in addition to his usual accomplishments of telling the number of pence in a silver coin, and the number of points in throws of the dice, he filled the town with wonder by going to the top of St. Paul's. The fame of Banks's horse led his master to visit the Continent, but he was unfortunate in this step. At Orleans the horse and the master were brought under suspicion of magic; and, to the utter disgrace of papal ignorance and intolerance, poor Banks and his "fine cut" were at last put to death at Rome: as Jonson quaintly says,

> "Being, beyond the sea, burned for one witch."

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.*

Enter the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, *and other* Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest[a] spirits;
Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what 's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre: the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain; a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd[b] by base sale of chapmen's[c] tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor:
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.
[*Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

a *Dearest*—best.

b To *utter* is to put forth—as we say, "to utter base coin."

c *Chapman* was formerly a seller—a *cheapman*, from *cheap*, a market; and it is still used in this sense legally, as when we say, "dealer and chapman." But it was also used indifferently for seller and buyer: the bargainer on either side was a *cheapman*, *chapman*, or *copeman*.

1 *Lord.* Longaville is one.
Prin. Know you the man?
Mar. I know him, madam; at a marriage feast,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge solemnised,
In Normandy saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,)
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.
Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is 't so?
Mar. They say so most, that most his humours know.
Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?
Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report,[a] to his great worthiness.
Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him: If I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit:
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.
Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love;
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?
Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?
Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;

[a] Too little compared *to*, or in proportion *to*, his great worthiness.

And he, and his competitors in oath,
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court,)
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre. [*The Ladies mask.*

Enter King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, *and* Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.
Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and, welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wild fields too base to be mine.
King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.
Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.
King. Hear me, dear lady, I have sworn an oath.
Prin. Our lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.
King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.
Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.
King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.
Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear, your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping:
'T is deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it:
But pardon me, I am too sudden bold;
To teach a teacher ill-becometh me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.
[*Gives a paper.*
King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.
Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you 'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.
Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Biron. I know you did.
Ros. How needless was it then
To ask the question!
Biron. You must not be so quick.
Ros. 'T is long[a] of you that spur me with such questions.

[a] *Long of you*—along of you—through you.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast,
't will tire.
Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.
Biron. What time o' day?
Ros. The hour that fools should ask.
Biron. Now fair befall your mask! [a]
Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!
Biron. And send you many lovers!
Ros. Amen, so you be none.
Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.
King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,)
Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain; [b]
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.
Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.
King. I do protest, I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.
Prin. We arrest your word:—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.

[a] The ladies were masked, and, perhaps, were dressed alike. Biron, subsequently, after an exchange of wit with Rosaline, inquires who Katharine is; and Dumain, in the same manner, asks Boyet as to Rosaline.

[b] He requires the re-payment of a hundred thousand crowns,—but does not propose to pay us the other hundred thousand crowns, by which payment he would redeem the mortgage.

King. Satisfy me so.
Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound;
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.
King. It shall suffice me: at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Meantime, receive such welcome at my hand
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow we shall visit you again.
Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!
King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place! [*Exeunt* King *and his train.*
Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.
Ros. 'Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.
Biron. I would, you heard it groan.
Ros. Is the fool sick?
Biron. Sick at the heart.
Ros. Alack, let it blood.
Biron. Would that do it good?
Ros. My physic says, I.
Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?
Ros. No *poynt*,[a] with my knife.
Biron. Now, God save thy life!
Ros. And yours from long living!
Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving [*Retiring.*
Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What lady is that same?
Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.
Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*
Long. I beseech you a word; What is she in the white?
Boyet. A woman sometimes, if you saw her in the light.
Long. Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.
Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.
Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

[a] *No poynt*—the double negative, as it is commonly called, of the French—*non point.*

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.
Long. God's blessing on your beard!
Boyet. Good sir, be not offended:
She is an heir of Falconbridge.
Long. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.
Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be.
[*Exit* Long.
Biron. What's her name, in the cap?
Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.
Biron. Is she wedded, or no?
Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.
Biron. You are welcome, sir; adieu!
Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you. [*Exit* Biron.—*Ladies unmask.*
Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jest.
Boyet. And every jest but a word.
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.
Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry!
Boyet. And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.
Mar. You sheep, and I pasture; Shall that finish the jest?
Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.
[*Offering to kiss her.*
Mar. Not so, gentle beast;
My lips are no common, though several they be.[a]
Boyet. Belonging to whom?
Mar. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles, agree:

[a] *Common—several.* Shakspere here uses his favourite law-phrases,—which practice has given rise to the belief that he was bred in an attorney's office. But there is here, apparently, some confusion in the use,—occasioned by the word *though.* A "*common,*" as we all know, is unapportioned land;—a "*several,*" land that is private property. Shakspere uses the word according to this sense in the Sonnets:—

"Why should my heart think that a *several* plot,
Which my heart knows the world's wide *common* place?"

But Dr. James has attempted to show that *several,* or *severell,* in Warwickshire, meant the *common field*;—common to a few proprietors, but not common to all. In this way, the word "though" is not contradictory. Maria's lips are "no common, though several"—

"Belonging to whom?
To my fortunes and me."—

I and my fortunes are the co-proprietors of the common field,—but we will not "grant pasture" to others. Provincial usages are important in the illustration of Shakspere.

This civil war of wits were much better us'd
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 't is abus'd.
Boyet. If my observation, (which very seldom lies,)
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
Prin. With what?
Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.
Prin. Your reason.
Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only[a] looking on fairest of fair:
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tendring their own worth, from whence they were glass'd,
Did point out to buy them, along as you pass'd.
His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:
I 'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.
Prin. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd—
Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath disclos'd:
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.
Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st skilfully.
Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.
Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.
Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?
Mar. No.
Boyet. What, then, do you see?
Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.
Boyet. You are too hard for me.
[*Exeunt.*

[a] *To feel only.* Thus the ancient copies. Jackson suggests "*To feed on by.*"

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park.*

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. *Concolinel*[1]—— [*Singing.*

Arm. Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years! take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately nither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?[2]

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary[3] to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat, penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes;[4] with your arms crossed on your thin-belly[a] doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: These are complements,[a] these are humours; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.[5]

Arm. Callest thou my love, hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master; all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her: and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

[a] The folio has *thin-belly*, as a compound word. The quarto, *thin belly's*.

[a] See Note to Act I., Scene I.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathised; a horse to be ambassador for an ass!

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: But I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. *Minimè*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so.
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that 's he:—
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is returned.

Re-enter Moth *and* Costard.

Moth. A wonder, master; here 's a Costard broken in a shin.[a]

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,— thy *l'envoy*;—begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*; no salve in them all,[b] sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain![c]

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?[a]

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There 's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*; say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.[b]

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose;
Would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain,[6] a goose, that 's flat:—
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—
To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that 's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that *a Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain: Thus came your argument in;
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought.
And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth; I will speak that *l'envoy*.

[a] *Costard broken in a shin.*—Costard is the *head.*

[b] *No salve in them all.* The common reading is "no salve in the mail," which is that of the old copies. We adopt Tyrwhitt's suggestion.

[c] When Moth quibbles about Costard and his shin, Armado supposes there is a riddle—and he calls for the *l'envoy*—the address of the old French poets, which conveyed their moral or explanation. Costard says, he wants no such things—there is no salve in them all: he wants a plantain for his wound.

[a] But the arch page makes a joke out of Costard's blunder, and asks is not *l'envoy* a *salve?* He has read of the *Salve!* of the Romans, and has a pun for the eye ready. Dr. Farmer believes that Shakspere had here forgot his small Latin, and thought that the words had the same pronunciation. Poor Shakspere! What a dull dog he must have been at this Latin, according to the no-learning critics.

[b] So the quarto of 1599. But the folio makes Armado merely give the moral, and Moth the *l'envoy*, without these repetitions. The sport which so delights Costard is lost by the omission. (See Illustration.)

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Marry, Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances;—I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Bear this significant to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [*giving him money*] for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

Moth. Like the sequel, I.—Signor Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony[a] Jew! [*Exit* MOTH.
Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—What's the price of this inkle? a penny:—No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be with you!

Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this;—
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.[a] [*Gives him money.*

Cost. Gardon,—O sweet gardon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better
Most sweet gardon!—I will do it, sir, in print.—Gardon—remuneration. [*Exit.*

Biron. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This winpled,[b] whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid:
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors,[7] O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field,[8]
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop![9]
What? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,[10]
Still a repairing; ever out of frame;
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right?
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard!

a *Incony Jew.*—*Incony* is thought to be the same as the Scotch *canny*—which is our *knowing*—*cunning*. *Jew* is, perhaps, Costard's superlative notion of a clever fellow.

a We deviate, for once, from a resolution not to dwell upon the commendation, or dispraise, of our labours by other editors, for the purpose of expressing our grateful sense of this note by Mr. White:—

"In the original Biron is represented as giving this French name for remuneration correctly, and the clown as mispronouncing it,—a trifling but characteristic distinction, neglected by all editors hitherto, except Mr. Knight—even by the careful Capell. It would not be worthy of particular mention, except to remind the reader that there are many hundreds of like restorations of the original text (aside from those of more importance), which are silently made for the first time in this edition."

b *Wimpled*—veiled.

And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her? Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan;
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.
[*Exit.*

RECENT NEW READINGS.

Sc. I. p. 93.—"By my *penny* of observation,"
"By my *pain* of observation."—*Collier.*

Pain is explained as "*the pains* he [Moth] had taken in observing the characters of men and women." The connexion between "purchased" and "penny" need hardly be shown. Certainly the Corrector had taken *no pains* in observing Moth's character when he made this bald attempt to turn wit into common-place.

Sc. I. p. 95.—"*Sirrah*, Costard, I will enfranchise thee."
"Sirrah, Costard, *marry*, I will enfranchise thee."—*Collier.*

The word *marry* is certainly required; and we have taken the liberty not to follow Mr. Collier by its insertion after Costard, but to substitute it for the "*Sirrah*" of the original.

Sc. I. p, 95.—"A *whitely* wanton with a velvet brow."
"A *witty* wanton with a velvet brow."—*Collier.*

We agree with Mr. Dyce that *whitely* (in the old editions *whitley*) "is a questionable reading, Rosaline being, as we learn from several places of the play, dark-complexioned."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Concolinel.*"

THIS was doubtless the burthen of some tender air, that would "make passionate the sense of hearing." Steevens has shown that, when songs were introduced in the old comedies, the author was, in many cases, content to leave the selection of the song to the player or to the musicians, indicating the place of its introduction by a stage direction.

[2] SCENE I.—"*A French brawl.*"

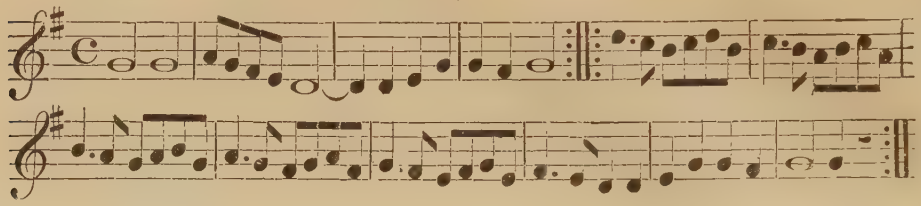
The Elizabethan gallants must have required very serious exercises in the academy of dancing, to win their loves. The very names of the dances are enough to astound those for whom the mysteries of the quadrille are sufficiently difficult: "Coratitoes, lavoltos, jigs, measures, pavins, brawls, galliards, canaries." (Brome's 'City Wit.') The name of the brawl is derived from the French *branle*, a shaking or swinging motion; and with this dance, which was performed by persons uniting hands in a circle, balls were usually opened. The opening was calculated to put the parties considerably at their ease, if the *branle* be correctly described in a little book of dialogues printed at Antwerp, 1579: "Un des gentilhommes et une des dames, estans les premiers en la danse, laissent les autres (qui cependant continuent la danse), et, se mettans dedans la dicte compagnie, vont baisans par ordre toutes les personnes qui y sont: à sçavoir, le gentilhomme les dames, et la dame les gentilshommes. Puis, ayant achevé leurs baisemens, au lieu qu'ils estoyent les premiers en la danse, se mettent les derniers. Et ceste façon de faire se continue par le gentilhomme et la dame qui sont les plus prochains, jusques à ce qu'on vienne aux derniers." We are obliged to Douce for this information; but we have often looked upon the fine old seat of the Hatton family at Stoke, the scene of Gray's "long story," and marvelled at its

> "Rich windows that exclude the light,
> And passages that lead to nothing,"

without being aware that the "grave Lord Keeper" had such arduous duties to perform:—

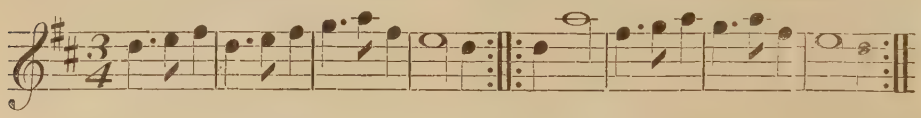
> "Full oft within the spacious walls,
> When he had fifty winters o'er him,
> My grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls;
> The seal and maces danc'd before him.
> His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
> His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
> Mov'd the stout heart of England's queen,
> Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

With regard to the musical character of the *brawl* or *branle* (anciently *bransle*), it is described by De Castilhon as a gay, round dance, the air is short, and *en rondeau*, i.e. ending at each repetition with the first part. Mersenne (*Harmonie Universelle*, 1636) enumerates and describes several kinds of *branle* and gives examples, in notes, of each. In the *Orchesographie* of Thoinot Arbeau (1588) is the annexed specimen of this dance:—

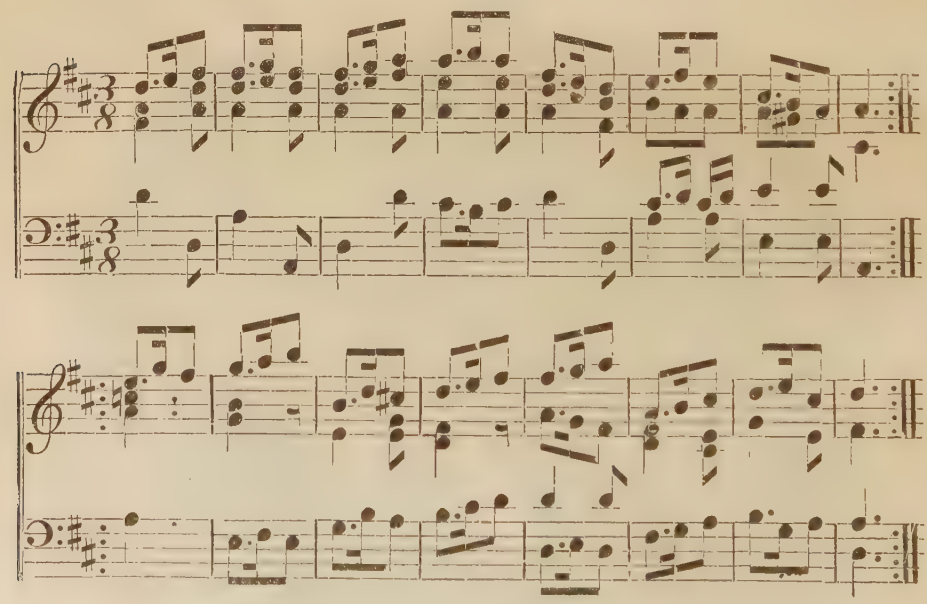


[3] SCENE I.—"*Canary to it.*"

Canary, or *canaries*, an old lively dance. Sir John Hawkins is quite mistaken in supposing this to be of English invention; it most probably originated in Spain, though, from the name, many have attributed its origin to the Canary Islands, instead of concluding, what is most likely, that it was there imported from the civilized mother-country. Thoinot Arbeau and Mersenne both give the tune, but in different forms. That of the latter is thus noted:—



Purcell, in his opera, *Dioclesian*, (1691,) introduces a *canaries*, which, as well as the above from Mersenne, seems modelled after that published by Arbeau. Purcell's is set for four bowed instruments, accompanied, most probably, by hautboys; and as the work in which it appears is very rare, and the tune but little if at all known, we here insert an adaptation of it, which retains all the notes in the original:



[4] SCENE I.—"*With your hat, penthouse-like.*"

In the extremely clever engraved title-page to Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," the inamorato, who wears "his hat pent-house like o'er the shop of his eyes," is represented as an example of love melancholy. We have given the figure at the end of Act III., as an impersonation of Moth's description: which may also refer to Biron's new vocation.

[5] SCENE I.—"*The hobby-horse is forgot.*"

The hobby-horses which people ride in the present day are generally very quiet animals, which give little offence to public opinion. But the hobby-horse to which Shakspere here alludes, and to which he has alluded also in Hamlet, was an animal considered by the Puritans so dangerous that they exerted all their power to banish him from the May-games. The people, however, clung to him with wonderful pertinacity; and it is most probably for this reason that, when an individual cherishes a small piece of folly which he is unwilling to give up, it is called his hobby-horse. The hobby-horse was turned out of the May-games with Friar Tuck and Maid Marian, as savouring something of popery; and some wag wrote his epitaph as described by Hamlet,—

"For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot."

The hobby-horse of the May-games required a person of considerable skill to manage him, although his body was only of wicker-work, and his head and neck of pasteboard. Sogliardo, in Ben Jonson's 'Every Man out of his Humour,' describes how he danced in him:—

"*Sogliardo.*—Nay, look you, sir, there's ne'er a gentleman in the country has the like humours for the hobby-horse as I have; I have the method for the threading of the needle and all, the——

Carlo.—How, the method!

Sog.—Ay, the leigerity for that, and the whighhie, and the daggers in the nose, and the travels of the egg from finger to finger, and all the humours incident to the quality. The horse hangs at home in my parlour. I'll keep it for a monument as long as I live, sure."

Strutt, in his antiquarian romance of 'Queen-hoo Hall,' has described at length the gambols of the hobby-horse and the dragon and Friar Tuck, which, perhaps, may be as well understood from the following engraving.

[6] SCENE I.—"*The boy hath sold him a bargain.*"

This comedy is running over with allusions to country sports—one of the many proofs that in its original shape it may be assigned to the author's greenest years. The sport which so delights Costard about the fox, the ape, and the humble-bee, has been explained by Capell, whose lumbering and obscure comments upon Shakspere have been pillaged and sneered at by the other commentators. In this instance they take no notice of him. It seems, according to Capell, that "selling a bargain" consisted in drawing a person in by some stratagem to proclaim himself fool by his own lips; and thus, when Moth makes his master repeat the *l'envoy* ending in the goose, he proclaims himself a goose, according to the rustic wit, which Costard calls "selling a bargain well." "Fast and loose," to which he alludes, was another holiday sport; and the goose that ended the market alludes to the proverb "three women and a goose make a market."

[7] SCENE I.—"*Of trotting paritors.*"

The paritor, apparitor, is the officer of the Ecclesiastical Court who carries out citations—often, in old times, against offenders who were prompted by the

"Liege of all loiterers."

[8] SCENE I.—"*And I to be a corporal of his field.*"

A corporal of the field was an officer in some degree resembling our *aide-de-camp*, according to a passage in Lord Strafford's Letters. But, according to Styward's 'Pathway of Martial Discipline,' 1581, of four corporals of the field, two had charge of the shot, and two of the pikes and bills.

[9] SCENE I.—"*And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop.*"

The tumbler was a great itinerant performer in the days of Shakspere, as he is still. His hoop, which was a necessary accompaniment of his feats, was adorned with ribands. Strutt, in his 'Sports,' has given us some representations of the antics which these ancient promoters of mirth exhibited; and they differ very slightly from those which still delight the multitude at country fairs.

SCENE I.—"*Like a German clock.*"

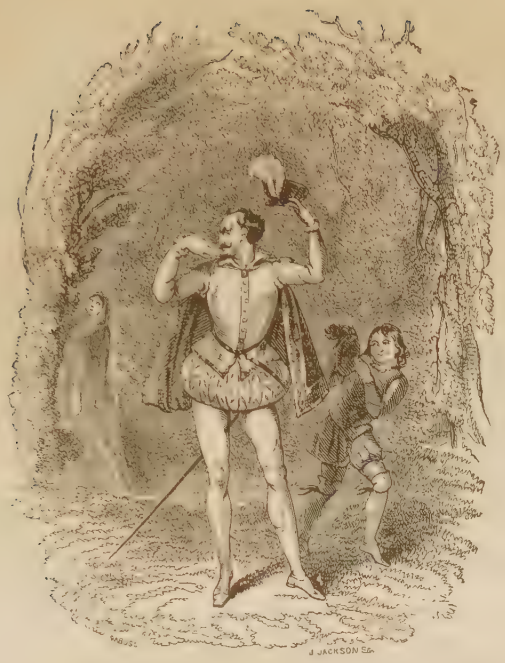
The Germans were the great clock-makers of the sixteenth century. The clock at Hampton Court, which, according to the inscription, was set up in 1540, is said to be the first ever made in England. Sir Samuel Meyrick possessed a table-clock of German manufacture, the representations of costume on which show it to be of the time of Elizabeth. It has a double set of hours, namely, from one to twenty-four, which was probably peculiar to the clocks of this period, as we may gather from Othello:—

"He'll watch the horologe a double set.'

It is most probable that the German clock,

"Still a repairing; ever out of frame;
And never going aright,"

was of the common kind which we now call Dutch clocks.



ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Park.*

Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants, *and a* Forester.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?
Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.
Prin. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?[1]
For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
Prin. What, what! first praise me, and then again say, no?
O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
For. Yes, madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass,[a] take this for telling true;
[*Giving him money.*
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—
But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes;
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart:
As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.
Boyet. Do not curst[b] wives hold that self-sovereignty[c]

[a] *Good my glass.* The Forester is the metaphorical glass of the Princess.
[b] *Curst*—shrewish.
[c] *Self-sovereignty*—used in the same way as self-sufficiency;—not a sovereignty *over* themselves, but *in* themselves.

Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter Costard.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den[a] all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One of these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron to one lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine:
Stand aside, good bearer,—Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear:
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet. [*Reads.*]

'By heaven, that thou art fair is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate king *Cophetua* set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar *Zenelophon;* and he it was that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici;* which to annotanize[b] in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) *videlicet*, he came, saw, and overcame; he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; Why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the beggar's: The catastrophe is a nuptial: On whose side? The king's?—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will: What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For tittles, titles; For thyself, me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,
Don Adriano de Armado.'

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? what weather-cock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantasm, a Monarcho,[2] and one that makes sport
To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine;
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.
Here, sweet, put up this; 't will be thine another day. [*Exit* Princess *and train.*

Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?[a]

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

[a] *Dig-you-den.* The popular corruption of *give you good e'en.*

[b] In the folio and quarto, *annothanize.* Mr. Dyce advocates the modern *anatomise.*

[a] *Suitor.* The old copies read "who is the *shooter?*" But Boyet asks, "who is the suitor?"—and Rosaline gives him a quibbling answer—"she that bears the bow." We see, then, that *suitor* and *shooter* were pronounced alike in Shakspere's day; and that the Scotch and Irish pronunciation of this word, which we laugh at now, is nearer the old English than our own pronunciation.

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not near.
Finely put on, indeed!—
Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.
Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit her now?
Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?
Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.
Ros. [*Singing.*]

Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet.

An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Kath.
Cost. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!
Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.
Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark; A mark says my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in 't to mete at, if it may be.
Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! I' faith, your hand is out.
Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he 'll ne'er hit the clout.
Boyet. An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.
Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.
Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.
Cost. She 's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bowl.
Boyet. I fear too much rubbing; Good night, my good owl.
[*Exeunt* Boyet *and* Maria.
Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
Armado o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!
And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!
Sola, sola! [*Shouting within.*
[*Exit* Costard, *running*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter Holofernes,[a] *Sir* Nathaniel, *and* Dull.

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.
Hol. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*,—in blood;[b] ripe as a pomewater,[c] who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cœlo*,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.
Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.
Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo.*
Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo;* t' was a pricket.[d]
Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.
Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo;* 't was a pricket.
Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus!*—O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!
Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;
And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be
(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

a In the old editions Holofernes is distinguished as "The Pedant."
b All the old copies have this reading. Steevens would read "in *sanguis*—blood."
c *Pomewater*—a species of apple.
d *Pricket.* Dull contradicts Sir Nathaniel as to the age of the buck. The parson asserts that it was "a buck of the first head"—the constable says it was "a pricket." The buck acquires a new name every year as he approaches to maturity. The first year he is a fawn; the second, a pricket;—the third, a sorrell;—the fourth, a soare;—the fifth, a buck of the first head;—the sixth, a complete buck.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:
But *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are bookmen: Can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;
And raught[a] not to five weeks, when he came to five-score.
The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'T is true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollusion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside, that 't was a pricket that the princess killed.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have called the deer the princess killed, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge;* so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter;[b] for it argues facility.

The praiseful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell; put l to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores;[c] O sore L!
Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw,[d] look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion: But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: But, *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur.* A soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta *and* Costard.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master person.[a]

Hol. Master person, *quasi* pers-on. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 't is pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado; I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ*
Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan![b]
I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:
—— *Vinegia, Vinegia,*
Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.[c]
Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*[d]—Under pardon, sir, what are the

a *Raught*—reached.
b *Affect the letter*—affect alliteration.
c The pedant brings in the Roman numeral L, as the sign of fifty.
d Talon was formerly written *talent*.

a *Master person.* The derivation of *parson* was, perhaps, commonly understood in Shakspere's time, and *parson* and *person* were used indifferently. Blackstone has explained the word: "A parson, *persona ecclesiæ*, is one that hath full possession of all the rights of a parochial church. He is called *parson*, *persona*, because by his *person*, the church, which is an invisible body, is represented."—*Commentaries*, b. i.

b The good old Mantuan was Joh. Baptist Mantuanus, a Carmelite, whose Eclogues were translated into English by George Turbervile, in 1567. His first Eclogue commences with *Fauste, precor gelidâ;* and Farnaby, in his preface to Martial, says that *pedants* thought more highly of the *Fauste, precor gelidâ*, than of the *Arma virumque cano*. Here, again, the unlearned Shakspere hits the mark when he meddles with learned matters.

c A proverbial expression applied to Venice, which we find thus in Howell's Letters:—
"Venetia, Venetia, chi non te vede, non te pregia,
Ma chi t'ha troppo veduto le dispregia."

d The pedant is in his altitudes. He has quoted Latin and Italian; and in his self-satisfaction he *sol-fas*, to recreate himself and to show his musical skill.

contents? Or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Lege, domine.*

Nath.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I 'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.[a]
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend:
All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder;
(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;)
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret.* Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari,* is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. "To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline." I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:

"Your ladyship's in all desired employment, Biron." Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt* Cost. *and* Jaq.

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith——

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses; Did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforesaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto;* where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too: for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [*to* Dull] I do invite you too; you shall not say me, nay: *pauca verba.* Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter Biron, *with a paper.*

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch; pitch that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Sit thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: Well proved again on my side! I will not love: If I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well. I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan. [*Gets up into a tree.*

Enter the King, *with a paper.*

King. Ah me!

Biron. [*Aside.*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—I' faith secrets.—

[a] "You find not the apostrophes," says Holofernes. We judge it, therefore, right to print *vowed* and *bowed,* instead of *vow'd* and *bow'd.*

King. [*Reads.*]

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smot[a]
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light:
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep,
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe:
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves shade folly. Who is he comes here? [*Steps aside.*

Enter Longaville, *with a paper.*

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.
Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool, appear! [*Aside.*
Long. Ah me! I am forsworn.
Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.[b] [*Aside.*
King. In love, I hope; Sweet fellowship in shame! [*Aside.*
Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name. [*Aside.*
Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?
Biron. [*Aside.*] I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know:
Thou mak'st the triumviry, the corner cap of society,
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.
Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to move:
O sweet Maria, empress of my love
These numbers will I tear and write in prose.
Biron. [*Aside.*] O, rhymes are guards[c] on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his slop.[d]
Long. This same shall go. — [*He reads the sonnet.*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye
('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine,
If by me broke. What fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity:
A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

Enter Dumain, *with a paper.*

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay. [*Stepping aside.*
Biron. [*Aside.*] All hid, all hid, an old infant play:
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish;
Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish!
Dum. O most divine Kate!
Biron. O most profane coxcomb. [*Aside.*
Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!
Biron. By earth she is not, corporal:[a] there you lie. [*Aside.*
Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.[b]
Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [*Aside.*
Dum. As upright as the cedar.
Biron. Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child. [*Aside.*
Dum. As fair as day.
Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine. [*Aside.*
Dum. O that I had my wish!
Long. And I had mine! [*Aside.*
King. And I mine too, good lord! [*Aside.*
Biron. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word? [*Aside.*
Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

[a] *Smot*—the old preterite of *smote.*
[b] The *perjure*—the perjurer—when exposed on the pillory—wore "papers of perjury."
[c] *Guards*—the hems or boundaries of a garment—generally ornamented.
[d] The original has *shop.* Theobald introduced *slop: hose,* as a part of dress, is a *slop.*

[a] *She is not, corporal.* The received reading is, "She is but corporal." Ours is the ancient reading; and Douce repudiates the modern change. Biron calls Dumain, corporal, as he had formerly named himself (Act III.) "corporal of his field,"—of Cupid's field.
[b] *Coted*—quoted.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers; Sweet misprision! [*Aside.*

Dum. Once more I 'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. [*Aside.*

Dum.

On a day, (alack the day!)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air.
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, *quoth he*, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee:
Thou for whom[a] Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.[3]

This will I send; and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, [*advancing*] thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir, [*advancing*] you blush · as his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile;
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion;
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion;
Ah me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:

[a] Pope introduced *ev'n*—other editors *even*—neither of which is the reading of the originals, or required by the rhythm.

You would for paradise break faith and troth; [*To* Long.
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath. [*To* Dumain.
What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me: [*Descends from the tree.*
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears,
There is no certain princess that appears:
You'll not be perjur'd, 't is a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.
But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote; the king your mote[a] did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon tuning a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you to me, but I betray'd by you:[b]
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men like men,[c] of strange inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—

[a] *Mote.* The quarto and folio have each the synonymous word *moth.*

[b] The original has—
"Not you by me, but I betray'd to you."
Monck Mason suggested the transposition.

[c] *Men like men.* So the old copies. The epithet *strange* was introduced in the second folio. Sidney Walker communicated to Mr. Dyce, who adopted it, the reading—
"With men like *you*, men of inconstancy."

King. Soft; whither away so fast?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?
Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta *and* Costard.

Jaq. God bless the king!
King. What present hast thou there?
Cost. Some certain treason.
King. What makes treason here?
Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.
King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason, and you, go in peace away together.
Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read;
Our parson misdoubts it; it was treason, he said.
King. Biron, read it over.
[*Giving him the letter.*
Where hadst thou it?
Jaq. Of Costard.
King. Where hadst thou it?
Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?
Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs not fear it.
Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.
Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name. [*Picks up the pieces.*
Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, [*to* Costard] you were born to do me shame.—
Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.
King. What?
Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess;
He, he, and you; and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Biron. True, true; we are four:—
Will these turtles be gone?
King. Hence, sirs; away.
Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitor stay. [*Exeunt* Cost. *and* Jaq.
Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!
As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we are born;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?
Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head: and, strucken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?
King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.
Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions, the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where several worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;
She passes praise: then praise too short doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O, 't is the sun that maketh all things shine!
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony!
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack:
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full so black.
King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the school of night!
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.
Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days;
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.
Long. And, since her time, are colliers counted bright.
King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.
Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.
King. 'T were good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.
King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
Long. Look, here 's thy love: my foot and her face see. [*Showing his shoe.*
Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!
Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd over head.
King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?
Biron. O, nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.
King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this evil.
Long. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets,[a] how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some salve for perjury.
Biron. O, 't is more than need!—
Have at you then, affection's men at arms:
Consider, what you first did swear unto;—
To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman;—
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you hath forsworn his book:
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;
And study too, the causer of your vow:
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is.
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
With ourselves,—
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords;
And in that vow we have forsworn our books:
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,[b]
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd;
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.[a]
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs.

a *Quillet* and *quodlibet* each signify a fallacious subtilty —what you please—an argument without foundation. Milton says "let not human *quillets* keep back divine authority."

a This fine passage has been mightily obscured by the commentators. The meaning appears to us so clear amidst the blaze of poetical beauty, that an explanation is scarcely wanted:—When love speaks, the responsive harmony of the voice of all the gods makes heaven drowsy.

O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent:
Then fools you were these women to forswear;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:
It is religion to be thus forsworn:
For charity itself fulfils the law;
And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them lords;
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by;
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Allons! Allons!—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;
And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

[*Exeunt.*

RECENT NEW READINGS.

Sc. I. p. 101.—"O heresy in *fair*, fit for these days!"
"O heresy in *faith*, fit for these days!"—*Collier.*

The context shows that *fair* is the right word: it is used for beauty, as it often was. (See Comedy of Errors.)

Sc. I. p. 103.—"Looking babies in her eyes, his passion to declare."—*Collier.*

This is a new line, inserted after—
"To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!"

Is the new line Shakspere's or the Corrector's? In Fletcher's 'Loyal Subject,' first printed in 1647, we have the very words:—
"Look babies in your eyes, my pretty sweet one."
Massinger, too, has the same words in 'The Renegade,' and Herrick repeats the image. The Corrector had not far to seek for a new rhyming line. We cannot suppose he lived after Moore, who popularised the image.

Sc. III p. 108.—"The hue of dungeons, and the *school* of night."

This is the reading of the original, and is adopted by Tieck in his translation, as giving the notion of something dark, wearisome, and comfortless.. Theobald corrected it to *scowl*, and also suggested *stole*. Mr. Collier's Corrector gives *shade*, which Mr. White has adopted; and Mr. Dyce suggests *soil*.

Sc. III. p. 109.—"Teaches such *beauty* as a woman's eye."
"Teaches such *learning* as a woman's eye."—*Collier.*

The name æsthetics is modern; but Shakspere might, out of his own self-consciousness, have known that the philosophy of beauty was a science. Mr. Staunton would prefer *study*, if changed at all; Mr. White gives *learning*, and says *beauty* is an easy misprint.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

[1] SCENE I.— *"Where is the bush,*
That we must stand and play the murderer in?"

ROYAL and noble ladies, in the days of Elizabeth, delighted in the somewhat unrefined sport of shooting deer with a cross-bow. In the "alleys green" of Windsor or of Greenwich Parks, the queen would take her stand on an elevated platform, and, as the pricket or the buck was driven past her, would aim the death-shaft, amidst the acclamations of her admiring courtiers. The ladies, it appears, were skilful enough at this sylvan butchering. Sir Francis Leake writes to the Earl of Shrewsbury, "Your lordship has sent me a very great and fat stag, the welcomer being stricken by your right honourable lady's hand." The practice was as old as the romances of the middle ages; but in those days the ladies were sometimes not so expert as the Countess of Shrewsbury: for, in the history of Prince Arthur, a fair huntress wounds Sir Launcelot of the Lake, instead of the stag at which she aims.

[2] SCENE I.—"*A Monarcho.*"

This allusion is to a mad Italian, commonly called the *monarch,* whose epitaph, or description, was written by Churchyard, in 1580. His notion was, that he was sovereign of the world; and one of his conceits, recorded by Scot in his "Discovery of Witchcraft," 1584, was, that all the ships that came into the port of London belonged to him.

[3] SCENE III.—"*On a day,*" *&c.*

This exquisite canzonet was published in the miscellany called "The Passionate Pilgrim," and it also appears in "England's Helicon," 1614. The line,

"Thou for whom Jove would swear,"

reads thus in all the old copies; but some modern editors have tampered with the rhythm, by giving us

"Thou for whom even Jove would swear."

In the same way, the fine pause after the third syllable of

"There to meet with Macbeth,

has been sought to be destroyed by thrusting in another syllable.

This ode, as Shakspere terms it, was set to music upwards of seventy years ago, by Jackson, *of Exeter,* for three men's voices, and a more beautiful, finished, and masterly composition, of the kind, the English school of music cannot produce:—for that we have a school, and one of which we need not be ashamed, will soon cease to be denied. The composer calls this *An Elegy.* This name is not quite consistent with our notion of the word Elegy;—but amongst the Greeks and Romans it did not necessarily mean a mournful poem—it was merely verses to be sung. Jackson uses the word in somewhat too scholarly a manner. He was a man of letters, possessing a very superior understanding, and not a mere musician. Indeed, it is but fair to add, that really original and great composers have generally been men of strong minds; the exceptions are only enough in number to prove the rule.

[4] SCENE III.—"*That, like a rude and savage man of Inde.*"

Shakspere might have found an account of the Ghebers, or fire-worshipers of the East, in some of the travellers whose works had preceded Hakluyt's collection. Nothing can be finer or more accurate than this description. The Ghebers, as the elegant poet of "Lalla Rookh" tells us, were not blind idolaters; they worshipped the Creator in the most splendid of his works:—

"Yes,—I am of that impious race,
Those Slaves of Fire who, morn and even,
Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
Among the living lights of heaven!"

[5] SCENE III.—"*For when would you, my liege, or you, or you.*"

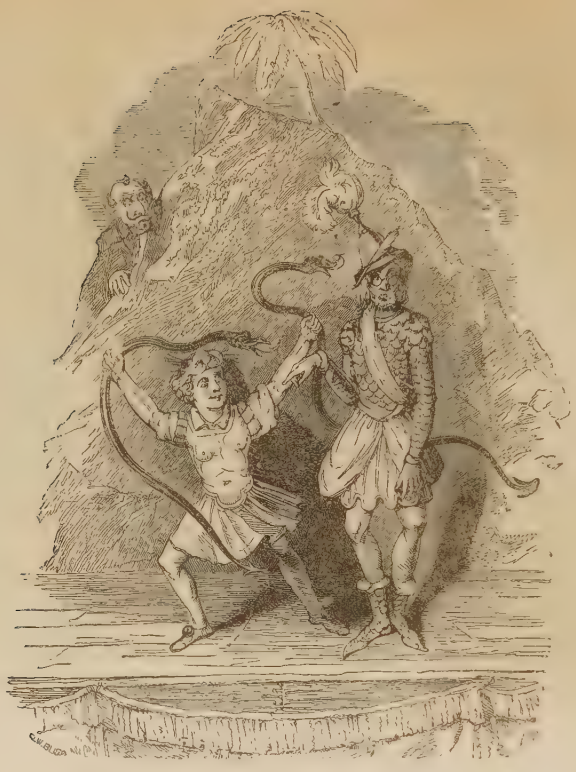
It will be observed that this line is almost a repetition of a previous one,

"For when would you, my lord, or you, or you;"

and in the same manner throughout this speech the most emphatic parts of the reasoning are repeated with variations. Upon this, conjecture goes to work; and it is pronounced that the lines are unnecessarily repeated. Some of the commentators understood little of rhythm, and they were not very accurate judges of rhetoric. One of the greatest evidences of skill in an orator is the enforcement of an idea by repetition, without repeating the precise form of its original announcement. The speech of Ulysses in the third act of Troilus and Cressida,

"Time hath, my lord, a wallet on his back,"

is a wonderful example of this art.



ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Hol. Satis quod sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection,[a] audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed,[b] his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.[c] He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Takes out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical fantasms, such insociable and point-devise[a] companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt;—d, e, b, t; not d, e, t:—he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abhominable, (which he would call abominable,) it insinuateth me of insanie; *Ne intelligis domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. Laus Deo bone intelligo.

Hol. Bone?——bone, for *benè: Priscian* a little scratch'd; 't will serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, *and* COSTARD.

Nath. Videsne quis venit?

Hol. Video et gaudeo

Arm. Chirra! [*To* MOTH.

Hol. Quare Chirra, not sirrah?

[a] *Affection*—affectation.

[b] *Filed*—polished.

[c] *Thrasonical*—from Thraso, the boasting soldier of Terence.

[a] *Point-devise*—nice to excess, and sometimes, adverbially, for exactly, with the utmost nicety. Gifford thinks this must have been a mathematical phrase. Other examples of its use are found in Shakspere—and in Holinshed, Drayton, and Ben Jonson. The phrase, Douce says, "has been supplied from the labours of the needle. *Poinct*, in the French language, denotes a stitch; *devisé*, anything invented, disposed, or arranged. *Point-devisé* was therefore a particular sort of patterned lace worked with the needle; and the term *point*-lace is still familiar to every female." It is incorrect to write *point-de-vice*, as is usually done.

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

[*To* Costard *aside.*

Cost. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus:*[1] thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace; the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, [*to* Hol.] are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the hornbook;—
What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn:—
You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.[2]

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it: o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venew of wit:[3] snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circùm circà;* A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem.*

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula;* we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend:—For what is inward between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtsey:[a]—I beseech thee, apparel thy head:—And among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, be-

[a] *Remember thy courtesy.* Theobald is of opinion that the passage should read—remember *not* thy courtesy,—that is, do not take thy hat off. Jackson thinks it should be, remember *my* courtesy. It appears to us that the text is right; and that its construction is—for what is confidential between us, let it pass—notice it not—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy—remember thy obligation to silence as a gentleman. Holofernes then bows; upon which Armado says, I beseech thee, apparel thy head; and then goes on with his confidential communications, which he finishes by saying—Sweet heart, I do implore secrecy.

cause of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry: Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake! that is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge[a] not, an antic.
I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via,* goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the same. Before the* Princess's *Pavilion.*

Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, *and* Maria.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!
Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing, but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides of the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax;[a]
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff;
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do; you do it still i' the dark.

Kath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care.

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit[b] well play'd.
But Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would, you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:
The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Anything like?

Ros. Much, in the letters; nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils! Ho! let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O that your face were not so full of O's![c]

[a] *Fadge.* This word is from the Anglo-Saxon *feg-an*—to join together, and thence to fit, to agree. Somner gives this derivation, and explains that things will not *fadge* when they cannot be brought together, so as to serve to that end whereto they are designed. In Warner's "Albion's England," we have this passage, which is quoted in Mr. Richardson's valuable Dictionary:—

"It hath beene when as heartie loue
Did treate and tie the knot,
Though now, if gold but lack in graines,
The wedding fadgeth not."

[a] *To wax,* to grow; as we say, the moon waxeth.

[b] *Set of wit:*—Set is a term used at tennis.

[c] Rosaline twits Katharine that her face is marked with the small-pox; *not so* is omitted in the folio.

Kath. A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows!
Prin. But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?
Kath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not send you twain?
Kath. Yes, madam; and moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover;
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.
Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent, Longaville;
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no less: Dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter short?
Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.
Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I'll torture ere I go.
O, that I knew he were but in by the week!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,
And shape his service wholly to my behests;[a]
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.
Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.[b]
Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.
Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?
Prin. Thy news, Boyet?
Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!—
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.
Prin. Saint Dennis to Saint Cupid! What are they,
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.
Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold address'd
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
"Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:"
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestical would put him out;
"For," quoth the king, "an angel shalt thou see,
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."
The boy replied, "An angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil."
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder;
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and swore,
A better speech was never spoke before:
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, "Via! we will do't, come what will come:"
The third he caper'd and cried, "All goes well;"
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.
Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?
Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,—
Like Muscovites, or Russians,[4] as I guess.[a]
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance:
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress; which they'll know
By favours several, which they did bestow.

a *Behests.* The quarto and first folio read *device.* The correction which is necessary for the rhyme was made in the second folio. Is it not *hests?*
b This was a similar correction by the editor of the second folio, instead of *wanton's be.*

a See Introductory Notice, p. 75.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd:—
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine;
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—
And change your favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.
Ros. Come on then; wear the favours most in sight.
Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent?
Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.
Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?
Prin. No; to the death we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace:
But, while 't is spoke, each turn away her face.
Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.
Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.
[*Trumpets sound within.*
Boyet. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the maskers come. [*The ladies mask.*

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, *and* Dumain, *in Russian habits and masked;* Moth, Musicians *and* Attendants.

Moth. "All hail the richest beauties on the earth!"
Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.
Moth. "A holy parcel of the fairest dames,"
[*The ladies turn their backs to him.*
"That ever turn'd their"—backs—"to mortal views!"
Biron. "Their eyes," villain, "their eyes!"
Moth. "That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views! Out"—
Boyet. True; *out*, indeed.
Moth. "Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold"—
Biron. "Once to behold," rogue.
Moth. "Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,"——"with your sun-beamed eyes"—
Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet,
You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.
Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.
Biron. Is this your perfectness? begone, you rogue.
Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:
If they do speak our language, 't is our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.
Boyet. What would you with the princess?
Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Ros. What would they, say they?
Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.
Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.
King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on the grass.
Boyet. They say that they have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a measure[a] with you on this grass.
Ros. It is not so: ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told.
Boyet. If, to come hither you have measur'd miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile.
Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.
Boyet. She hears herself.
Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?
Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you;

[a] *Tread a measure.* The measure was a grave courtly dance, of which the steps were slow and measured, like those of a modern minuet. (See Illustrations to Romeo and Juliet, Act I.)

Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.
Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.
Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.
King. Then, in our measure, vouchsafe but one change:
Thou bidd'st me beg; this begging is not strange.
Ros. Play, music, then: nay, you must do it soon. [*Music plays.*
Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estrang'd?
Ros. You took the moon at full; but now she 's chang'd.
King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.
Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.
King. But your legs should do it.
Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We 'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.
King. Why take we hands then?
Ros. Only to part friends:—
Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.
King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.
Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.
King. Prize you yourselves; What buys your company?
Ros. Your absence only.
King. That can never be.
Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!
King. If you deny to dance, let 's hold more chat.
Ros. In private then.
King. I am best pleas'd with that.
[*They converse apart.*
Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.
Biron. Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow so nice,)
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey;—Well run, dice!
There 's half a dozen sweets.
Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu.
Since you can cog,[a] I 'll play no more with you.
Biron. One word in secret.
Prin. Let it not be sweet.
Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.
Prin. Gall? bitter.
Biron. Therefore meet.
[*They converse apart.*
Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady,—
Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.
Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I 'll bid adieu.
[*They converse apart.*
Kath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
Kath. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.
Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman;—Is not veal a calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady?
Kath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let 's part the word.
Kath. No, I 'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.
Kath. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry. [*They converse apart.*
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense: so sensible

[a] Biron says, "Well run, dice!" The Princess says he can *cog*.—To cog the dice is to load them,—and thence, generally, to defraud.

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

[*Exeunt* King, Lords, Moth, *Music, and* Attendants.

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.—
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits[a] they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?
Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O! they were all in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
No *point*,[b] quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you, what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.[5]
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds,[a] or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were; and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exeunt* Princess, Ros., Kath., *and* Maria.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, *and* Dumain, *in their proper habits.*

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas,[b]
And utters it again when Jove doth please:
He is wit's peddler; and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve too, and lisp: Why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice

[a] *Well-liking* is used in the same sense in which the young of the wild goats in Job are said to be in *good-liking.*

[b] See note on Act II. Scene I.

[a] To vail—to avale—to cause to fall down; the clouds open as the angels descend.

[b] *Pecks.* So the quarto: the folio *picks.* We adopt the reading which more distinctly expresses the action of a bird with its beak.

In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean[a] most meanly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whales'[b] bone:
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the Princess, *ushered by* Boyet; Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, *and* Attendants.

Biron. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you; and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nickname virtue: vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest:
So much I hate a breaking-cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord, it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game;
A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam? Russians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true:—It is not so, my lord;
My lady (to the manner of the days),
In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit; here they staid an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me. Gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we greet
With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

King. We are descried: they 'll mock us now downwright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?

Ros. Help, hold his brows! he 'll swoon! Why look you pale?—
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?—
Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit:
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

[a] *A mean most meanly.* The mean, in vocal music, is an intermediate part; a part—whether tenor, or second soprano, or contra-tenor—between the two extremes of highest and lowest.

[b] *Whales' bone.* The tooth of the walrus. The word *whales'* is here a dissyllable.

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue;
Nor never come in visor to my friend;
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song:
Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,[a]
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them: and I here protest,
By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!)
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. *Sans* SANS, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;—
Write, "Lord have mercy on us,"[b] on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so. For how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Biron. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.
Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear;
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will: and therefore keep it:—Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight: and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear:—
What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.
I see the trick on 't;—Here was a consent,
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,—
That smiles his cheek in years;[a] and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when she 's dispos'd,—
Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn: in will, and error.

[a] *Affection* is the old reading; modern editors read *affectation;* but affection is used in the same sense in the beginning of this Act. On the other hand, we have *affectation* in the Merry Wives of Windsor;—Malone, who prefers *affection*, has not stated the necessity of anglicising *hyperboles*, reading it hy-per-boles, if we retain *affection*. Without affectation the line has imperfect rhythm, and there is no rhyme to *ostentation*.

[b] *Lord have mercy on us.* The fearful inscription on houses visited with the plague.

[a] *In years.* Malone reads *in jeers.* We have in Twelfth Night, "He doth smile his cheek into more lines than are in the new map." The character which Biron gives of Boyet is not that of a jeerer; he is a carry-tale—a please-man. The *in years* is supposed by Warburton to mean into wrinkles. Tieck ingeniously gives an explanation of the supposed wrinkles. Boyet is neither young nor old, but he has smiled so continually, that his cheek, which in respect of years would have been smooth, has become wrinkled through too much smiling.

Much upon this it is:—And might not you
[*To* Boyet.
Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,[a]
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd;[b]
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud
You leer upon me, do you? there 's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have done.

Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope, it is not so:
You cannot beg us,[6] sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know:
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to parfect one man, in one poor man; Pompion the great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [*Exit* Costard.

King. Biron, they will shame us, let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 't is some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now:
That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of that which it presents,
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[Armado *converses with the* King, *and delivers him a paper.*

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That 's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch: for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceedingly fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain; But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra.* I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement! [*Exit* Armado.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of worthies: He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Machabæus.
And if these four worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceiv'd, 't is not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—
Abate a throw at novum;[a] and the whole world again
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

[*Seats brought for the* King, Princess, *&c.*

a *The squire—esquierre*, a rule, or square.
b *Allow'd.* You are an allow'd fool. As in Twelfth Night—

"There is no slander in an allow'd fool."

a *Abate a throw. Novum*, or *quinquenove*, was a game at dice, of which nine and five were the principal throws. Biron therefore says, Abate a throw—that is, leave out the nine,—and the world cannot prick out *five* such.

Pageant of the Nine Worthies.[7]

Enter COSTARD, *armed, for* Pompey.

Cost. "I Pompey am,"——
Boyet. You lie, you are not he.
Cost. "I Pompey am,"——
Boyet. With libbard's[a] head on knee.
Biron. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends with thee.
Cost. "I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,"—
Dum. The great.
Cost. It is great, sir;—"Pompey surnam'd the great;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:
And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance;
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France."
If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey," I had done.
Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.
Cost. 'T is not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fault in "great."
Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

Enter NATHANIEL, *armed, for* Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:
My 'scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander."
Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.
Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight.
Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd: Proceed, good Alexander.
Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;"—
Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.
Biron. Pompey the great,—
Cost. Your servant, and Costard.
Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.
Cost. O, sir, [*to* NATH.] you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close stool, will be given to A-jax: he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [NATH. *retires.*] There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth; and a very good bowler:[8] but, for Alisander, alas, you see how 't is;—a little o'erparted:[a]—But there are worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.
Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES *for* Judas, *and* MOTH *for* Hercules.

Hol. "Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cereberus, that three-headed *canus;*
And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus:*
Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;
Ergo, I come with this apology."—
Keep some state in thy *exit*, and vanish.
[MOTH *retires.*
Hol. "Judas, I am,"—
Dum. A Judas!
Hol. Not Iscariot, sir,—
"Judas, I am, ycleped Machabæus."
Dum. Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.
Biron. A kissing traitor:—How art thou prov'd Judas?
Hol. "Judas, I am,"—
Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.
Hol. What mean you, sir?
Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.
Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.
Biron. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.[b]
Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.
Biron. Because thou hast no face.
Hol. What is this?
Boyet. A cittern-head.[c]
Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Biron. A death's face in a ring.
Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.
Boyet. The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.
Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.[d]

[a] *Libbard*—leopard

[a] *O'erparted*—overparted, not quite equal to his part.
[b] The common tradition was that Judas hanged himself on an elder-tree. Thus, in Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," "He shall be your Judas, and you shall be his elder-tree to hang on."
[c] *A cittern-head.* It appears from several passages in the old dramas, that the head of a cittern, gittern, or guitar, was terminated with a face.
[d] *Flask.* A soldier's powder-horn which was often elaborately carved.

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.
Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.
Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.
And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.
Hol. You have put me out of countenance.
Biron. False: we have given thee faces.
Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.
Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.
Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him: —Jud-as, away.
Hol. This is not generous; not gentle; not humble.
Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas: it grows dark, he may stumble.
Prin. Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO, *armed, for* Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.
Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.
King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.
Boyet. But is this Hector?
Dum. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.
Long. His leg is too big for Hector.
Dum. More calf, certain.
Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.
Biron. This cannot be Hector.
Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.
Arm. "The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,"—
Dum. A gilt nutmeg.
Biron. A lemon.
Long. Stuck with cloves.
Dum. No, cloven.
Arm. Peace!
"The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion:
A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea,
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,"—
Dum. That mint.
Long. That columbine.
Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.
Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.
Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.
Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breath'd, he was a man—But I will forward with my device: Sweet royalty, [*to the* PRINCESS] bestow on me the sense of hearing.
[BIRON *whispers* COSTARD.
Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.
Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.
Boyet. Loves her by the foot.
Dum. He may not by the yard.
Arm. "This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,"—
Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.
Arm. What meanest thou?
Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 't is yours.
Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.
Cost. Then shall Hector be whipped, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hanged, for Pompey that is dead by him.
Dum. Most rare Pompey!
Boyet. Renowned Pompey!
Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey, the huge!
Dum. Hector trembles.
Biron. Pompey is moved:—More Ates, more Ates; stir them on! stir them on!
Dum. Hector will challenge him.
Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.
Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.
Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man;[9] I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword:—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.
Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.
Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.
Dum. Most resolute Pompey!
Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.
Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.
Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.
Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.
Biron. What reason have you for 't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.[a]

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dishclout of Jacquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart, for a favour.

Enter Mercade.

Mer. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The king, your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. [*Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a nimble[b] tongue:
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme part of time extremely form[c]
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,
The holy suit which fain it would convince;
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not; my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;—
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time;
Play'd foul play with our oaths. Your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye
Full of stray[a] shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make: Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;
Your favours, the embassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast,[b] and as lining to the time:
But more devout than this, in our respects,
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in:
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore this,—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,

a *Woolward*, wanting the shirt, so as to leave the woollen cloth of the outer coat next the skin.

b *Humble* in old editions. Theobald reads *nimble*, which is now generally accepted.

c This is Mr. Dyce's reading: old copies have *parts*.

a *Full of stray shapes.* The old copies read *straying*; the modern *strange*. Coleridge suggested *stray*.

b *Bombast*, from bombagia, cotton-wool used as stuffing.

Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning:
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house;
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love? and what to me?[a]

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Kath. A wife!—A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord;—a twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

[a] The following lines here occur in all the old editions:—
"*Ros.* You must be purged too, your sins are rank;
You are attaint with faults and perjury;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick."
There can be no doubt, we think, that Rosaline's speech should be omitted, and Biron left without an answer to his question. This is Coleridge's suggestion. Rosaline's answer being so beautifully expanded in her subsequent speech, we have little doubt that these five lines did occur in the original play, and were not struck out of the copy when it was "augmented and amended." The theory stands upon a different ground from Biron's oratorical repetitions, in the fourth Act. Coleridge differs from Warburton as to the propriety of omitting Biron's question. He says—"It is quite in Biron's character; and Rosaline not answering it immediately, Dumain takes up the question.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won,)
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue them,[a]
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befal what will befal,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave. [*To the* KING.

King. No, madam, we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 't will end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

[a] *Them*—Mr. Dyce's correction of *then*.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave: I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard, *and others.*

This side is Hiems, winter; This Ver, the spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.[10]

I.

Spring. When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

III.

Winter. When icicles hang by the wall,
And *Dick* the shepherd blows his nail,
And *Tom* bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
To-whit, tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy *Joan* doth keel the pot.

IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And *Marion's* nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy *Joan* doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way. [*Exeunt.*

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Honorificabilitudinitatibus.*"

TAYLOR, the water-poet, has given us a syllable more of this delight of schoolboys—*honorificicabilitudinitatibus.* But he has not equalled Rabelais, who has thus furnished the title of a book that might puzzle Paternoster Row :—*Antipericatametaparhengedamphicribrationes.*

[2] SCENE I.—"*The fifth, if I.*"

The pedant asks who is the silly sheep—quis, quis? "The third of the five vowels if you repeat them," says Moth; and the pedant does repeat them—a, e, I; the other two clinches it, says Moth, o, u (O you). This may appear a poor conundrum, and a low conceit, as Theobald has it, but the satire is in opposing the pedantry of the boy to the pedantry of the man, and making the pedant have the worst of it in what he calls "a quick venew of wit."

[3] SCENE I.—"*Venew of wit.*"

Steevens and Malone fiercely contradict each other as to the meaning of the word *venew.* "The cut-and-thrust notes on this occasion exhibit a complete match between the two great Shaksperian maisters of defence," says Douce. This industrious commentator gives us five pages to determine the controversy; the argument of which amounts to this, that *venew* and *bout* equally denote a *hit* in fencing.

[4] SCENE II.— "*And are apparell'd thus,—Like Muscovites, or Russians.*"

For the Russian or Muscovite habits assumed by the king and nobles of Navarre, we are indebted to Vecellio. At page 303 of the edition of 1598, we find a noble Muscovite whose attire sufficiently corresponds with that described by Hall in his account of a Russian masque at Westminster, in the reign of Henry VIII., quoted by Ritson in illustration of this play.

"In the first year of King Henry VIII.," says the chronicler, "at a banquet made for the foreign ambassadors in the Parliament-chamber at Westminster, came the Lord Henry Earl of Wiltshire, and the Lord Fitzwalter, in two long gowns of yellow satin traversed with white satin, and in every bend* of white was a bend of crimson satin, after the fashion of Russia or Russland, with furred hats of grey on their heads, either of them having an hatchet in their hands, and boots with pikes turned up." The boots in Vecellio's print have no "pikes turned up," but we perceive the "long gown" of figured satin or damask, and the "furred hat." At page 283 of the same work we are presented also with the habit of the Grand Duke of Muscovy, a rich and imposing costume which might be worn by his majesty of Navarre himself.

* By *bend* is meant a broad diagonal stripe. It is an heraldic term, and constantly used in the description of dresses by writers of the middle ages.

[5] SCENE II.—"*Better wits have worn plain statute-caps.*"

By an act of parliament of 1571, it was provided that all above the age of six years, except the nobility and other persons of degree, should, on sabbath-days and holidays, wear caps of wool, manufactured in England. This was one of the laws for the encouragement of trade, which so occupied the legislatorial wisdom of our ancestors, and which the people, as constantly as they were enacted, evaded, or openly violated. This very law was repealed in 1597. Those to whom the law applied, and wore the statute-caps, were citi-

zens, and artificers, and labourers; and thus, as the nobility continued to wear their bonnets and feathers, Rosaline says, "*better wits have worn plain statute-caps.*"

[6] SCENE II.—"*You cannot beg us.*"

Costard means to say we are not idiots. One of the most abominable corruptions of the feudal system of government was for the sovereign, who was the legal guardian of idiots, to grant the wardship of such an unhappy person to some favourite, granting with the idiot the right of using his property. Ritson, and Douce more correctly, give a curious anecdote illustrative of this custom, and of its abuse :—

"The Lord North begg'd old Bladwell for a foole (though he could never prove him so), and having him in his custodie as a lunaticke, he carried him to a gentleman's house, one day, that was his neighbour. The L. North and the gentleman retir'd awhile to private discourse, and left Bladwell in the dining-roome, which was hung with a faire hanging; Bladwell walking up and downe, and viewing the imagerie, spyed a foole at last in the hanging, and without delay drawes his knife, flyes at the foole, cutts him cleane out, and layes him on the floore; my Lord and the gentleman coming in againe, and finding the tapestrie thus defac'd, he ask'd Bladwell what he meant by such a rude uncivill act; he answered, Sir, be content, I have rather done you a courtesie than a wrong, for, if ever my L. N. had seene the foole there he would have begg'd him, and so you might have lost your whole suite." (Harl. MS. 6395.)

[7] SCENE II.—"*Pageant of the nine worthies.*"

The genuine worthies of the old pageant were Joshua, David, Judas Maccabeus, Hector, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bulloigne. Sometimes Guy of Warwick was substituted for Godfrey of Bulloigne. These redoubted personages, according to a manuscript in the British Museum (Harl. 2057), were clad in complete armour, with crowns of gold on their heads, every one having his esquire to bear before him his shield and pennon at arms. According to this manuscript, these "Lords" were dressed as three Hebrews, three Infidels, and three Christians. Shakspere overthrew the just proportion of age and country, for he gives us four infidels, Hector, Pompey, Alexander, and Hercules, out of the five of the schoolmaster's pageant. In the MS. of the Harleian Collection, which is a Chester pageant, with illuminations, the *Four Seasons* conclude the representation of the Nine Worthies. Shakspere must have seen such an exhibition, and have thence derived the songs of *Ver* and *Hiems*.

[8] SCENE II.—"*A very good bowler.*"

The preceding engraving of the bowls of the sixteenth century is designed from Strutt's 'Sports and Pastimes.' The sport, according to Strutt, appears to have prevailed in the fourteenth century, for he has given us figures of three persons engaged in bowling, from a manuscript of that date.

[9] SCENE II.—"*I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man.*"

The old quarter-staff play of England was most practised in the north. Strutt, in his 'Sports,' and Ritson, in his 'Robin Hood Poems,' have given us representations of these loving contests, from which the following engraving has been designed.

[10] SCENE II.—"*When daisies pied.*"

The first two stanzas of this song are set to music by Dr. Arne, with all that justness of conception and simple elegance of which he was so great a master, and which are conspicuous in nearly all of his compositions that are in union with Shakspere's words. The song having been "married" to music, it would not be well to disturb the received reading. Yet the deviations from all the original copies must be noted. There is a transposition in the first four lines, to meet the alternate rhymes in the subsequent verses. In the original we find :—

> "When daisies pied, and violets blue,
> And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
> And lady smocks all silver-white,
> Do paint the meadows with delight."

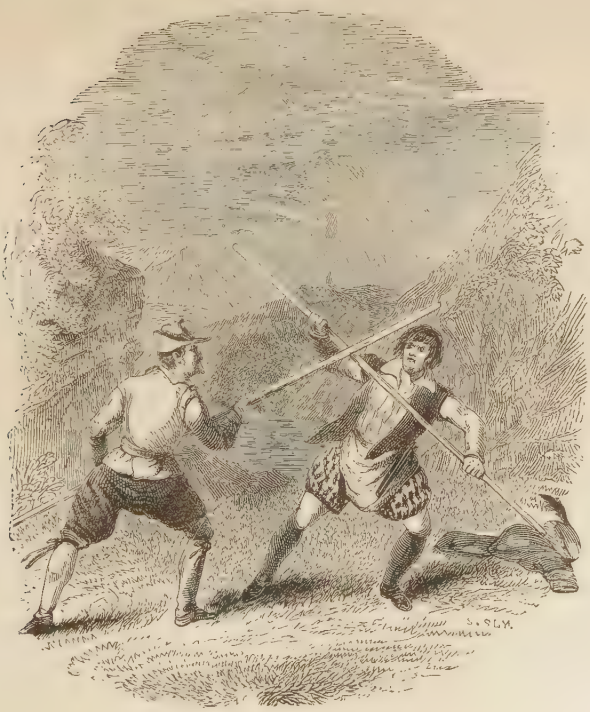
In the third and fourth verses,

> "*To-who*"

is a modern introduction to correspond with "Cuckoo;" but "*To-who*" alone is not the song of the owl—it is "*Tu-whit, to-who.*" The original lines stand thus :—

> "Then nightly sings the staring owl,
> Tu-whit, to-who,
> A merry note."

Did not the original music vary with the varying form of the metre?



SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

Charles Lamb was wont to call Love's Labour's Lost the Comedy of Leisure. 'T is certain that in the commonwealth of King Ferdinand of Navarre we have,

> "all men idle, all;
> And women too."

The courtiers, in their pursuit of "that angel knowledge," waste their time in subtle contentions, how that angel is to be won;—the ladies from France spread their pavilions in the sunny park, and there keep up their round of jokes with their "wit's peddler," Boyet, "the nice;"—Armado listens to his page while he warbles "Concolinel;"—Jaquenetta, though she is "allowed for the dey," seems to have no dairy to look after;—Costard acts as if he were neither ploughman nor swineherd, and born for no other work than to laugh for ever at Moth, and, in the excess of his love for that "pathetical nit," to exclaim, "An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread;"—the schoolmaster appears to be without scholars, the curate without a cure, the constable without watch and ward. There is, indeed, one parenthesis of real business connected with the progress of the action—the difference between France and Navarre, in the matter of Aquitain. But the settlement of this business is deferred till "to-morrow"—the "packet of specialities" is not come; and whether Aquitain goes back to France, or the hundred thousand crowns return to Navarre, we never learn. This matter, then, being postponed till a more fitting season, the whole set abandon themselves to what Dr. Johnson calls "strenuous idleness." The king and his courtiers forswear their studies, and every man becomes a lover and a sonnetteer;—the refined traveller of Spain resigns himself to his passion for the dairy-maid; the schoolmaster and the curate talk learnedly after dinner; and, at last, the king, the nobles, the priest, the pedant, the braggart, the page, and the clown, join in one dance of mummery, in which they all laugh, and are laughed at. But still all this idleness is too energetic to warrant us in calling this the Comedy of Leisure. Let us try again. Is it not the Comedy of Affectations?

Molière, in his 'Précieuses Ridicules,' has admirably hit off *one* affectation that had found its way into the private life of his own times. The ladies aspired to be wooed after the fashion of the Grand Cyrus. Madelon will be called Polixène, and Cathos Amiute. They dismiss their plain

honest lovers, because marriage ought to be at the end of the romance, and not at the beginning. They dote upon Mascarille (the disguised lacquey) when he assures them "Les gens de qualité savent tout sans avoir jamais rien appris." They are in ecstasies at everything. Madelon is "furieusement pour les portraits;"—Cathos loves "terriblement les énigmes." Even Mascarille's ribbon is "furieusement bien choisi;"—his gloves "sentent terriblement bons;"—and his feathers are "effroyablement belles." But in the 'Précieuses Ridicules,' Molière, as we have said, dealt with one affectation;—in Love's Labour's Lost Shakspere presents us almost every variety of affectation that is founded upon a misdirection of intellectual activity. We have here many of the forms in which cleverness is exhibited as opposed to wisdom, and false refinement as opposed to simplicity. The affected characters, even the most fantastical, are not fools; but, at the same time, the natural characters, who, in this play, are chiefly the women, have their intellectual foibles. All the modes of affectation are developed in one continued stream of fun and drollery;—every one is laughing at the folly of the other, and the laugh grows louder and louder as the more natural characters, one by one, trip up the heels of the more affected. The most affected at last join in the laugh with the most natural; and the whole comes down to "plain kersey yea and nay,"—from the syntax of Holofernes, and the "fire-new words" of Armado, to "greasy Joan," and "roasted crabs."—Let us hastily review the comedy under this aspect.

The affectation of the King and his courtiers begins at the very beginning of the play. The mistake upon which they set out, in their desire to make their Court "a little academe," is not an uncommon one. It is the attempt to separate the contemplative from the active life; to forego duties for abstractions; to sacrifice innocent pleasures for plans of mortification, difficult to be executed, and useless if carried through. Many a young student has been haunted by the same dream; and he only required to be living in an age when vows bound mankind to objects of pursuit that now present but the ludicrous side, to have had his dreams converted into very silly realities. The resistance of Biron to the vow of his fellows is singularly able,—his reasoning is deep and true and ought to have turned them aside from their folly:—

> "Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
> That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
> Small have continual plodders ever won,
> Save base authority from others' books."

But the vow is ratified, and its abjuration will only be the result of its practical inconvenience. The "French king's daughter," the "admired princess," is coming to confer with the King and his Court, who have resolved to talk with no woman for three years:

> "So study evermore is overshot.'

But the "child of fancy" appears—the "fantastic"—the "magnificent"—the "man of great spirit who grows melancholy"—he who "is ill at reckoning because it fitteth the spirit of a tapster"—he who confesses to be a "gentleman and a gamester," because "both are the varnish of a complete man." How capitally does Moth, his page, hit him off, when he intimates that only "the base vulgar" call deuce-ace three! And yet this indolent piece of refinement is

> "A man in all the world's new fashions planted,
> That hath a mint of phrases in his brain,"

and he himself has no mean idea of his abilities—he is "for whole volumes in folio." Moth, who continually draws him out to laugh at him, is an embryo wag, whose common sense is constantly opposed to his master's affectations; and Costard is another cunning bit of nature, though cast in a coarser mould, whose heart runs over with joy at the tricks of his little friend, this "nit of mischief."

The Princess and her train arrive at Navarre. We have already learnt to like the King and his lords, and have seen their fine natures shining through the affectations by which they are clouded. We scarcely require, therefore, to hear their eulogies delivered from the mouths of the Princess's ladies, who have appreciated their real worth. Biron, however, has all along been our favourite; and we feel that, in some degree, he deserves the character which Rosaline gives him:—

——————" A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.'

But, with all this disposition to think highly of the nobles of the self-denying Court, the "mad wenches" of France are determined to use their "civil war of wits," on "Navarre and his bookmen," for their absurd vows; and well do they keep their determination. Boyet is a capital courtier, always ready for a gibe at the ladies, and always ready to bear their gibes. Costard thinks he is "a most simple clown;" but Biron more accurately describes him at length :—

——————" Why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy:
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet."

We are very much tempted to think that, in his character of Boyet, Shakspere had in view that most amusing coxcomb Master Robert Laneham, whose letter from Kenilworth, in which he gives the following account of himself, was printed in 1575 :—"Always among the gentlewomen with my good will, and when I see company according, then I can be as lively too. Sometimes I foot it with dancing; now with my gittern and else with my cittern; then at the virginals; ye know nothing comes amiss to me; then carol I up a song withal, that by and by they come flocking about me like bees to honey, and ever they cry, 'Another, good Laneham, another.'"

Before the end of Navarre's first interview with the Princess, Boyet has discovered that he is "infected." At the end of the next Act we learn from Biron himself that he is in the same condition. Away then goes the vow with the King and Biron. In the fourth Act we find that the infection has spread to all the lords; but the love of the King and his courtiers is thoroughly characteristic. It may be sincere enough, but it is still love fantastical.—It hath taught Biron "to rhyme and to be melancholy." The King drops his paper of poesy; Longaville reads his sonnet, which makes "flesh a deity;" and Dumain, in his most beautiful anacreontic,—as sweet a piece of music as Shakspere ever penned,—shows "how love can vary wit." The scene in which each lover is detected by the other, and all laughed at by Biron, till he is detected himself, is thoroughly dramatic; and there is perhaps nothing finer in the whole range of the Shaksperian comedy than the passage where Biron casts aside his disguises, and rises to the height of poetry and eloquence. The burst when the "rent lines" discover "some love" of Biron is incomparably fine :—

——————" Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head; and, strucken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?'

The famous speech of Biron, which follows, is perhaps unmatched as a display of poetical rhetoric, except by the speeches of Ulysses to Achilles in the third Act of Troilus and Cressida. Coleridge has admirably described this speech of Biron. "It is logic clothed in rhetoric; — but observe how Shakspere, in his two-fold being of poet and philosopher, avails himself of it to convey profound truths in the most lively images,—the whole remaining faithful to the character supposed to utter the lines, and the expressions themselves constituting a further development of that character."* The rhetoric of Biron produces its effect. "Now to plain dealing," says Longaville; but Biron the

* Literary Remains, vol. ii., p. 105

merry man whose love is still half fun, is for more circuitous modes than laying their hearts at the feet of their mistresses. He is of opinion that

> "Revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
> Fore-run fair Love,"

and he therefore recommends "some strange pastime" to solace the dames. But "the gallants will be task'd."

King and Princess, lords and ladies, must make way for the great pedants. The *form* of affectation is now entirely changed. It is not the cleverness of rising superior to all other men by despising the "affects" to which every man is born;—it is not the cleverness of labouring at the most magnificent phrases to express the most common ideas;—but it is the cleverness of two persons using conventional terms, which they have picked up from a common source, and which they believe sealed to the mass of mankind, instead of employing the ordinary colloquial phrases by which ideas are rendered intelligible. This is pedantry—and Shakspere shows his excellent judgment in bringing a brace of pedants upon the scene. In O'Keefe's 'Agreeable Surprise,' and in Colman's 'Heir at Law,' we have a single pedant,—the one talking Latin to a milk-maid, and the other to a tallow-chandler. This is farce. But the pedantry of Holofernes and the curate is comedy. They each address the other in their freemasonry of learning. They each flatter the other. But for the rest of the world they look down upon them. "Sir," saith the curate, excusing the "twice-sod simplicity" of Goodman Dull, "he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished." But Goodman Dull has his intellect stimulated by this abuse. He has heard the riddles of the "ink-horn" men, and he sports a riddle of his own:—

> "You two are bookmen: Can you tell by your wit,
> What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?"

The answer of Holofernes is the very quintessence of pedantry. He gives Goodman Dull the hardest name for the moon in the mythology. Goodman Dull is with difficulty quieted. Holofernes then exhibits his poetry; and he "will something affect the letter, for it argues facility." He produces, as all pedants attempt to produce, not what is good when executed, but what is difficult of execution. Satisfied with his own performances—'the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it"—he is profuse in his contempt for other men's productions. He undertakes to prove Biron's canzonet "to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention." The portrait is two hundred years old, and yet how many of the present day might sit for it! Holofernes, however, is not meant by Shakspere for a blockhead. He is made of better stuff than the ordinary run of those who "educate youth at the charge-house." Shakspere has taken care that we should see flashes of good sense amidst his folly. To say nothing of the curate's commendations of his "reasons at dinner," we have his own description of Armado, to show how clearly he could discover the ludicrous side of others. The pedant can see the ridiculous in pedantry of another stamp. But the poet also takes care that the ridiculous side of "the two learned men" shall still be prominent. Moth and Costard are again brought upon the scene to laugh at those who "have been at a great feast of languages, and have stolen the scraps." Costard himself is growing affected. He has picked up the fashion of being clever, and he has himself stolen *honorificabilitudinitatibus* out of "the alms-basket of words." But business proceeds:—Holofernes will present before the Princess the nine worthies, and he will play three himself. The soul of the schoolmaster is in this magnificent device; and he looks down with most self-satisfied pity on honest Dull, who has spoken no word, and understood none.

The ladies have received verses and jewels from their lovers; but they trust not to the verses—they think them "bootless rhymes," the effusions of "prodigal wits:"—

> "Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
> As foolery in the wise."

When Boyet discloses to the Princess the scheme of the mask of Muscovites she is more confirmed in her determination to laugh at the laughers:—

> "They do it but in mocking merriment;
> And mock for mock is only my intent"

The affectation of "speeches penn'd" is overthrown in a moment by the shrewdness of the women, who encounter the fustian harangue with prosaic action. Moth comes in crammed with others' affectations :—

> "All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!
> A holy parcel of the fairest dames"—

The ladies turn their backs on him—

> "That ever turn'd their—*backs*—to mortal views!"

Biron in vain gives him the cue—"their *eyes*, villain, their *eyes!*"—"the pigeon-egg of discretion" has ceased to be discreet—he is out, and the speech is ended. The maskers will try for themselves. They each take a masked lady apart, and each finds a wrong mistress, who has no sympathy with him. The keen breath of "mocking wenches" has puffed out all their fine conceits :—

> "Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps."

The sharp medicine has had its effect. The King and his lords return without their disguises; and, being doomed to hear the echo of the laugh at their folly, they come down from their stilts to the level ground of common sense :—from "taffata phrases" and "figures pedantical" to

> "Russet yeas, and honest kersey noes."

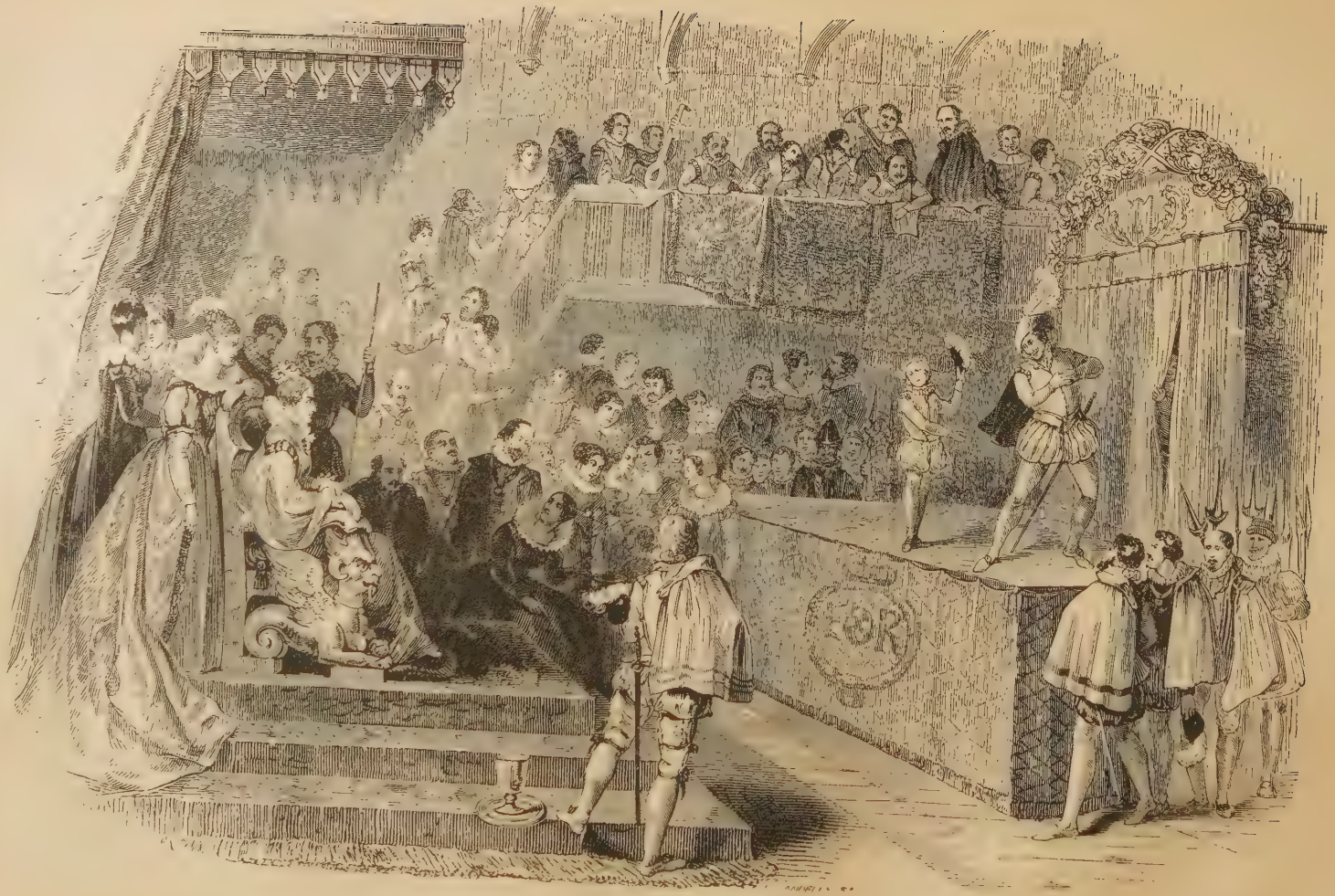
But the worthies are coming; we have not yet done with the affectations and the mocking merriment. Biron maliciously desires "to have one show worse than the king's and his company." Those who have been laughed at now take to laughing at others. Costard, who is the most natural of the worthies, comes off with the fewest hurts. He has performed Pompey marvellously well, and he is not a little vain of his performance—"I hope I was perfect." When the learned curate breaks down as Alexander, the apology of Costard for his overthrow is inimitable: "There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour in sooth, and a very good bowler; but, for Alisander, alas! you see how 't is; a little o'erparted." Holofernes comes off worse than the curate—"Alas, poor Machabæus how hath he been baited!" We feel, in spite of our inclination to laugh at the pedant, that his remonstrance is just—"This is not generous, not gentle, not humble." We know that to be generous, to be gentle, to be humble, are the especial virtues of the great; and Shakspere makes us see that the schoolmaster is right. Lastly, comes Armado. His discomfiture is still more signal. The malicious trick that Biron suggests to Costard shows that Rosaline's original praise of him was not altogether deserved—that his merriment was not always

> "Within the limit of becoming mirth."

The affectations of Biron are cast aside, but he has a natural fault to correct, worse than any affectation; and beautifully does Rosaline hold up to him the glass which shows him how

> "to choke a gibing spirit,
> Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
> Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools."

The affectations are blown into thin air. The King and his courtiers have to turn from speculation to action—from fruitless vows to deeds of charity and piety. Armado is about to apply to what is useful: "I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years." The voices of the pedants are heard no more in scraps of Latin.—They are no longer "singled from the barbarous."—But, on the contrary, "the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo," is full of the most familiar images, expressed in the most homely language. Shakspere, unquestionably, to our minds, brought in this most characteristic song—(a song that he might have written and sung in the chimney-corner of his father's own kitchen, long before he dreamt of having a play acted before Queen Elizabeth)—to mark, by an emphatic close, the triumph of simplicity over false refinement.



THE
MERRY WIVES
OF
WINDSOR

[Part of Windsor Castle, built in the time of Elizabeth.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of The Merry Wives of Windsor.

The first edition of this play was published in 1602, under the following title: 'A most pleasaunt and excellent conceited Comedy of Sir John Falstaffe, and the Merry Wives of Windsor. Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors of Sir Hugh the Welch Knight, Justice Shallow, and his wise Cousin M. Slender. With the swaggering vaine of Ancient Pistoll and Corporall Nym. By William Shakespeare. As it hath bene divers times acted by the Right Honourable my Lord Chamberlaines Servants; Both before her Majestie and else where. London: Printed by T. C. for Arthur Johnson,' &c. &c. 1602. The same copy was reprinted in 1619. The comedy as it now stands first appeared in the folio of 1623; and the play in that edition contains very nearly twice the number of lines that the quarto contains. The succession of scenes is the same in both copies, except in one instance; but the speeches of the several characters are greatly elaborated in the amended copy, and several of the characters not only heightened, but new distinctive features given to them. For example, the *Slender* of the present comedy—one of the most perfect of the minor characters of Shakspere—is a very inferior conception in the first copy. Our Slender has been worked up out of the first rough sketch, with touches at once delicate and powerful. Again, the *Justice Shallow* of the quarto is an amusing person—but he is not the present Shallow; we have not even the repetitions which identify him with the Shallow of Henry IV. We point out these matters here, for the purpose of shewing that, although the quarto of 1602 was most probably piratically published when the play had been re-modelled, and was reprinted without alteration in 1619 (the amended copy then remaining unpublished), the copy of that first edition must not be considered as an imperfect transcript of the complete play. The differences between the two copies are produced by the alterations of the author working upon his first sketch. The extent of these changes and elaborations can only be satisfactorily perceived by comparing the two copies, scene by scene. We have given a few examples in our foot-notes; and we here subjoin the scene at Herne's Oak, which has no doubt been completely re-written:—

QUARTO OF 1602.

Qui. You fairies that do haunt these shady groves
Look round about the wood if you can spy
A mortal that doth haunt our sacred round:
If such a one you can espy, give him his due,
And leave not till you pinch him black and blue.
Give them their charge, Puck, ere they part away.
Sir Hugh. Come hither, Peane, go to the country houses,
And when you find a slut that lies asleep,
And all her dishes foul, and room unswept,
With your long nails pinch her till she cry,
And swear to mend her sluttish housewifery.
Fai. I warrant you, I will perform your will.
Hu. Where's Pead? Go and see where brokers sleep,
And fox-eyed serjeants, with their mace,
Go lay the proctors in the street,
And pinch the lousy serjeant's face:
Spare none of these when th' are a bed,
But such whose nose looks blue and red.
Qui. Away, begone, his mind fulfil,
And look that none of you stand still.
Some do that thing, some do this,
All do something, none amiss.
Sir Hugh. I smell a man of middle earth.
Fal. God bless me from that Welch fairy.
Quic. Look every one about this round,
And if that any here be found,
For his presumption in this place,
Spare neither leg, arm, head, nor face.
Sir Hugh. See I have spied one by good luck,
His body man, his head a buck.
Fal. God send me good fortune now, and I care not.
Quick. Go strait, and do as I command,
And take a taper in your hand,
And set it to his fingers' ends,
And if you see it him offends,
And that he starteth at the flame,
Then he is mortal, know his name
If with an F it doth begin,
Why then be sure he's full of sin.
About it then, and know the truth,
Of this same metamorphosed youth.
Sir Hugh. Give me the tapers, I will try
And if that he love venery.

FOLIO OF 1623.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white.
You moonshine-revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.
Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimnies shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.
Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:
I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*
Eva. Where's Pede?—Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.
Quick. About, about;
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expressure that it bears green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Hony soit qui mal y pense*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white:
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knight-hood's bending knee:
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
Away; disperse: But, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the Hunter let us not forget.
Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set.
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay: I smell a man of middle earth.
Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy!
Lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!
Pist. Vild worm, thou wast o'erlooked even in thy birth.
Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger end
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.
Pist. A trial, come.
Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?
[*They burn him with their tapers.*
Fal. Oh, oh, oh!
Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

The quarto copy of the Merry Wives of Windsor being so completely different from the amended play, affords little assistance in the settlement of the text. Indeed, following the folio of 1623, there are very few real difficulties. Modern editors appear to us to have gone beyond their proper line of duty in "rescuing" lines from the quarto which the author had manifestly superseded by other passages. We have, for the most part, rejected these restorations, as they are called, but have given the passages in our foot-notes.

But, if the quarto is not to be taken as a guide in the formation of a text, it appears to us,

viewed in connexion with some circumstances which we shall venture to point out as heretofore in some degree unregarded, to be a highly interesting literary curiosity.

Malone, contrary to his opinion with regard to the quarto edition of Henry V., says of the quarto of the Merry Wives of Windsor, "The old edition in 1602, like that of Romeo and Juliet, is apparently a rough draught, and not a mutilated or imperfect copy." His view, therefore, of the period when this play was written, applies to the "rough draught." Malone's opinion of the date of this Sketch is thus stated in his 'Chronological Order:'—

"The following line in the earliest edition of this comedy,

'Sail like my pinnace to those golden shores,

shews that it was written after Sir Walter Raleigh's return from Guiana in 1596.

"The first sketch of the Merry Wives of Windsor was printed in 1602. It was entered in the books of the Stationers' Company on the 18th of January, 1601-2, and was therefore probably written in 1601, after the two parts of King Henry IV., being, it is said, composed at the desire of Queen Elizabeth, in order to exhibit Falstaff in love, when all the pleasantry which he could afford in any other situation was exhausted. But it may not be thought so clear that it was written after King Henry V. Nym and Bardolph are both hanged in King Henry V., yet appear in The Merry Wives of Windsor. Falstaff is disgraced in the Second Part of King Henry IV., and dies in King Henry V.; but, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, he talks as if he were yet in favour at court: 'If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed,' &c: and Mr. Page discountenances Fenton's addresses to his daughter because he 'kept company with the wild prince and with Pointz.' These circumstances seem to favour the supposition that this play was written between the First and Second Parts of King Henry IV. But that it was not written then, may be collected from the tradition above mentioned. The truth, I believe, is, that though it ought to be read (as Dr. Johnson has observed) between the Second Part of King Henry IV. and King Henry V., it was written after King Henry V., and after Shakspere had killed Falstaff. In obedience to the royal commands, having revived him, he found it necessary at the same time to revive all those persons with whom he was wont to be exhibited, Nym, Pistol, Bardolph, and the Page: and disposed of them as he found it convenient, without a strict regard to their situations, or catastrophes in former plays."

The opinion that this comedy was written after the two parts of Henry IV. is not quite in consonance with the tradition that Queen Elizabeth desired to see Falstaff in love; for Shakspere might have given this turn to the character in Henry V., after the announcement in the Epilogue to the second Part of Henry IV.—"our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it.' Malone's theory, therefore, that it was produced after Henry V., is in accordance with the tradition as received by him with such an implicit belief. George Chalmers, however, in his 'Supplemental Apology,' laughs at the tradition, and at Malone's theory. He believes that the three historical plays and the comedy were successively written in 1596, and in 1597, but that Henry V. was produced the last. He says "In it (Henry V.) Falstaff does not come out upon the stage, but dies of a sweat, after performing less than the attentive auditors were led to expect: and in it, ancient Pistol appears as the husband of Mistress Quickly; who also dies, during the ancient's absence in the wars of France. Yet do the commentators bring the knight to life, and revive and unmarry the dame, by assigning the year 1601 as the epoch of the Merry Wives of Windsor. Queen Elizabeth is said by the critics to have commanded these miracles to be worked in 1601,—a time when she was in no proper mood for such fooleries. The tradition on which is founded the story of Elizabeth's command to exhibit the facetious knight in love, I think too improbable for belief." Chalmers goes on to argue that after Falstaff's disgrace at the end of the second Part of Henry IV. (which is followed in Henry V. by the assertion that "the King has killed his heart") he was not in a fit condition for "a speedy appearance amongst the Merry Wives of Windsor;" and further, that if it be true, as the first Act of the second Part evinces, that Sir John, soon after doing good service at Shrewsbury, was sent off, with some charge, to Lord John of Lancaster at York, he could not consistently saunter to Windsor, after his rencounter with the Chief Justice." Looking at these contradictions, Chalmers places "the true epoch of this comedy in 1596;" and affirms "*that its proper place is before the first Part of Henry IV.*" We had been strongly impressed with the same opinion before we had seen the passage in Chalmers, which is not given under his view of the

chronology of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.' But we are quite aware that the theory is at first sight open to objection: though it is clearly not so objectionable as Malone's assertion that Shakspere revived his dead Falstaff, Quickly, Nym, and Bardolph; and it perhaps gets rid of the difficulties which belong to Dr. Johnson's opinion that "the present play ought to be read between Henry IV. and Henry V." The question, altogether, appears to us very interesting as a piece of literary history; and we therefore request the indulgence of our readers whilst we examine it somewhat in detail.

And first, of the *tradition* upon which Malone builds. Dennis, in an epistle prefixed to 'the Comical Gallant,' an alteration of this play which he published in 1702, says,—"This Comedy was written at her (Queen Elizabeth's) command, and by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days; and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleased at the representation." The tradition, however, soon became more circumstantial; for Rowe and Pope and Theobald each inform us that Elizabeth was so well pleased *with the Falstaff of the two Parts of Henry IV.*, that she commanded a play to be written by Shakspere in which he should shew the Knight in Love. Malone considers that the tradition, as given by Dennis, came to him from Dryden, who received it from Davenant. The more circumstantial tradition was furnished by Gildon, who published it in his 'Remarks on Shakspeare's Plays,' in 1710. The tradition, as stated by Dennis, is not inconsistent with the belief that the Merry Wives of Windsor (of course we speak of the Sketch) was produced *before* the two Parts of Henry IV. The more circumstantial tradition is completely reconcilable only with Malone's theory, that Shakspere, *continuing* the comic characters of the Historical Plays in the Merry Wives of Windsor, ventured upon the daring experiment of reviving the dead.

Malone, according to his theory, believes that the Sketch of the Merry Wives of Windsor, "finished in fourteen days," was written in 1601; Chalmers that it was written in 1596. We are inclined to think that the period of the production of the original Sketch might have been even earlier than 1596.

Raleigh returned from his expedition to Guiana in 1596, having sailed in 1595. In the present text of the Merry Wives (Act I., Sc. III.) Falstaff says, "Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is *a region in Guiana*, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me: they shall be my East and West Indies." In the original Sketch the passage stands thus: "Here is another letter to her; she bears the purse too. They shall be exchequers to me and I'll be cheaters to them both. They shall be my East and West Indies." In the amended text we have, subsequently,

"Sail like my pinnace to those golden shores:"

which line is found in the quarto, *the* being in the place of *those*. This line *alone* is taken by Malone to shew that the Comedy, in its first unfinished state, "was written after Sir Walter Raleigh's return from Guiana in 1596." Surely this is not precise enough. *Golden shores* were spoken of metaphorically before Raleigh's voyage; but the *region in Guiana* is a very different indication. To our minds it shews that the Sketch was written *before* Raleigh's return;—the finished play after Guiana was known and talked of.

'The Fairy Queen' of Spenser was published in 1596. "The whole plot," says Chalmers, "which was laid by Mrs. Page, to be executed at the hour of fairy revel, around Herne's Oak, by urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white, was plainly an allusion to the *Fairy Queen* of 1596, which for some time after its publication was the universal talk." A *general* mention of fairies and fairy revels might naturally occur without any allusion to Spenser; and thus in the original Sketch we have only such a general mention. But in the amended copy of the folio *the Fairy Queen* is presented to the audience three times as a familiar name. If these passages may be taken to allude to 'The Fairy Queen' of Spenser, we have another proof (as far as such proof can go) that the original Sketch, in which they do *not* occur, was written before 1596.

Again, in Falstaff's address to the Merry Wives at Herne's Oak, we have—"Let the sky rain potatoes, . . . and snow eringoes." The words *potatoes* and *eringoes* are in Lodge's 'Devils Incarnate,' 1596;—but they are *not* found in the original sketch of this Comedy.

Whatever may be the date of the original Sketch, there can be no doubt, we think, that the play, as we have received it from the folio of 1623, was enlarged and revived after the production

of Henry IV. Some would assign this revival to the time of James I. The passages which indicate this, according to Malone and Chalmers, are those in which Falstaff says "You'll complain of me to the *King*,"—the word being *Council* in the quarto: "these *Knights* will hack;"—(See Act II. Scene I.) Mrs. Quickly's allusion to *Coaches* (See Illustration); the poetical description of the insignia of the Garter; and the mention of the "*Cotsall*" games. But as not one of these passages is found in the original quarto, the question of the date of the sketch remains untouched by them. The *exact* date is of very little importance, because we do not know the *exact* dates of the two Parts of Henry IV. But, before we leave this branch of the subject we may briefly notice a matter which is in itself curious, and hitherto unnoticed.

In the original Sketch we have the following passage:—

> "*Doctor*. Where be my host de gartir?
> *Host*. O, here sir, in perplexity.
> *Doctor*. I cannot tell vat be dad,
> But be-gar I will tell you von ting.
> Dere be a *Germane* duke come to de court
> Has cosened all the hosts of Brainford
> And Redding."

In the folio the passage stands thus:

> "*Caius*. Vere is mine *Host de Jarterre?*
> *Host* Here, master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.
> *Caius*. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jarmany*; by my trot, dere is no duke dat de court is know to come."

In the original Sketch we have the story of the "cozenage" of my Host of the Garter, by some Germans, who pretended to be of the retinue of a German Duke. Now, if we knew that a real German Duke had visited Windsor—(a rare occurrence in the days of Elizabeth) we should have the date of the comedy pretty exactly fixed. The circumstance would be one of those local and temporary allusions which Shakspere seized upon to arrest the attention of his audience. In 1592, a German Duke did visit Windsor. We had access, through the kindness of Mr. T. Rodd, to a narrative printed in the old German language, of the journey to England of the Duke of Würtemberg, in 1592, which narrative, drawn up by his Secretary, contains a daily journal of his proceedings. He was accompanied by a considerable retinue, and travelled under the name of "the Count Mombeliard."

The title of this work may be translated as follows:—

'A short and true description of the bathing journey* which his Serene Highness the Right Honourable Prince and Lord Frederick, Duke of Würtemburg, and Teck, Count of Mümpelgart, Lord (Baron) of Heidenheim, Knight of the two ancient royal orders of St. Michael, in France, and of the Garter, in England, &c., &c., lately performed, in the year 1592, from Mümpelgart, into the celebrated kingdom of England, afterwards returning through the Netherlands, until his arrival again at Mümpelgart. Noted down from day to day in the briefest manner, by your Princely Grace's gracious command, by your fellow-traveller and Private Secretary. Printed at Tübingen, by Erhardo Cellio, in 1602.'

This curious volume contains a sort of passport from Lord Howard, addressed to all Justices of Peace, Mayors, and Bailiffs, which we give without correction of the orthography:—

"Theras this nobleman, Counte Mombeliard, is to passe ouer Contrye in England, in to the lowe Countryes, Thise schal be to wil and command you in heer Majte. name for such, and is heer pleasure to see him fournissed with post horses in his trauail to the sea side, and there to soecke up such schippinge as schalbe fit for his transportations, *he pay nothing for the same*, for wich tis schalbe your sufficient warrante soo see that your faile noth thereof at your perilles. From Bifleete, the 2 uf September, 1592. Your friend, C. HOWARD."

The "German duke" visited Windsor; was shewn "the splendidly beautiful and royal castle;"

* The Author, in an address to the reader, explains that this title, though it may appear strange, as only one bathing-place is visited, has been adopted, because as in the "usual bathing-journeys it is common to assemble together, as well all sorts of strange persons out of foreign places and nations, as known friends and sick people, even so in the description of this bathing-journey will be found all sorts of curious things, and strange (marvellous) histories"

hunted in the "parks full of fallow-deer and other game;" heard the music of an organ, and of other instruments, with the voices of little boys, as well as a sermon an hour long, in a church covered with lead; and, after staying two days, departed for Hampton Court.* His grace and his suite must have caused a sensation at Windsor. Probably mine Host of the Garter had really made "grand preparation for a Duke de Jarmany;"—at any rate he would believe Bardolph's story,—"the Germans desire to have three of your horses." Was there any dispute about the ultimate payment for the Duke's horses, for which *he* was "to pay nothing?" Was my host out of his reckoning when he said "they shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay?" We have little doubt that the passages which relate to the German Duke (all of which with slight alteration, are in the original sketch,) have reference to the Duke of Würtemburg's visit to Windsor in 1592,—a matter to be forgotten in 1601, when Malone says the sketch was written; and somewhat stale in 1596, which Chalmers assigns as its date.

We now proceed to the more interesting point—was the Merry Wives of Windsor produced, either *after* the first Part of Henry IV., *after* the second Part, *after* Henry V., or *before* all of these Historical Plays? Let us first state the difficulties which inseparably belong to the *circumstances* under which the similar characters of the Historical Plays and the Comedy are found, if the Comedy is to be received as a *continuation* of the Historical Plays.

The Falstaff of the two Parts of Henry IV., who dies in Henry V., but who, according to Malone, comes alive again in the Merry Wives, is found at Windsor living lavishly at the Garter Inn, sitting "at ten pounds a week,"—with Bardolph and Nym and Pistol and the Page, his "followers." At what point of his previous life is Falstaff in this flourishing condition? At Windsor he is represented as having committed an outrage upon one Justice Shallow. Could this outrage have been perpetrated after the borrowing of the "thousand pound," which was unpaid at the time of Henry the Fifth's coronation; or did it take place before Falstaff and Shallow renewed their youthful acquaintance under the auspices of Justice Silence? Johnson says "this play should be read between King Henry IV. and King Henry V." that is, after Falstaff's renewed intercourse with Shallow, the borrowing of the thousand pounds, and the failure of his schemes at the coronation. Another writer says "it ought rather to be read between the first and the second Part of King Henry IV.,"—that is, before Falstaff had met Shallow at his seat in Gloucestershire, at which meeting Shallow recollects nothing that had taken place at Windsor, and had clean forgotten the outrages of Falstaff upon his keeper, his dogs, and his deer. But Falstaff had been surrounded by much more important circumstances than had belonged to his acquaintance with Master Shallow. He had been the intimate of a Prince—he had held high charge in the royal army. We learn indeed that he is a "soldier" when he addresses Mrs. Ford; but he entirely abstains from any of those allusions to his royal friend which might have been supposed to be acceptable to a Merry Wife of Windsor. In the folio copy of the amended play, we have, positively, not one allusion to his connexion with the Court. In the quarto there is one solitary passage, which would apply to any Court—to that of Elizabeth, as well as to that of Henry V.—"Well, if the fine wits of the Court hear this, they'll so whip me with their keen jests that they'll melt me out like tallow" In the same quarto, when Falstaff hears the noise of hunters at Herne's Oak, he exclaims, "I'll lay my life the mad Prince of Wales is stealing his father's deer." This points apparently at the Prince of Henry IV.; but we think it had reference to the Prince of the 'Famous Victories,'—a character with whom Shakspere's audience was familiar. The passage is left out in the amended play; but we find another passage which certainly is meant for a link, however slight, between the Merry Wives and Henry IV.: Page objects to Fenton that "he kept company with the wild Prince and with Pointz." The corresponding passage in the quarto is "the gentlemen is wild—he knows too much."

What does Shallow do at Windsor—he who inquired "how a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?"—Robert Shallow, of Glostershire, "a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace?" It is true that we are told by Slender that he was "in the county of Gloster, justice of peace and *coram*,"—but this information is first given us in the amended edition. In the sketch, *Master* Shallow (we do not find even his name of Robert) is indeed a "cavalero justice," according to our Host of the Garter, but his commission may be in Berkshire for aught that the poet tells us to the contrary. Slender, indeed is, "as good as is any in Glostershire, under the degree of

* We have given the description of the Parks in the Local Illustration of Act II.

a squire." and he is Shallow's cousin;—but of Shallow "the local habitation" is undefined enough to make us believe that he might have been a son. or indeed a father (for he says, "I am four-score,") of the real Justice Shallow. Again:—In Henry IV., Part I., we have a *Hostess* without a name,—the "good pint-pot" who is exhorted by Falstaff "love thy *husband;*"—in Henry IV., Part II., we have Hostess *Quickly,*—"*a poor widow,*" according to the Chief Justice, to whom Falstaff owes himself and his money too;—in Henry V.. this good Hostess is "*the quondam Quickly,*" who has married Pistol, and who, if the received opinion be correct, died before her husband returned from the wars of Henry V. Where shall we place the *Mistress Quickly*, than whom "never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind,"—and who defies all angels "but in the way of honesty?"—She has evidently had no previous passages with Sir John Falstaff;—she is "a foolish carrion" only,—Dr. Caius's nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry;—she has not heard Falstaff declaim, "as like one of these harlotry players as I ever see;"—she has not sate with him by a sea-coal fire, when goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, came in and called her "gossip Quickly;"—she did not see him "fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends," when "there was but one way." Falstaff and Quickly are strangers. She is to him either "goodwife" or "good maid,"—and at any rate only "fair woman." Surely, we cannot place Mistress Quickly of the Merry Wives after Henry V., when she was dead; or after the second Part of Henry IV., when she was a "poor widow;" or before the second Part, when she had a husband and children. She must stand alone in the Merry Wives,—an undefined predecessor of the famous Quickly of the Boar's Head.

But Pistol and Bardolph—are they not the same "irregular humorists" (as they are called in the original list of characters to the second Part of Henry IV.,) acting with Falstaff under the same circumstances? We think not. The Pistol of the Merry Wives is not the "ancient" Pistol of the second Part of Henry IV. and of Henry V., nor is Bardolph the "corporal" Bardolph of the second Part of Henry IV., nor the "lieutenant" Bardolph of Henry V. In the title-page, indeed, of the sketch, published as we believe without authority as a substitute for the more complete play, we have "the swaggering vaine (vein) of *ancient* Pistoll and corporal *Nym.*" Corporal Nym is no companion of Falstaff in the Historical Plays, for he first makes his appearance in the Henry V. Neither Pistol, nor Bardolph, nor Nym, appear in the Merry Wives to be soldiers serving under Falstaff. They are his "cogging companions" of the first sketch; they are his "coney-catching rascals" of the amended play;—in both they are his "followers" whom he can turn away, discard, cashier; but Falstaff is not their "captain."

It certainly does appear to us that these anomalous positions in which the characters common to the Merry Wives of Windsor and the Henry IV. and Henry V. are placed, furnish a very strong presumption that the Comedy was *not a continuation* of the Histories. That the Merry Wives of Windsor was a continuation of Henry V. appears to us impossible. Malone does not think it very clear that the Merry Wives of Windsor "was written after King Henry V. Nym and Bardolph are both *hanged* in King Henry V., yet appear in the Merry Wives of Windsor. Falstaff is disgraced in the second part of King Henry IV., and *dies* in King Henry V.; but in the Merry Wives of Windsor he talks as if he were yet in favour at court." Assuredly these are very natural objections to the theory that the Comedy was written after Henry V.; but Malone disposes of the difficulty by the summary process of *revival.* Did ever any the most bungling writer of imagination proceed upon such a principle as is here imputed to the most skilful of dramatists?—Would any audience ever endure such a violence to their habitual modes of thought? Would the readers of the Spectator have tolerated the revival of Sir Roger de Coverley in the Guardian? Could the mother of the Mary of Avenel of the Monastery be found alive in the Abbot, except through the agency of the White Lady? The conception is much too monstrous.

Every person who has written on the *character* of Falstaff admits the inferiority of the *butt* of the Merry Wives of Windsor to the *wit* of the Boar's Head. It is remarkable that in Morgann's very elaborate Essay on the Character of Falstaff not one of his characteristics is derived from the Comedy. It has been regretted, by more than one critic, that Shakspere should have carried on the disgrace of Falstaff in the conclusion of Henry IV., to the further humiliation of the scenes at Datchet Mead and Herne's Oak; and, what is worse, that Shakspere should in the Comedy have exaggerated the vices of Falstaff, and brought him down from his intellectual eminence. Shakspere found somewhat similar incidents to the adventures of Falstaff with Mrs. Ford in a Story of

the two Lovers of Pisa,' published in Tarleton's 'Newes out of Purgatorie,' 1590. In that story an intrigue is carried on, with no innocent intentions on the part of the lady, with a young man who makes the old husband his confidant, as Falstaff makes Brook, and whose escapes in chests and up chimneys may have suggested the higher comedy of the buck-basket and the wise woman of Brentford. The story is given at length in Malone's edition of our poet. But Shakspere desired to shew a butt and a dupe—not a successful gallant; a husband jealous without cause—not an unhappy old man plotting against his betrayers. He gave the whole affair a ludicrous turn. He made the lover old and fat and avaricious;—betrayed by his own greediness and vanity into the most humiliating scrapes, so that his complete degradation was the natural denouement of the whole adventure, and the progress of his shame the proper source of merriment. Could the adroit and witty Falstaff of Henry IV. have been selected by Shakspere for such an exhibition? In truth the Falstaff of the Merry Wives, *especially as we have him in the first sketch*, is not at all adroit, and not very witty. Read the very first scene in which Falstaff appears in this comedy. To Shallow's reproaches he opposes no weapon but impudence, and that not of the sublime kind which so astounds us in the Henry IV. Read further the scene in which he discloses his views upon the Merry Wives to Pistol and Nym. Here Pistol is the wit:—

> "*Fal.* My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.
> *Pist.* Two yards and more.
> *Fal.* No quips now, Pistol."

Again, in the same scene:—

> "*Fal.* Sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.
> *Pist.* Then did the sun on dunghill shine."

There can be no doubt, however, that when the comedy was re-modelled, which certainly was done after the production of Henry IV., the character of Falstaff was much heightened. But still the poet kept him far behind the Falstaff of Henry IV. Falstaff's descriptions, first to Bardolph and then to Brook, of his buck-basket adventure, are amongst the best things in the comedy, and they are very slightly altered from the original sketch. But compare them with any of the racy passages of the Falstaff of the Boar's Head, and after the comparison we feel ourselves in the presence of a being of far lower powers of intellect than the Falstaff "unimitated, unimitable." Is this acknowledged inferiority of the Falstaff of the Merry Wives most easily reconciled with the theory that he was produced before or after the Falstaff of the Henry IV.? That Elizabeth might have suggested the Merry Wives, originally, upon some traditionary tale of Windsor—that it might have been acted in the gallery which she built at Windsor, and which still bears her name—we can understand; but we cannot reconcile the belief that Shakspere produced the Falstaff of the Merry Wives after the Falstaff of Henry IV. with our unbounded confidence in the habitual power of such a poet. To him Falstaff was a thing of reality. He had drawn a man altogether different from other men, but altogether in nature. Could *he* much lower the character of that man? Another and a feebler dramatist might have given us the Falstaff of the Merry Wives as an imitation of the Falstaff of Henry IV.; but Shakspere *must* have abided by the *one* Falstaff that he had made after such a wondrous fashion of truth and originality.

And then Justice Shallow—never-to-be-forgotten Justice Shallow!—The Shallow who will bring Falstaff "before the Council" is not the Shallow who with him "heard the chimes at midnight." The Shallow of the Sketch of the Merry Wives has not even Shallow's trick of repetition. In the amended Play this characteristic may be recognised; but in the sketch there is not a trace of it. For example, in the first Scene of the finished play we find Shallow talking somewhat like the great Shallow, especially about the fallow greyhound; in the sketch this passage is altogether wanting. In the Sketch he says to Page, "Though he be a knight he shall not think to carry it so away. Master Page, I will not be wrong'd." In the finished play we have, "He hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: believe me, Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wrong'd." And Bardolph too! Could it be predicated that the Bardolph of a comedy which was produced after the Henry IV. would want those "meteors and exhalations" which characterise the Bardolph who was a standing joke to Falstaff and the Prince? Would his zeal cease to "burn in his nose?" Absolutely, in the first Sketch, there is not the slightest allusion to that face which ever "blushed extempore." One mention, indeed, there is in the complete play of the "red face," and one supposed allusion of "Scarlet and John." The commentators have wished to shew that Bardolph

in both copies is called "a tinder-box" on account of his nose; but this is not very clear. And then Pistol is not the magnificent bully of the second Part of Henry IV., and of Henry V. He has "affectations," as Sir Hugh mentions, and speaks "in Latin," as Slender has it;—but he is here literally "a tame cheater," but not without considerable cleverness. "Why then the world's mine oyster" is essentially higher than the obscure bombast of the real Pistol. Of Mistress Quickly we have already spoken as to the circumstances in which she is placed; and these circumstances are so essentially different that we can scarcely recognise any marked similarity of character in the original Sketch.

Having, then, seen the great and insuperable difficulties which belong to the theory that the Merry Wives of Windsor was written *after* the Histories, let us consider what difficulties, both of situation and character, present themselves under the other theory, that the Comedy was produced *before* the Histories.

First, is it irreconcilable with the tradition referring to Queen Elizabeth? It is not so, if we adopt the tradition as related by Dennis—this Comedy was written by Queen Elizabeth's command, and finished in fourteen days. This statement of the matter is plain and simple; because it is disembarrassed of those explanations and inferences which never belong to any popular tradition, but are superadded by ingenious persons who have a theory to establish. We can perfectly understand how the Merry Wives of Windsor, as we have it in the first Sketch, might have been produced by Shakspere in a fortnight;—and how such a slight and lively piece, containing many local allusions, and perhaps some delineations of real characters, might have furnished the greatest solace to Elizabeth some seven or eight years before the end of the sixteenth century, after mornings busily employed in talking politics with Leicester, or in translating Boetius in her own private chamber. The manners throughout, and without any disguise, are those of Elizabeth's own time. Leave out the line in the amended play of "the mad Prince and Poins,"—and the line in the Sketch about "the wild Prince killing his father's deer"—and the whole play (taken apart from the Histories) might with much greater propriety be acted with the costume of the age of Elizabeth. It is for this reason, most probably, that we find so little of pure poetry either in the Sketch or the finished performance. As Shakspere placed his characters in his own country, with the manners of his own days, he made them speak like ordinary human beings, shewing

> "—— deeds, and language, such as men do use,
> And persons such as Comedy would choose,
> When she would shew an image of the times,
> And sport with human follies, not with crimes."*

We may believe, therefore, the tradition (without adopting the circumstances which make it difficult of belief) and accept the theory that the Merry Wives of Windsor was written before the Henry IV.

Secondly, is the theory that the Comedy was produced *before* the Histories, irreconcilable with the *contradictory circumstances* which render the other theory so difficult of admission. Assuming that the Comedy was written before the Histories, it can be read without any violence to our indelible recollections of the situations of the characters in the Henry IV. and Henry V. It must be read with a conviction that if there be any connexion of the action at all, it is a very slight one—and that this action precedes the Henry IV. by some indefinite period. Then, the Falstaff who in the quiet shades of Windsor did begin to perceive he was "made an ass" had not acquired the experience of the city, for before he knew Hal he "knew nothing;"—then the fair maid Quickly, who afterwards contrived to have a husband and be a poor widow without changing her name, knew no higher sphere than the charge of Dr. Caius's laundry and kitchen;—then Pistol was not an ancient, certainly had not married the quondam Quickly, had not made the dangerous experiment of jesting with Fluellen, and occasionally talked like a reasonable being;—then Shallow had some unexplained business which took him from Glostershire to Windsor, travelled without his man Davy, had not lent a thousand pounds to Sir John Falstaff, and was not quite so silly and so delightful as when he had drunk "too much sack at supper" toasting "all the cavaleroes about London;"—then, lastly, Bardolph was not "Master Corporate Bardolph," and certainly Nym and he had not been hanged.

Thirdly, does the theory of the production of the Merry Wives of Windsor *before* Henry IV.

* Ben Jonson. Prologue to 'Every Man in his Humour.'

and Henry V., furnish a proper solution of the remarkable inferiority in the Comedy of several of the characters which are common to both? If we accept the opinion that the Falstaff, the Shallow, the Quickly, the Pistol, Bardolph, and Nym, of the Merry Wives, were all originally conceived by the poet before the characters with similar names in the Henry IV and Henry V.; and that after they had been in some degree adopted in the Historical Plays, Shakspere remodelled the Merry Wives, and heightened the resemblances of character which the resemblances of name implied,—the inferiority in several of these characters, especially in the Sketch, will be accounted for, without assuming, with Johnson, that "the poet approached as near as he could to the work enjoined him; yet having perhaps in the former play completed his own idea, seems not to have been able to give Falstaff all his former powers of entertainment." Johnson's opinion proceeds upon the very just assumption that *continuations* are, for the most part, inferior to original conceptions. But the Merry Wives could not have been proposed as a continuation of the Henry IV. and the Henry V., even if it had been written after those plays. If it were written after the Histories the author certainly mystified all the new circumstances as compared with those which had preceded them, for the purpose of destroying the idea of continuation. This appears to us too violent an assumption. But no other can be maintained. To attribute such interminable contradictions to negligence, is to assume that Shakspere was not only the greatest of poets, but of blunderers.

And now we must hazard a conjecture. The reader will remember that in the Introductory Notice to Henry IV. we gave a brief account of the evidence by which it has been attempted to shew that the Falstaff of the *first* Part of Henry IV. was originally called *Oldcastle.* If that were the case, and the balance of evidence is in favour of that opinion, the whole matter seems to us clearer. Let it be remembered that Falstaff and Bardolph are the only characters that are common to the *first* Part of Henry IV. and the Merry Wives of Windsor; for in the original copy of Henry IV. Part I. the person who stands amongst the modern list of characters as Quickly is invariably called *the Hostess.* If the Falstaff, then, of Henry IV. were originally Oldcastle, we have only Bardolph left in common to the two dramas. Was Bardolph originally called so in Henry IV. Part I.? When Poins proposes to the Prince to go to Gadshill he says, in the original copy, "I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone,—Falstaff, Harvey, Rossil and Gadshill shall rob these men," &c. We now read "Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill," &c. It has been conjectured that Harvey and Rossil were the names of actors; but as *Oldcastle* remains where we now read Falstaff in one place of the original copy, might not in the same way Bardolph have been originally *Harvey or Rossil?* This point, however, is not material. If Shakspere were compelled, by a strong expression of public opinion, to remove the name of *Oldcastle* from the first Part of Henry IV., the name of *Falstaff* was ready to his hand as a substitute. He had drawn a *knight, fat and unscrupulous,* as he had represented *Oldcastle,* but far his inferior in wit, humour, inexhaustible merriment, presence of mind, and intellectual activity. The transition was not inconsistent from the Falstaff of the Merry Wives to the Falstaff of Henry IV. The character, when Shakspere remodelled the first sketch of the comedy, required some elevation;—but it still might stand at a long distance, without offence to an audience who knew that the inferior creation was first produced. With Falstaff Shakspere might have transferred Bardolph to the first Part of Henry IV., but materially altered. The base Hungarian wight who would "the spigot wield," had, as a tapster, made his nose a "fiery kitchen" to roast malt-worms; and he was fit to save him "a thousand marks in links and torches." When, further, Falstaff had completely superseded Oldcastle in the first Part of Henry IV., Shakspere might have adopted Pistol and Shallow and Quickly in the second Part,—but greatly changed;—and lastly, have introduced Nym to the Henry V. unchanged. All this being accomplished, he would naturally have remodelled the first sketch of the Merry Wives,—making the relations between the characters of the comedy and of the histories closer, but still of purpose keeping the situations sufficiently distinct. He thus for ever connected the Merry Wives with the Historical Plays. The Falstaff of the comedy must now belong to the age of Henry IV.; but to be understood he must, we venture to think, be regarded as the embryo Falstaff.

We request that it may be borne in mind that the entire argument which we have thus advanced is founded upon a conviction that the original Sketch, as published in the quarto of 1602, is an authentic production of our poet. Had no such Sketch existed, we must have reconciled the difficulties of believing the Merry Wives of Windsor to have been produced *after* Henry IV. and Henry V., as we

best might have done. Then we must have acknowledged that the characters of Falstaff and Shallow and Quickly were the same in the Comedy and the Henry IV., though represented *under different circumstances.* Then we must have believed that the contradictory situations were to be explained by the determination of Shakspere boldly to disregard the circumstances which resulted from his compliance with the commands of Elizabeth—"to shew Falstaff in love." But that sketch being preserved to us, it is much easier, we think, to believe that it was produced before the Histories; and that the characters were subsequently heightened, and more strikingly delineated, to assimilate them to the characters of the Histories. After all, we have endeavoured, whilst we have expressed our own belief, fairly to present both sides of the question. The point, we think, is of interest to the lovers of Shakspere; for inferring that the comedy is a continuation of the history, the inferiority of the Falstaff of the Merry Wives to the Falstaff of Henry IV., implies a considerable abatement of the poet's skill. On the other hand, the conviction that the sketch of the comedy preceded the history—that it was an early play—and that it was subsequently remodelled—is consistent with the belief in the progression of that extraordinary intellect which acquired greater vigour the more its powers were exercised.

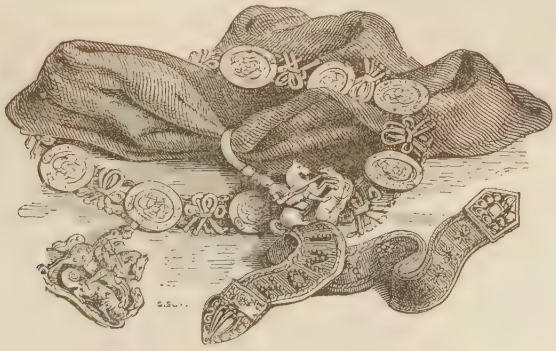
Costume.

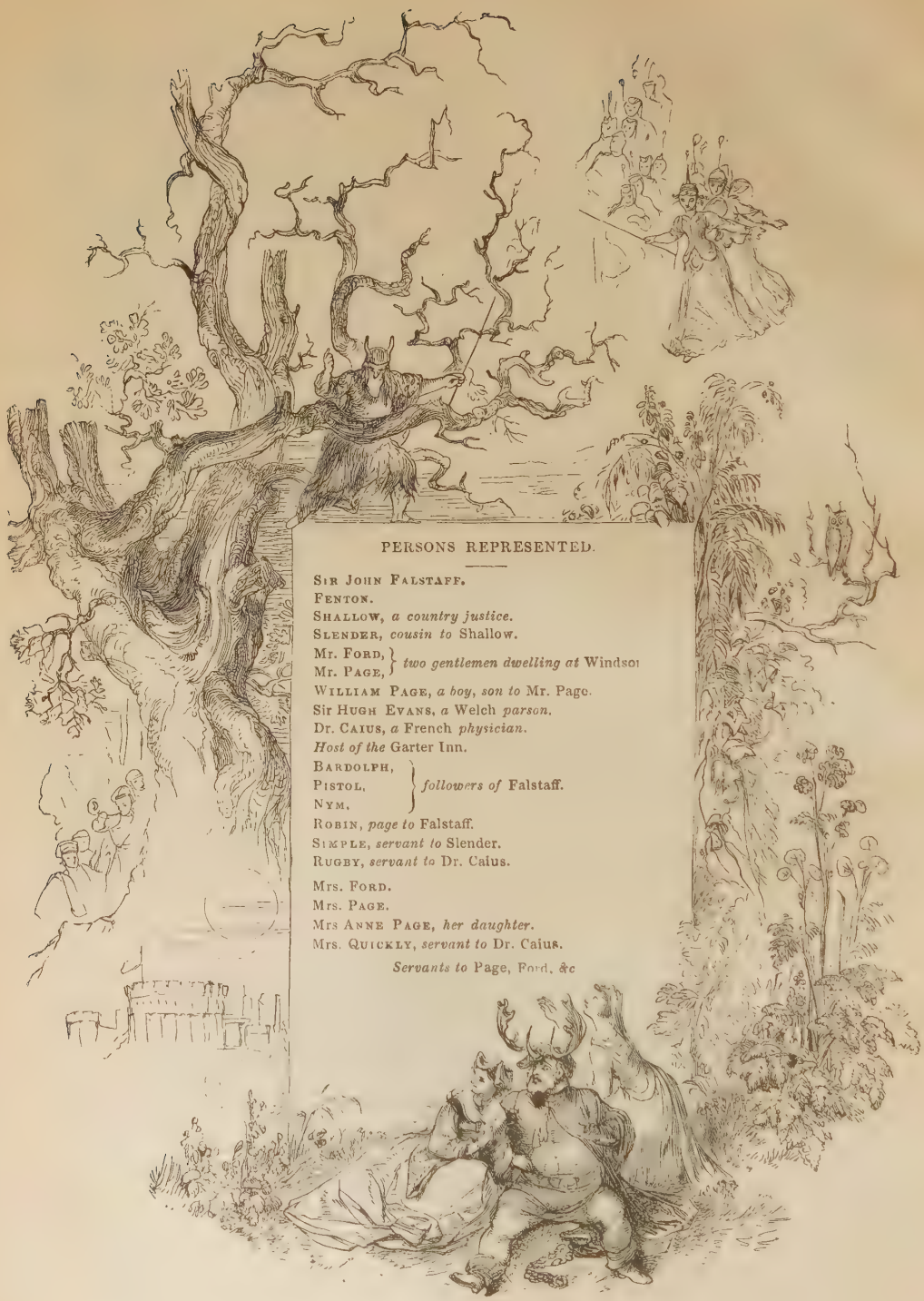
The costume of this Comedy is, of course, the same with that of the two parts of Henry IV., and, therefore, for its general description we must refer our readers to the notice affixed to Part I. of that play. Chaucer, however, who wrote his Canterbury Tales towards the close of the previous reign, gives us a few hints for the habit of some of the principal characters in the Merry Wives. Dr. Caius, for instance, should be clothed, like the Doctor of Physic, "in sanguine and in perse," (i. e. in purple and light blue) the gown being "lined with tafata and sendal." In "the Testament of Cresseyde" Chaucer speaks of a Physician in "a scarlet gown," and "furred well, as such a one ought to be;" but scarlet and purple were terms used indifferently one for the other, and the phrase "scarlet *red*" was generally used to designate that colour which we now call scarlet.

The Franklin or Country gentleman—the Master Page, or Master Ford of this play—is merely said to have worn an anelace or knife, and a white silk gipciere or purse hanging at his girdle.

The young 'Squire may furnish us with the dress of Master Fenton. He is described as wearing a short gown, with sleeves long and wide, and embroidered "as it were a mead, all full of fresh flowers white and red." Falstaff, when dressed as Herne the Hunter, should be attired like his Yeoman, in a coat and hood of green, with a horn slung in a green baldrick.

The Wife of Bath is said to have worn, on a Sunday, or holyday, kerchiefs on her head of the finest manufacture, but in such a quantity as to weigh nearly a pound—When abroad, she wore "a hat as broad as is a buckler or a targe." Her stockings were of fine scarlet red, and her shoes "full moist and new." The high-crowned hats and point lace aprons, in which the Merry Wives of Windsor have been usually depicted, are of the seventeenth, instead of the fifteenth century.





PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
FENTON.
SHALLOW, *a country justice.*
SLENDER, *cousin to* Shallow.
Mr. FORD, } *two gentlemen dwelling at* Windsor
Mr. PAGE, }
WILLIAM PAGE, *a boy, son to* Mr. Page.
Sir HUGH EVANS, *a* Welch *parson.*
Dr. CAIUS, *a* French *physician.*
Host of the Garter Inn.
BARDOLPH, }
PISTOL, } *followers of* Falstaff.
NYM, }
ROBIN, *page to* Falstaff.
SIMPLE, *servant to* Slender.
RUGBY, *servant to* Dr. Caius.

Mrs. FORD.
Mrs. PAGE.
Mrs ANNE PAGE, *her daughter.*
Mrs. QUICKLY, *servant to* Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c

["I pray you, sir, walk in."]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Windsor. *Garden Front of* Page's *House.*

Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh,[1] persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber[a] matter of it: if he were twenty sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram.*

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *Cust-alorum.*[b]

Slen. Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero;* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero.*[a]

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done[b] any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have don't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.[2]

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

a So in Ben Jonson, (Magnetic Lady, Act III. Sc. IV.):
"There is a Court above, of the Star-chamber,
To punish routs and riots."

b *Cust-alorum* is meant for an abridgment of *Custos Rotulorum.* Slender, not understanding the abbreviation, adds, "and *ratolorum* too."

a The Justice signed his attestations, "jurat' coram me, Roberto Shallow, *armigero.*"

b *Have done*—*we* have done—"his successors, gone before him," as Slender explains it.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva Yes, py'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one: If sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments[a] in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Eva. It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed, (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham and mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page: Is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat 'he door [*knocks*] for master Page. What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

Enter Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow: and here young master Slender; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; Much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed:—How doth good mistress Page?—and I thank[a] you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was out-run on Cotsall.[3]

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; Can there be more said? he is good, and fair. Is sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confess'd it is not redress'd; is not that so, master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed he hath;—at a word he hath;—believe me; Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes sir John.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, *and* Pistol.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter.

Shal Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight;—I have done all this:—That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel;[b] you'll be laughed at.

[a] *Vizaments*—advisements.

[a] *I thank you.* So the folio. The early quartos, "I *love* you."

[b] *Counsel.* Steevens adopts the spelling of the first quarto—*Council* and *counsell.* The folio, in both cases, has *councell.* In the distinction which Steevens has suggested, Falstaff makes a small jest—quibbling between the *Council* of the Star-chamber and *counsel* in the sense of a man's private advisers. Probably Steevens is right.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, sir John, goot worts.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage.[a]—Slender, I broke your head; What matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching[b] rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. [They carried me to the tavern and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.[c]]

Bard. You Banbury cheese![d]

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?[e]

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca;* slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you! Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol,—

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *He hears with ear?* Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences,[4] and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:[f]
Word of denial in thy labras[g] here;
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest!

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, sir, and pass good humours; I will say, *marry trap*, with you, if you run the nuthook's humour[a] on me: that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap,[b] sir, was, as they say, cashier'd: and so conclusions passed the careers.[c]

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Mistress Anne Page *with wine; Mistress* Ford *and Mistress* Page *following.*

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit* Anne Page.

Slen. O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [*kissing her.*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt all but* Shal. Slender, *and* Evans.

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of Songs and Sonnets[5] here:—

Enter Simple.

How now, Simple! Where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

[a] *Worts* was the generic name of cabbages;—we have still *cole-wort*.
[b] *Coney-catcher* was synonymous with *sharper*
[c] The passage between brackets is not in the folio.
[d] In "Jack Drum's Entertainment" (1601) we have, "you are like a Banbury cheese—*nothing but paring*."
[e] *Mephostophilus* is an evil spirit in the old story of "Sir John Faustus;"—but a very inferior demon to the extraordinary creation of Goethe.
[f] *Bilbo* is a sword;—a *latten* bilbo—a sword made of a thin latten plate—expresses Pistol's opinion of Slender's weakness.
[g] *Labras*, lips;—"word of denial in thy labras," is equivalent to "the lie in thy teeth."

[a] *The nuthook* was used by the thief to hook portable commodities out of a window,—and thus Nym, in his queer fashion means, "if you say I'm a thief."
[b] *Fap*, a cant word for *drunk*.
[c] *Careers*. In the *manège* to run a career was to gallop a horse violently backwards and forwards.

Sim. Book of Riddles? why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?[a]

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz: marry, this, coz; There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by sir Hugh here:—Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth:—Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir,—I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do is to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt;[b] but if you say, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

[a] Theobald proposed *Martlemas*.

[b] *Contempt.* The folio reads *content*—the word which Slender meant to use. But the poor soul was thinking of his copy-book adage,—"too much familiarity breeds contempt."

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save, the faul' is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

Re-enter Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne:—Would I were young for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace.

[*Exeunt* Shallow *and Sir* H. Evans.

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow: [*Exit* Simple.] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you; I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence,[6] three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town.

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it, as any man in England:—You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen Sackerson[7] loose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it,

ANN PAGE AND SLENDER.

Slender. "I had rather walk here, I thank you"
Merry Wives of Windsor. Act i., sc. 1.

that it pass'd:[a]—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill favoured rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome; you do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of[b] Doctor Caius' house,—which is the way: and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry,[c] his washer, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet:—give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, begone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the* Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, *and* ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter.—

Host. What says my bully-rook?[d] Speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou 'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow: Let me see thee froth and lime:[a] I am at a word; follow. [*Exit* HOST.

Fal. Bardolph, follow him: a tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered servingman a fresh tapster: Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired; I will thrive. [*Exit* BARD.

Pist. O base Hungarian[b] wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? [His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.[c]]

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer,—he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest.[d]

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: Steal! foh; a fico for the phrase.

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

a *It pass'd*—it *surpass'd*; or, it *pass'd expression*—a common mode of referring to something extraordinary. Thus in Act IV. Scene II, "this passes."

b *Of Dr. Caius' house*—ask *for* Dr. Caius' house—ask which is the way.

c *Laundry.* Sir Hugh means to say *launder*, or *laundress.*

d Douce says that *bully-rook* is not derived from the *rook* of chess;—but that it means a hectoring, cheating sharper. We scarcely think that the Host would have applied such offensive terms to Falstaff, who sat "at ten pounds a week." Rowe has *bully-rock*, which Mr. White adopts, showing, by quotations from Sedley and others, that a *bully-rock* was a brave dashing fellow.

a *Froth, and live*, in the folio. The reading of the quarto is "*froth and lime*," which is interpreted to *froth* the beer and *lime* the sack. Steevens says the beer was frothed by putting soap in the tankard, and the sack made sparkling by lime in the glass. He does not give us his authority for these retail mysteries of the drawer's craft. Mr. Staunton prints, "let me see thee froth and lime;" assuming *Froth and Lime* to be an old cant term for a tapster.

b *Hungarian.* So the folio. The quarto, which has supplied the ordinary reading, gives us *Gongarian.* The editors have retained 'Gongarian' because they find a similar epithet in one of the old bombast plays. *Hungarian* means a gipsy—and is equivalent to the *Bohemian* of Quentin Durward. In this play the Host calls Simple a 'Bohemian Tartar.' Bishop Hall in his Satires has a punning couplet,—

"So sharp and meagre that who should them see
Would swear they lately came from Hungary,"—

and therefore Malone says that "a Hungarian signified a hungry, starved fellow."

c The passage in brackets was inserted by Theobald, from the quarto.

d See Recent New Readings, p. 158.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol: Indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves,[a] she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, I am sir John Falstaff's.

Pist. He hath studied her will, and translated her will,[b] out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: Will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath a legion of angels.[c]

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, 'To her boy,' say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too; examin'd my parts with most judicious eyliads; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour letter; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, [*to* Rob.] bear you these letters tightly;[a]
Sail like my pinnace[b] to these golden shores.—
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, go;
Trudge, plod away i' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,[c]
French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page. [*Exeunt* Falstaff *and* Robin.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,
And high and low beguile the rich and poor;[d]
Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations,[e] which be humours of revenge.

Pist Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her stars!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to Ford.[f]

Pist. And I to Page shall eke unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Ford to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mien[g] is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A room in Dr.* Caius's *House.*

Enter Mrs. Quickly, Simple, *and* Rugby.

Quick. What: John Rugby!—I pray thee,

[a] "She discourses, she *carves*," so the folio; "she *craves*," in the quarto. Falstaff does not use the word in the sense of helping guests at table. In 'Love's Labour's Lost,' Act v. Scene ii., Biron says of Boyet, "He can carve too, and lisp," evidently in reference to his courtier-like accomplishments. Mr. Hunter and Mr. Dyce have given several instances of *carve* being used in the sense of "some form of action which indicated the desire that the person whom it addressed should be attentive and propitious;" and we agree with the definition of Mr. Hunter.

[b] The ordinary reading is "he hath studied her *well*, and translated her *well*." The folio gives *will*, in the two instances. Mr. Dyce says *will* is an evident misprint, and that the quarto has *well*." Mr. White prints "studied her *well*, and translated her *will*." The Cambridge editors suggest "studied her *well*, and translated her *ill*."

[c] So the folio. The quarto reads "she hath legions of angels." But Mrs. Ford has only the *rule* of the purse—not the possession of it.

[a] *Tightly*—briskly, cleverly.

[b] *Pinnace*—a small vessel attached to, or in company with, a larger.

[c] The folio has *honour*; the quarto, *humour*.

[d] *Gourd, fullam, high* and *low*, were cant terms for *false dice*. Pistol will have his tester in pouch, by cheating at play.

[e] The quarto reads, "I have operations *in my head*."

[f] The editors have altered "Ford" to "Page," and "Page" to "Ford," because "the very reverse of this happens." Steevens says, "Shakspere is frequently guilty of these little forgetfulnesses." And yet the quarto gives us the reading which the editors adopt. But had Shakspere, who was not quite so forgetful as they represent, no reason for making the change? Nym suggests the scheme of betraying Falstaff, and it was natural that Ford being first mentioned by Sir John, and Ford's wife being most the subject of conversation, Nym should first propose to "discuss the humour of this love" to Ford. How the worthies arranged their plans afterwards has little to do with the matter: and it is to be observed that they are together when the disclosure takes place to both husbands.

[g] *Mien.* This is *mine* in the folio; but *mien* was thus spelt. By "the revolt of mien" Nym may intend the change of complexion—the yellowness of jealousy. Or he may intend by "the revolt of *mine*," *my* revolt. The matter is not worth discussing.

go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch. [*Exit* Rugby.

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate:[a] his worst fault is that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way; but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a cane-coloured beard.[b]

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him: Does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent:[c] Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts* Simple *in the closet.*] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for thy master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home:—*and down, down, adown-a,* &c. [*Sings.*

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd;* a box, a green-a box; Do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la Cour,—la grande affaire.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Ouy; mette le au mon pocket; *Depêche* quickly:—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'T is ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long;—Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad!

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet?—Villainy! *larron!* [*Pulling* Simple *out.*] Rugby, my rapier.

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so flegmatick, hear the truth of it: He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue:—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mrs. Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper: Tarry you a little-a while. [*Writes.*

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy.—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I

[a] *Bate* is *strife.* It is "debate."

[b] The ordinary reading is "a *Cain*-coloured beard." Cain and Judas, according to Theobald, were represented in the old tapestries with yellow beards. But surely the representation was not so general as to become the popular designation of a colour; whereas the colour of *cane* is intelligible to all. The quarto confirms this:—

"*Quick.* He has as it were a *whay*-coloured beard.
Sim. Indeed my master's beard is *kane*-coloured."

The spelling of the folio is, however, "*Caine*-coloured."

[c] *Shent,* roughly handled.

can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself:—

Sim. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avis'd o'that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it;) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to sir Hugh; by gar, it is a challenge: I will cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I vil cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [*Exit* Simple.

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—by gar, I will kill de Jack Priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon:—by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: What, the good-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to de court vid me:—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door:—Follow my heels, Rugby. [*Exeunt* Caius *and* Rugby.

Quick. You shall have An fools-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do: nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who's within there? ho!

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman; how dost thou?

Quick. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you:—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread;—We had an hour's talk of that wart:—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing: But for you—Well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day; Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me.

Quick. Will I? i'faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*

Quick. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does:—Out upon't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

RECENT NEW READINGS.

Sc. III. p. 155.—"Steal at a *minute's* rest."
"Steal at a *minim's* rest."—*Singer.*

The same correction had been proposed by Mr. Langton. But to rest, to set up a rest, was a phrase of card-playing, equivalent to standing upon the game. The player was allowed time to make up his mind. Bardolph's thefts were too open; he did not deliberate. Nym would pause. We believe the original reading, which we give, is right. If Nym only paused while he could count two—the time of a minim, he would be as rash as Bardolph. Mr. Collier's 'Corrector' anticipated (? adopted) Langton and Singer.

Sc. III. p. 156.—"She is a region in Guiana, all gold and *bounty.*"
"She is a region in Guiana, all gold and *beauty.*"—*Collier.*

In favour of the correction, Mr. Collier says, "Guiana was famous for its beauty as well as for its gold, and thus the parallel between it and Mrs. Page is more exact." But Falstaff nowhere speaks of Mrs. Page as a beauty. He writes to her, "you are not young." She herself says, "Have I 'scaped love-letters in the holiday time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them?" Falstaff thinks only of her money, and her bounty in parting with it. "She bears the purse too."

[Master of Fence.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Sir Hugh, persuade me not.*"

WE find several instances in Shakspere of a priest being called *Sir:* as, *Sir Hugh* in this comedy; *Sir Oliver* in As You Like It; *Sir Topas* in Twelfth Night; and *Sir Nathaniel* in Love's Labour's Lost.—In a curious treatise quoted by Todd, entitled 'A Decacordon of Ten Quodlibeticall Questions concerning Religion and State, &c., newly imprinted, 1602,' we have the following magniloquent explanation of the matter:—

"By the laws armorial, civil, and of arms, a *Priest* in his place in civil conversation is always before any Esquire, as being *a Knight's fellow* by his holy orders: and the third of the three *Sirs*, which only were in request of old (no baron, viscount, earl, nor marquis being then in use) to wit, *Sir* King, *Sir* Knight, and *Sir* Priest; this word *Dominus*, in Latin, being a noun substantive common to them all, as *Dominus* meus Rex, *Dominus* meus Joab, *Dominus Sacerdos:* and afterwards, when honours began to take their subordination one under another, and titles of princely dignity to be hereditary to succeeding posterity (which happened upon the fall of the Roman empire) then *Dominus* was in Latin applied to all noble and generous hearts, even from the king to the meanest *Priest*, or temporal person of gentle blood, coat-armour perfect, and ancestry. But *Sir* in English was restrained to these four; *Sir* Knight, *Sir* Priest, *Sir* Graduate, and in common speech *Sir* Esquire: so as always since distinction of titles were, *Sir Priest* was ever the second."

Fuller, in his Church History, gives us a more homely version of the title. After saying that anciently there were in England more Sirs than Knights, he adds, "Such priests as have the addition of Sir before their Christian name were men not graduated in the university, being in orders, but not in degrees, whilst others entituled masters had commenced in the arts." In a note in Smith's Antiquities of Westminster, Mr. John Sidney Hawkins gives us the following explanation of the passage in Fuller:—

"It was, probably, only a translation of the Latin dominus, which in strictness means, when applied to persons under the degree of knighthood, nothing more than master, or, as it is now written, Mr. In the university persons would rank according to their academical degrees only, and there was, consequently, no danger of confusion between baronets and knights and those of the clergy, but to preserve the distinction which Fuller points out, it seems to have been thought necessary to translate dominus, in this case, by the appellative Sir; for had magister been used instead of dominus, or had dominus been rendered master, non-graduates, to whom it had been applied, would have been mistaken for magistri artium, masters of arts."

[2] SCENE I.—"*The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.*"

This speech is an heraldric puzzle. It is pretty clear that "the dozen white luces" apply to the arms of the Lucy family. In Ferne's Blazon of

Gentry, 1586, we have, "signs of the coat should something agree with the name. It is the coat of Geffray Lord Lucy. He did bear gules, three *lucies* hariant [hauriant] argent." The luce is *a pike*,—"the fresh fish;" not the "familiar beast to man." So far is clear; but why "the salt fish is an old coat" is not so intelligible.

Since our first edition we have received an ingenious explanation from a correspondent, "A Lover of Heraldry."

"The arms of the Lucies (now quartered by the Duke of Northumberland), are gules, three lucies hauriant, argent. The fish is called hauriant in heraldry when it is drawn erect, or in the act of springing up to draw in the air. Now Shallow is not a very exact herald, and does not apply the special term *hauriant* to the luce, but the term *saltant* or *saliant*, which expresses the same thing, but is only used of beasts, like lions, &c. The first part of the sentence is merely in answer to what Sir Hugh has just said, explaining what the luce is. 'The luce is the fresh fish,' *i.e.* the large fresh-water fish, the pike. Then he goes on in conclusion, but without any opposition of the latter part of his sentence to the first,—'The *salt* fish (*i.e.* the fish or luce *saltant*) is an old coat.' Without taking it as a strict and formed adjective, in Shallow's mouth the *salt luceis* may mean the *saltant lucies*."

[3] SCENE I.—"*I heard say he was out-run on Cotsall.*"

The Cotswold Hills in Gloucestershire, like many other places, were anciently famous for rural sports. In the Second Part of Henry IV., Shallow mentions "Will Squele, a Cotswold man," as one of his four swinge bucklers. But Cotswold subsequently became famous for "the yearly celebration of Mr. Robert Dover's Olympick Games."

[4] SCENE I.—"*Seven groats in mill sixpences.*"

How Slender could be robbed of two shillings and fourpence in sixpences would require his own ingenuity to explain. The mill sixpences coined in 1561 and 1562 were the first milled money used in this kingdom. We subjoin a representation from a beautiful specimen in the British Museum.

[5] SCENE I.—"*I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of songs and sonnets here.*"

The exquisite bit of nature of poor Slender wanting his book of Songs and Sonnets, and his book of Riddles, to help him out in his talk with Anne Page, is not found in the original Sketch.

[6] SCENE I.—"*Master of fence.*"

Steevens informs us that "master of defence, on this occasion, does not simply mean a professor of the art of fencing, but a person who had taken his master's degree in it;" and he adds, that in this art there were three degrees, a master, a provost, and a scholar. We doubt whether Slender, "on this occasion," meant very precisely to indicate the quality of the professor with whom he played at sword and dagger.

[7] SCENE I.—"*Sackerson loose.*"

The inquiry of Slender "be there bears i' the town?" furnishes a proof of the universality of the practice of bear-baiting. In the time of Henry VIII. the bear gardens on Bank-side were open on Sundays; and the price of admission was a halfpenny. That it was a barbarous custom we can have no doubt. Master Laneham, in his letters from Kenilworth, tells us that when the bear was loose from the dogs, it was a matter of goodly relief to him to shake his ears twice or thrice. Sackerson was a celebrated bear exhibited in Paris Garden in Southwark. In a collection of epigrams by Sir John Davies we have the lines:—

"Publius, a student of the common law,
To Paris-garden doth himself withdraw;—
Leaving old Ployden, Dyer, and Broke alone,
To see old Harry Hunkes and Sacarson."

The following representation of "Sackerson loose" has been composed by Mr. Buss upon the authority of a description in Strutt's 'Sports and Pastimes.' If Slender had "taken him by the chain," Sackerson

and Slender must have been equals in simplicity. Slender's triumph of manhood over the women, who "so cried and shrieked at it," is exquisite. The passage is wonderfully improved from the corresponding one in the original sketch :—

"*Slen.* What, have you bears in your town, mistress Anne, your dogs bark so.

Anne. I cannot tell master Slender, I think there be.

Slen. Ha, how say you? I warrant you're afraid of a bear let loose, are you not?

Anne. Yes, trust me.

Slen. Now that's meat and drink to me. I'll run at a bear, and take her by the muzzle, you never saw the like. But indeed I cannot blame you, for they are marvellous rough things.

Anne. Will you go in to dinner, master Slender? The meat stays for you.

Slen. No faith, not I, I thank you. I cannot abide the smell of hot meat, ne'er since I broke my shin. I'll tell you how it came, by my troth. A fencer and I played three venies for a dish of stewed prunes, and I with my ward defending my head, he hit my shin; yes, faith."

[Sackerton loose.]

LOCAL ILLUSTRATION.

In the original editions of this comedy we have no descriptions of the scenes, such as, 'Street in Windsor,' 'Windsor Park,' 'Field near Frogmore.' These necessary explanations were added by Rowe; but we may collect from the text that Shakspere had a perfect knowledge of the localities of Windsor. Having the advantage of the same local experience, we shall attempt to follow the poet in these passages; and, without going into any minute descriptions, endeavour to shew what was the Windsor of our ancestors, and such as it presented itself to Shakspere's observation.

Although we have reason to believe that the action of this play might originally have belonged to the time of Elizabeth, yet the connexion of some of the characters as they now stand with characters of the historical plays of Henry IV., must place the period of the action about two centuries before Shakspere's own age. We have felt it necessary, therefore, in the arrangement of the illustrations, to give some notion of the Windsor of the time of Henry IV.; and the very tasteful designs which have been made by Mr. Creswick have especial reference to this object. At that period the town of Windsor no doubt consisted of scattered houses, surrounded with trees and gardens, approaching the castle, but not encroaching upon the ancient fortifications. The line of the walls and circular towers on the west and south sides next the town, was then unobstructed; and the moat or ditch by which the castle was then surrounded on all sides was open. In the time of Henry IV., Windsor, although in many respects splendid as a palace, must externally have presented the character of a very strong fortress. Its terraces, which were commenced by Elizabeth, and finished by Charles II., did not conceal the stern grandeur of the walls standing boldly upon the rock of chalk. The windows of the towers were little more than loopholes; and the only appearance of natural ornament was probably the clustering ivy in which the rook and starling had long built unmolested. The site of the present splendid chapel of St. George was occupied by a meaner edifice, which Edward IV

pulled down, substituting that exquisite gem which is now amongst our best preserved ecclesiastical monuments. The buildings which were added by Henry VII., and by Elizabeth, at the western end of the north front of the Upper Ward, were of a more ornamental character than the older parts of the castle, indicating the establishment of an order of things in which the monarch and the people could dwell more in security.

We shall here very briefly describe the Illustrations which have reference to the castle and town of Windsor.

The architectural Illustration at the head of the Introductory Notice exhibits the gallery which was built by Elizabeth in 1583. Sir Jeffrey Wyatville has preserved this building almost unaltered. The few changes which he has introduced in the lower part have had the effect of giving it a character of unity. Our view exhibits it as it stood before the late improvements.

We have imagined Page's house as standing in the High Street, a little to the north of the present Town Hall, but on the opposite side. The description of the first scene of Act I., as we received it from Rowe, is, 'Windsor—before Page's house;' but as Anne Page enters with wine, it would seem more proper that the characters should assemble in the garden front than in the street, and Mr. Creswick's design has therefore been made upon this principle. The street front of Page's house is exhibited at the head of Act II. A market cross is shewn in this design. That of Windsor was erected in 1380, but demolished during the civil wars of Charles I. The very ancient church (see Act IV. Scene VI.) which stood on the east side of the street, and which is represented in our sketch, was pulled down about 1814. The houses, it must be observed, of this design, as well as of the other street scenes, are imaginary; for Windsor, as compared with other places of antiquity, is most singularly deficient in relics of our old domestic architecture, there being very few houses in the town more than a century old, and of those few which may date from the beginning of the seventeenth century, the external character has been changed during our own recollection. The design at the head of Act III. has its locality in the ancient Peascod Street; from the lower part of which the round tower, or keep, is a very conspicuous and picturesque object. We, of course, present this remarkable building as it was seen before the recent improvements. The locality of Ford's house, at the head of Act IV., is fixed in Thames Street. What we imagined a quarter of a century ago, has been accomplished. The mean houses which stood on the west and north-west sides of the street have been removed, and the fine old tower at the north-western angle has been cleared to its base.

["Here's the twin brother of thy letter."]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Before* Page's *House.*

Enter Mistress PAGE, *with a Letter.*

Mrs. Page. What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see: [*Reads.*

'Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor:[a] You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; Would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice,) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight, *John Falstaff.*'[b]

What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to shew himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard[1] picked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—heaven forgive me! Why I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men.[a] How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house!

Mrs. Page. And trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to shew to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do, then; yet, I say, I could shew you to the contrary; O, mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

[a] Johnson would read *physician* instead of *precisian;* not Farmer, as Mr. Collier says. Farmer only adopted it. Johnson, in his 'Dictionary,' published before his Shakspere, defines *precisian* as "one who limits or restrains," quoting this passage as an authority. The *precisian* of Shakspere's time was the same as the puritan, to whom was commonly ascribed the mere show of sanctity: "I will set my countenance like a precisian."

[b] The corresponding letter in the quarto furnishes a striking example of the careful mode in which this play was elaborated from the first Sketch:—

"Mistress Page, I love you. Ask me no reason, because they're impossible to allege. You are fair, and I am fat. You love sack, so do I. As I am sure I have no mind but to love, so I know you have no heart but to grant. A soldier doth not use many words where he knows a letter may serve for a sentence. I love you, and so I leave you

"Yours, Sir John Falstaff."

[a] Theobald would read *fat* men, because the quarto has "I shall trust *fat* men the worse while I live, for his sake." The folio has a corresponding passage to this—"I shall think the worse of *fat* men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking;"—and the quarto has no parallel to "a bill in parliament.

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What? thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack;[a] and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light:[b]—here, read, read:—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness,—that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the hundredth psalm to the tune of *Green sleeves.*[2] What tempest, I trow, threw this whale with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more,) and these are of the second edition: He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page Nay, I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain[c] in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

[a] *Will hack.* James I. would make fifty knights before breakfast; and therefore "these knights will hack"—will become common; and for this cause the honour of being "Sir Alice Ford" would not "alter the article of thy gentry"—would not add any lustre to thy gentry. The passage was added in the folio, and it furnishes a proof that the play was enlarged after the accession of James.

[b] *We burn day-light*—we waste our time like those who use "lamps *by day.*" See Romeo and Juliet, Act I. Sc. IV.

[c] *Strain*—turn, humour disposition

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too; he's far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. [*They retire.*

Enter Ford, Pistol, Page, *and* Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtall[a] dog in some affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves thy galley-mawfry; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: Prevent, or go thou,
Like sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:—
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewell.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds do sing.—
Away, sir corporal Nym.—
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense.[b]

[*Exit* Pistol.

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true; [*to* Page.] I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humoured letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My

[a] *Curtall-dog.* This is not literally a dog without a tail, as it is explained generally; nor is it spelt *curtail.* The "curtal dog" is, like the "curtal friar,"—an expression of contempt. The worthless dog may have a short tail, and the Franciscan friar might wear a short garment; and thus they each may be *curtailed.* But the word came to express some general defect, and is here used in that sense.

[b] Pistol confirms what Nym has been saying, aside, to Page.

name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese. Adieu. [*Exit* NYM.

Page. The humour of it, quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian,[a] though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'T was a good sensible fellow: Well.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. 'Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George? Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight. [*Aside to Mrs.* FORD.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth. And I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* PAGE, *Mrs.* FORD, *and Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes. And you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves; I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men: very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

[a] Warburton says, *Cataian* meant a liar, because the old travellers in Cathay, such as Marco Polo and Mandeville, told incredible stories of that country. Steevens says that Cataian meant a sharper, the Chinese being held to be of thievish propensities.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine host?

Enter HOST *and* SHALLOW.

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between sir Hugh the Welch priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, my bully-rook? [*They go aside.*

Shal. Will you [*to* PAGE.] go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook:[a] only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight. Will you go on, heers?[b]

[a] The folio throughout gives the assumed name of Ford as *Broome;* the quartos *Brooke.* We must adopt the reading of *Brook,* for we otherwise lose a jest which the folio gives us—"Such Brooks are welcome to me that o'erflow such liquor." For a century after Shakspere, however, the stage-name was Broome. In Johnson's Lives of the Poets (Life of Fenton) we have the following anecdote: "Fenton was one day in the company of Broome, his associate, and Ford, a clergyman. * * * They determined all to see the Merry Wives of Windsor, which was acted that night; and Fenton, as a dramatic poet, took them to the stage-door; where the door-keeper, inquiring who they were, was told that they were three very necessary men, Ford, Broome, and Fenton. The name in the play which Pope restored to *Brook* was then *Broome.* See New Readings.

[b] *Heers.* The folio reads *un-heires;*—the parallel pas-

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.[3]

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[*Exeunt* Host, Shallow, *and* Page.

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: She was in his company at Page's house; and, what they made there I know not. Well, I will look further into 't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the* Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff *and* Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.[4]

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.[a]

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends you were good soldiers and tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took 't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou I'll endanger my soul *gratis?* At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: —go.—A short knife and a throng;[a]—to your manor of Pickt-hatch,[b] go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—You stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to edge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases,[c] and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent. What would thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman: and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one mistress Ford, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: Mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship's a wanton: Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries, as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have

sage in the quarto is, "here boys, shall we wag?" The ordinary reading is, "will you go on, *hearts?*" Malone would read, "will you go and *hear us?*" Boaden proposes, "will you go, *Cavaleires?*" We think that the Host, who, although he desires to talk with the German gentlemen who "speak English," is fond of using foreign words which he has picked up from his guests, such as cavalero, Francisco, and varletto, employs the Dutch *Heer*, or the German *Herr*, —Sir,—Master. Both words are pronounced nearly alike. He says, "will you go on, heers?" Theobald proposed *mynheers*, which is perhaps right.

[a] The passage in the quarto is thus:

"*Fal.* I'll not lend thee a penny.
Pist. I will retort the sum in equipage.
Fal. Not a penny."

The editors could not be satisfied to receive the beautiful answer of Pistol, "Why then the world's mine oyster," &c., without retaining the weaker passage, "I will retort the sum in equipage"

[a] *A short knife*, &c. A knife to cut purses, and a mob to find them amongst.

[b] *Pickt-hatch* is mentioned in one of Ben Jonson's Epigrams, in company with "Mersh Lambeth and White Fryers." Each of these was an *Alsatia* in Shakspere's day.

[c] *Red-lattice phrases*—ale-house terms. Thus Falstaff's page in Henry IV. says; "he called me, even now, my lord, through a *red-lattice*"

brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach,[5] letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, (all musk) and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners;[6] but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of; master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man: she leads a very frampold[a] life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves:[a] her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page: and, truly, master Page is an honest man Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it: for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then: and, look you he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness; old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. —Boy, go along with this woman.—— This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt* Quickly *and* Robin.

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:—
Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your fights;[b]
Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit* Pistol.

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: Let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.[7]

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit* Bardolph.] Such Brooks are welcome to me that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *via!*

Re-enter Bardolph, *with* Ford *disguised.*

Ford. Bless you, sir.

a *Frampold*—fretful, uneasy.

a *Of all loves.* This pretty antique phrase is now obsolete. We have it in Othello: "the general so likes your music, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it."

b *Fights*—Dryden, in his Tragedy of Amboyna, has
"Up with your *fights*
And your nettings prepare."
It appears that *fights* were waste-cloths, to conceal the men *coverts*, says Mr. White, from Cole's English Dict. 1677.

Fal. And you, sir: Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome. What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit* Bardolph.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion: for they say, if money go before all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you,—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money: spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me: What say you to't, sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook,

you shall want none. I shall be with her, (I may tell you,) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his stile; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says, this is improvident jealously? My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends! but cuckold! wittol-cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass! he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous; I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour.—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Field near Windsor.*

Enter Caius *and* Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, *and* Page.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor.

Slen. Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montánt. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de vorld; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian,[a] king Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions; is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

[a] *Castilian.*—The Host ridicules the Doctor through his ignorance of English. He is a "heart of elder," the elder being filled with soft pith;—he is a Castilian, that name being an opprobrious designation for the Spaniards, whom the English of Elizabeth's time hated as much as their descendants were accustomed to hate the French.

Shal. Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace; you have shewed yourself a wise physician, and sir Hugh hath shewn himself a wise and patient churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest justice:—ah, monsieur Mock-water.[a]

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman:—Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

[*Aside to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page. Shal. and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor. [*Exeunt* Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house, a feasting: and thou shalt woo her: Cry'd game?[a] said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page; said I well?

Caius. By gar, t'is good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Mock-water.* So the original; it was changed by Farmer to *muck-water.* Lord Chedworth suggests that as the lustre of a diamond is called its *water*, mock-water may mean a *counterfeit* valour. Surely this is very daring. *Mock-water*, or *muck-water*, was some allusion to the profession of Caius.

[a] *Cry'd game.* So the folio. Warburton proposed to read *cry'd aim*, and much learning has been expended in support of this reading. Those who retain the original *cry'd game* suppose that the Host addresses Dr. Caius by this as a name, in the same way that he calls him "heart of elder." Mr. Dyce has "Cried I aim?" Mr. White retains "cried game," believing it to be a colloquial phrase of which the meaning can only be guessed at. Mr. Collier's corrected copy has "Curds and cream."

["At a farm-house, a feasting."]

[1] SCENE I.—"*This Flemish drunkard.*"

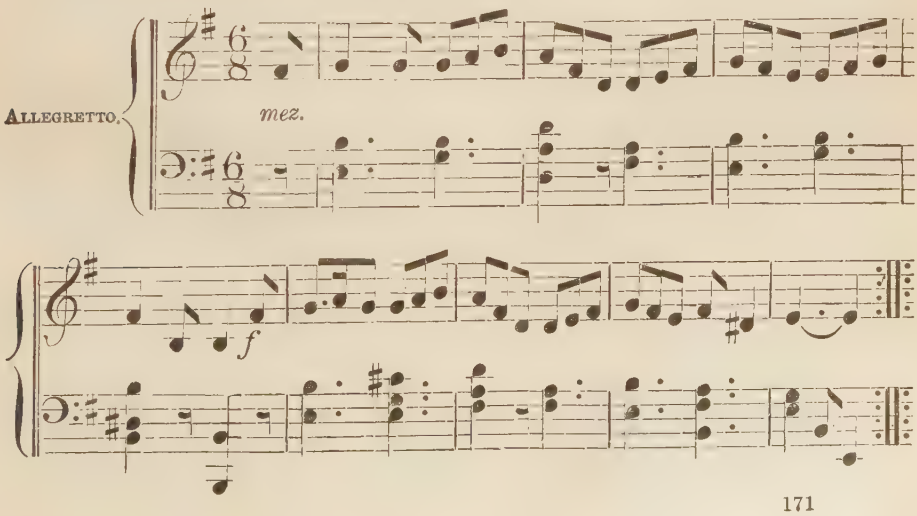
THE English of the days of Elizabeth accused the people of the Low Countries with having taught them to drink to excess. The "men of war" who had campaigned in Flanders, according to Sir John Smythe, in his 'Discourses,' 1590, introduced this vice amongst us; "whereof it is come to pass that now-a-days there are very few feasts where our said men of war are present, but that they do invite and procure all the company, of what calling soever they be, to carousing and quaffing; and, because they will not be denied their challenges, they, with many new conges, ceremonies, and reverences, drink to the health and prosperity of princes; to the health of counsellors, and unto the health of their greatest friends both at home and abroad: in which exercise they never cease till they be dead drunk, or, as the Flemings say, Doot dronken." He adds: "and this aforesaid detestable vice hath within these six or seven years taken wonderful root amongst our English nation, that in times past was wont to be of all nations of Christendom one of the soberest."

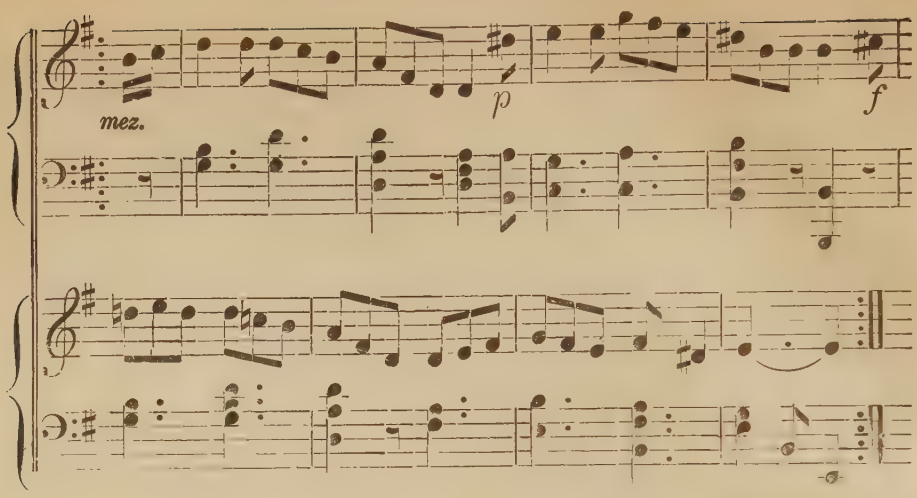
[2] SCENE I. (also ACT V. SC. V.)—"*Green sleeves.*"

This appears to have been a very popular song in Shakspere's time, and, judging from an allusion to it in Fletcher's Tragi-Comedy, 'The Loyal Subject,' as well as from a pamphlet entered at Stationers' Hall, in February, 1580, under the title of 'A representation against *Green Sleeves*, by W Elderton,' was thought gross, even in an age when what was in gay society called polite conversation was rarely free from indelicacy, and the drama teemed with jokes and expressions that now would not be tolerated in the servants' hall. The original words of *Green Sleeves* have not descended to us, but the tune was too good to be condemned to that oblivion which has been the fate of the verses to which it was first set; hence many adapted their poetical effusions to it, and among those extant, is "a new courtly sonnet of the Lady Greensleeves," reprinted in *Ellis's Specimens of the Early English Poets*, from an extremely scarce miscellany, called 'A Handful of Pleasant Delites, &c., by Clement Robinson, and others, 12mo, 1584. This sonnet contains some curious particulars respecting female dress and manners, during the sixteenth century. At the time too when it was the fashion, in England and in France, to set sacred words to popular tunes, this air, among others, was selected for the purpose, as we learn from the books of the Stationers' Company, wherein appears, in September, 1580, the following entry—"*Greensleeves*, moralized to the Scriptures."

Greensleeves is to be found in all the editions of *The Dancing-master* that have come under our notice. In the seventeenth (1721) which is the best, it takes the title of "Greensleeves and yellow lace." It was introduced by Gay, or his friend Dr. Pepusch, in 'The Beggars' Opera,' set to the song, "Since laws were made for every degree," and is still well known, in quarters where ancient customs are yet kept up in all their rude simplicity, as "Christmas comes but once a year." Sir J. Hawkins, in the Appendix to his History of Music, gives the first strain only: why he omitted the latter half is not stated.* In all the copies of the air it appears in the now obsolete measure of six crotchets. In *The Dancing Master* it is set in the key of A minor; in *The Beggars' Opera*, in G minor. We here give it in a measure universally understood, and have added such a base as seems to us to be in keeping with a vocal melody between two and three hundred years old.

* In 'A collection of national English airs,' edited by W. Chappell, (a very interesting work, shewing great research) this tune is inserted in the key of E minor, with a moving base by Dr. Crotch.





[3] SCENE I.—*"I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier."*

Shallow ridicules the formalities that belong to the use of the rapier, which those of the old school thought a cowardly weapon. The introduction of the rapier into England was ascribed to one Rowland York, who is thus spoken of in Carleton's 'Thankful Remembrance of God's Mercy,' 1625: "He was a Londoner, famous among the cutters of his time, for bringing in a new kind of fight,—to run the point of the rapier into a man's body. This manner of fight he brought first into England, with great admiration of his audaciousness; when in England, before that time, the use was, with little bucklers, and with broad swords, to strike, and not to thrust; and it was accounted unmanly to strike under the girdle." This passage from Carleton appears to be an inaccurate statement from Darcie's 'Annals of Elizabeth,' wherein it is said that Rowland York was the first that brought into England "that wicked and pernicious fashion to fight in the fields, in duels, with a rapier called a tucke, only for the thrust," &c. Douce distinguishes between the *rapier* generally, and the *tucke for the thrust.* It appears, however, from other authorities, that the rapier was in use in the time of Henry VIII.; and Douce holds that "it is impossible to decide that this weapon, which, with its name, we received from the French, might not have been known as early as the reign of Henry IV., or even of Richard II."

[4] SCENE II.—*"I will not lend thee a penny."*

This passage requires no comment; but some of our readers may be pleased with the representation of the silver penny of Elizabeth.

[5] SCENE II.—*"Coach after coach."*

"Coaches," says Malone, "as appears from Howe's continuation of Stow's Chronicle, did not come into general use till the year 1605." Chalmers, on the contrary, has shewn us, from the 'Journals of Parliament,' that a bill was introduced during the session of 1601 to restrain the *excessive use* of coaches. We subjoin from a print by Hoefnagel, dated 1582, a very interesting illustration representing one of Elizabeth's visits to Nonsuch, by which we shall perceive that the form of state-coaches, whether for sovereigns or lord mayors, has not materially altered.

[6] SCENE II.—*"Nay, which is more, pensioners."*

Pensioners might have been put higher than earls by Mistress Quickly, on account of their splendid dress. Shakspere alludes to this in "A Midsummer Night's Dream:"

> "The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
> In their gold coats spots you see."

But the pensioners of Elizabeth were also men of large fortune. Tyrwhitt illustrates the passage before us, from Gervase Holles's Life of the First Earl of Clare: "I have heard the Earl of Clare say, that when he was pensioner to the queen, he did not know a worse man of the whole band than himself; and that all the world knew he had then an inheritance of £4,000 a year."

[7] SCENE II.—*"Hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack."*

Presents of wine were often sent from one guest in a tavern to another,—sometimes by way of a friendly memorial, and sometimes as an introduction to acquaintance. "Ben Jonson was at a tavern, and in comes Bishop Corbet (but not so then) into the next room. Ben Jonson calls for a quart of raw wine, and gives it to the tapster.

'Sirrah, says he, 'carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him, I sacrifice my service to him.' The fellow did, and in those words. 'Friend,' says Dr. Corbet, 'I thank him for his love: but pr'ythee tell him from me that he is mistaken; for sacrifices are always burnt.'" —*Merry Passages and Jeasts*, Harl. MSS. 6395.

[Nonsuch House.]

LOCAL ILLUSTRATION.

It is not very easy to define the spot where, according to the mischievous arrangement of mine Host of the Garter, Dr. Caius waited for Sir Hugh Evans Sir Hugh, we know, waited for Dr. Caius near Frogmore; for the host tells Shallow, and Page, and Slender, "Go you through the town to Frogmore;" and he takes the doctor to meet Sir Hugh "about the fields through Frogmore." The stage-direction for this third scene of the second Act is "Windsor Park." But had Caius waited in Windsor Park he would have been near Frogmore, and it would not have been necessary to go through the town, or through the fields. We should be inclined, therefore, to place the locality of the third scene in the meadows near the Thames on the west side of Windsor, and we have altered the stage direction accordingly. Frogmore was probably a small village in Shakspere's time; and at any rate it had its farm-house, where Anne Page was "a feasting." "Old Windsor way" was farther than Frogmore from Windsor, so that Simple had little chance of finding Caius in that direction. The park,—the little park as it is now called,—undoubtedly came close to the castle ditch on the south-east. Some of the oaks not a quarter of a mile from the castle, and which appear to have formed part of an avenue, are of great antiquity. Of the supposed locality of Herne's Oak in this park we shall speak in the fifth Act. The forest, perhaps, stretched up irregularly towards the castle, unenclosed, with meadows and common fields interposing. The connexion between the forest and the castle by the Long Walk was made in the Reign of Anne, the town receiving a grant for the property then enclosed. The description of Windsor nearest to the period of this comedy, is that of Lord Surrey's Poem, 1546, a stanza of which will be found in Henry IV. Part II. Our readers will not be displeased to have it presented to them entire:—

So cruel prison how could betide, alas!
As proud Windsor? where I in lust and joy,
With a king's son, my childish years did pass,
In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy.
Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour.
The large green courts, where we were wont to hove,*
With eyes cast up unto the Maiden's Tower,
And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.
The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue.
The dances short, long tales of great delight;
With words, and looks, that tigers could but rue,
Where each of us did plead the other's right.
The palme-play,† where, despoiled ‡ for the game.

* Linger, or hover. † Tennis-court. ‡ Strip.

With dazed eyes oft we by gleams of love,
Have miss'd the ball, and got sight of our dame,
To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above.
The gravel'd ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,
On foaming horse with swords and friendly hearts;
With chere, as though one should another whelm,
Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts.
With silver drops the meads yet spread for ruth;
In active games of nimbleness and strength,
Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth,
Our tender limbs, that yet shot up in length.
The secret groves, which oft we made resound
Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise;
Recording soft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.
The wild forest, the clothed holts with green;
With reins availed, and swiftly-breathed horse,
With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.

The Journal of the Secretary of the Duke of Würtemberg, described in the Introductory Notice, contains the following curious description of the Parks of Windsor, in 1592 :—

"Her Majesty appointed a respectable elderly English nobleman to attend upon your Princely Grace, and required and ordered the same not only to shew to your Princely Grace the splendidly beautiful and royal castle of Windsor, but also to make the residence pleasant and merry with shooting and hunting the numerous herds of game; for it is well known that the aforesaid place, Windsor, has upwards of sixty parks adjoining each other, full of fallow-deer and other game, of all sorts of colours, which may be driven from one park (all being enclosed with hedges) to another, and thus one can enjoy a splendid and royal sport.

"The hunters (deer or park keepers) who live in separate but excellent houses, as had been appointed, made excellent sport for your Princely Grace. In the first Park your Princely Grace shot a fallow deer through the thigh, and it was soon after captured by the dogs. In the next you hunted a stag for a long time over a broad and pleasant plain, with a pack of remarkably good hounds; your Princely Grace first shot it with an English crossbow, and the hounds at length outwearied and captured it.

"In the third you loosed a stag, but somewhat too quickly, for he was caught too soon, and almost before he came right out upon the plain.

"These three deer were sent to Windsor, and were presented to your Princely Grace: one of these was done justice to in the apartments of Monsieur de Beauvois, the French ambassador."

["Nay, keep your way, little gallant."]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Field near* Frogmore.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Eva. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself Doctor of Physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the pittie-ward,[a] the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most fehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir.

Eva. Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad if he have deceived me:—how melancholies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork—pless my soul! [*Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—

'Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Melodious birds sing madrigals:
When as I sat in Pabylon,—
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow—

[a] *Pittie-ward.* Steevens changed this to *city-ward*, which he explains "*towards* London;"—as if Windsor were as near the city as Whitechapel. *Pittie-ward* is undoubtedly right, and is of the same import as *petty*-ward. A part of Windsor Castle is still called the *lower* ward, and in the same way another part might have been known as the *park-ward.*

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome:

To shallow rivers, to whose falls!—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, sir: There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson? Good-morrow, good sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good sir Hugh!

Eva. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What! the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who belike, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French Physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons:—Keep them asunder;—here comes doctor Caius.

Enter HOST, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you let-a me speak a word vit your ear; Verefore vill you not meet a-me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinal about your knave's cogscomb [for missing your meetings and appointments.][a]

Caius. Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine *Host de Jarterre,* have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint.

Eva. As I am a christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Guallia and Gaul; French and Welch; soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my sir Hugh? no: he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs.—[Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so:][a]—Give me thy hand, celestial; so.——Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places; your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue,—Come, lay their swords to pawn:—Follow me, lads of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host:—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW, SLENDER, PAGE, *and* HOST.

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog.—I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scall,[b] scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles:—Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Street in* Windsor

Enter Mistress PAGE *and* ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page: Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife; Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens

[a] The passage in brackets is not in the folio, but in the quarto. It appears to have a necessary connexion with the retort of Caius.

[a] The passage in brackets is not in the folio, but is found in the quarto. The address of the Host to the Doctor as terrestrial, and to the Parson as celestial, is too humorous to be lost.

[b] *Scall*—scald.—Thus Fluellen, "scald knave."

his name is my husband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name.—There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir:—I am sick, till I see her. [*Exeunt Mrs.* Page *and* Robin.

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim.[a] [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; There I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, *Sir* Hugh Evans, Caius, *and* Rugby.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you all go with me.

Shall. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shall. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love a-me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May: he will carry 't, he will carry 't; 'tis in his buttons;[a] he will carry 't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having; he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, master Page;—and you, sir Hugh.

Shall. Well, fare you well:—we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's.

[*Exeunt* Shallow *and* Slender.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon. [*Exit* Rugby.

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit* Host.

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine[b] first with him; I will make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A room in* Ford's *House.*

Enter Mrs. Ford *and Mrs.* Page.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! What, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly. Is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant:—What, Robin, I say.

Enter Servants, *with a basket.*

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause or stagger-

a *Cry aim.* See Note to Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act III., Sc. I.

a Probably an allusion to the custom of wearing the flower called *Bachelor's buttons.* But a very similar phrase is common in the midland counties:—"It does not lie in your breeches," meaning it is not within your compass. "'Tis in his buttons," therefore means, he is the man to do it.

b *Pipe-wine.* Ford will *pipe* while Falstaff *dances.*

ing), take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters[a] in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are called. [*Exeunt* Servants.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket?[b] what news with you?

Rob. My master, sir John, is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford; and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent,[c] have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so:—Go tell thy master, I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you your cue. [*Exit* Robin.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit Mrs.* Page.

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion. We'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel?[d] Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition. O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead. I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France shew me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched beauty[a] of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant[b] to say so: thou would'st make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert if Fortune thy foe were not; Nature thy friend:[c] Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time:[2] I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*within.*] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and

[a] *Whitsters.*—A launder is still called a whitster; but the *whitsters* of the Thames were probably akin to the *blanchisseuses* of the Seine, and washed in the same fashion.

[b] *Eyas-musket.* The *musket* is the small sparrow-hawk; the *eyas* is a general name for a very young hawk—the first of five several names by which a falcon is called in its first year. Spenser has a pretty image connected with the eyas:

> Youthful gay
> Like eyas-hawk up mounts into the skies,
> His newly budded pinions to essay."

[c] *Jack-a-lent.* A puppet thrown at in Lent. Thus in Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub:

> "on an Ash Wednesday,
> Where thou didst stand six weeks the Jack o' Lent
> For boys to hurl three throws a penny at thee."

[d] "Have I caught my heavenly jewel," is the first line of a song in Sidney's Astrophel and Stella. In the quarto the line stands without the *thee* of the present text.

[a] *Arched beauty.* Thus the folio; the quarto, which the modern editors follow, has arched *bent.* Surely a *bent arch* is a term in which the epithet might be dispensed with.

[b] *Tyrant.* So the folio; the quarto, *traitor.*

[c] The passage in the folio stands thus: "I see what thou wert if Fortune thy foe, were not Nature thy friend." It is not found in the quarto. Upon Pope's correction the common reading is, "I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not Nature *is* thy friend." Boswell proposes to retain the old reading, with its original punctuation, and explains it thus,—'If Fortune *being* thy foe, Nature were not thy friend.' But what would Mrs. Ford be, if both Fortune and Nature were leagued against her—if Fortune were her foe and Nature not her friend! "Fortune, my foe," was the beginning of an old ballad. We do not think that a perfect sense can be made of the passage as it stands. Mr. Collier proposes to read it thus:—"Nature *being* thy friend."

blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman. [Falstaff *hides himself.*

Enter Mistress Page *and* Robin.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.[a]

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand *you had rather*, and *you had rather;* your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

[a] In the modern editions, Mrs. Ford says, before "'Tis not so, I hope,"—"speak louder."—recovered by Steevens from "the two elder quartos." We have no hesitation in rejecting this restoration. In the second Scene of the fourth Act, where Falstaff again hides himself upon the interruption of Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford says, "speak louder," which is *not* found in the two elder quartos. By such restorations as these, the care of the poet to avoid repetitions in the more skilful arrangement of his materials is rendered useless.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What shall I do?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in; follow your friend's counsel;—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee.[a] Help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never—

[*He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: Call your men, mistress Ford:—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What John, Robert, John! [*Exit* Robin. *Re-enter* Servants.] Go take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staff?[b] look, how you drumble; carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, *and Sir* Hugh Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt* Servants *with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox:—Let me stop this way first:—so, now uncape.

Page. Good master Ford be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Eva. This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search.

[*Exeunt* Evans, Page, *and* Caius.

[a] Another restoration from the quarto:—"I love thee *and none but thee.*"

[b] *A cowl-staff* is explained to be a staff used for carrying a basket with two handles.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband asked what was in the basket![a]

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We will do it; let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, *and Sir* Hugh Evans.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well;—I promised you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, mistress Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de tird.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave; to have his gibes and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Page's *House.*

Enter Fenton *and Mistress* Anne Page.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit

[a] ***What was in the basket.*** The folio has *who;* but we are justified in printing *what* from Falstaff's speech to Brook:—"met the jealous knave their master in the door; who asked them once or twice *what* they had in their basket!"

[a] *Scene* IV. In the quartos, this scene, although much shorter than in the folio, follows the fifth scene, where Falstaff relates his Thames adventure. The skill of the dramatist is shewn in the interposition of an episode between the beginning and end of the catastrophe of the buck-basket.

Cannot attain it, why then.—Hark you hither.
[*They converse apart.*

Enter Shallow, Slender, *and Mrs.* Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't: slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year! [*Aside.*

Quick. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She 's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him:—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Glostershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail,[a] under the degree of a 'squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I 'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? 'od's heartlings, that 's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so: if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page *and Mistress* Page.

Page. Now, master Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.—
Why, how now! what does master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.
Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender, in:—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.
[*Exeunt* Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That 's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick 'i the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.[a]

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good master Fenton,
I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected;
'Till then, farewell, sir:—She must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.
[*Exeunt Mrs.* Page *and* Anne.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing now.—Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician?[b] Look on master Fenton:—this is my doing.

[a] *Cut and long-tail.* The commentators give us a world of dissertation to prove, and to disprove, that unlawful dogs had their tails cut by the forest laws; and it seems to be settled that such dogs were only maimed on the fore-foot. *Come cut and long tail* appears to mean, come people of all degrees—*long tail* as opposed to *bob tail*, a member of the worshipful firm of Tag, Rag, & Co.

[a] It is said that this is a proverb in the southern counties. We never heard it. In Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, there is a similar notion: "Would I had been set in the ground, all but the head of me, and had my brains bowl'd at." The refined cruelties of oriental despotism suggested the punishment of burying an offender in this manner. Sir Thomas Roe, in his voyage to the East Indies, tells a story of the Mogul murdering one of his women in this barbarous fashion.

[b] The *fool* was Slender, patronized by Master Page; the *physician*, Dr. Caius, whose suit Mistress Page favoured.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring: There's for thy pains. [*Exit.*

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender had her: or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses. What a beast am I to slack it? [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the* Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [*Exit* BARD.] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell I should down. I had been drowned but that the shore was shelvy and shallow,—a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH *with the wine.*

Bard. Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices: Go, brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—[*Exit* BARDOLPH.]—How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I came to your worship from mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford: I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding: she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: Tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel I hear not of master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, master Brook? you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife.

Ford. That, indeed, sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped[a] you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master Brook; but the peaking cornuto her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have

[a] *Sped you.* Malone would read *how* sped you? But *sped you* does not require the addition.

it comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket?

Fal. Yes, a buck-basket: rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether: next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that, —a man of my kidney,—think of that; that am as subject to heat, as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more.

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been thrown into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame: If I have horns to make me mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad. [*Exit.*

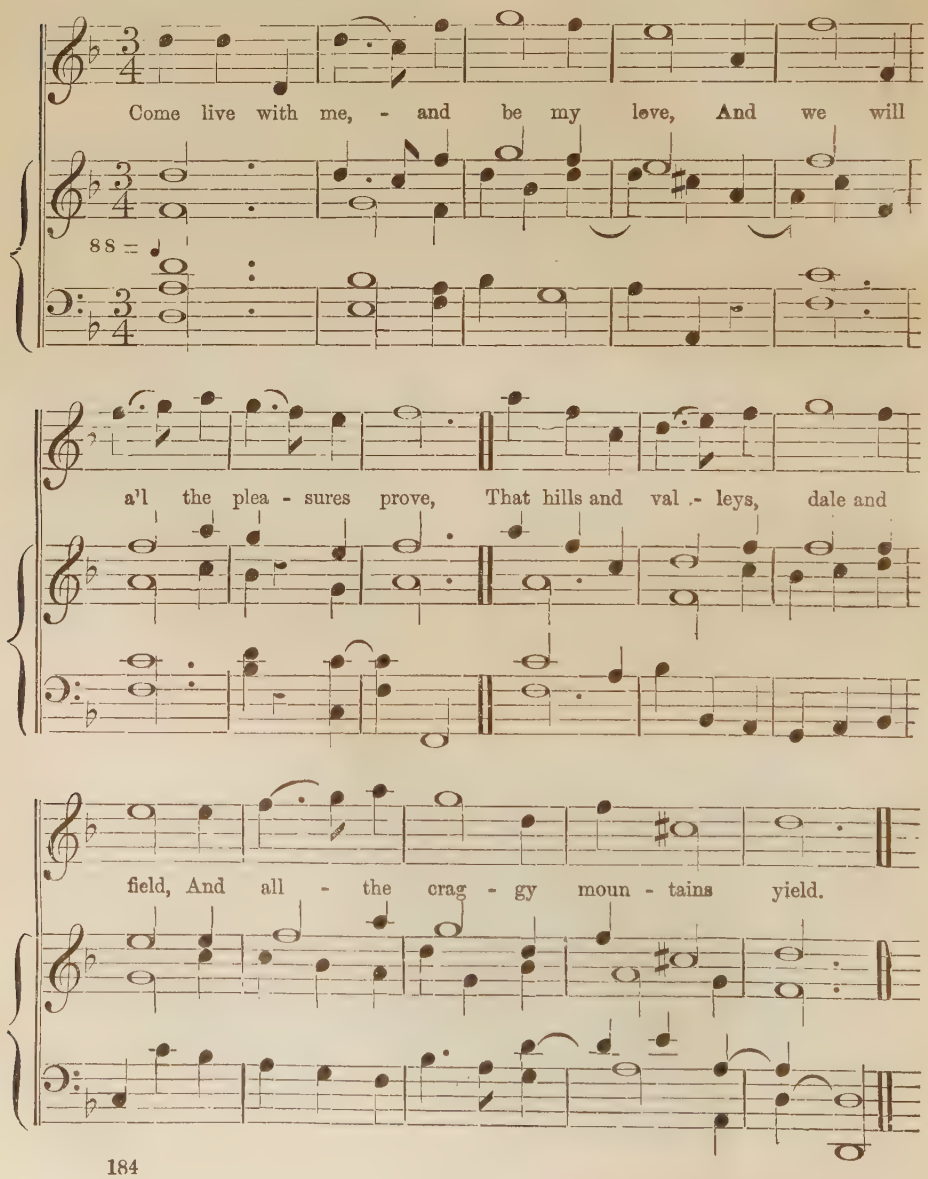
["The rogues slighted me into the river."]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

SCENE I.—"*To shallow rivers, to whose falls.*"

The exquisite little poem whence this couplet is quoted, has, strange to say, never yet, as a whole, been "married to immortal *notes*;" though the first, second, fourth, and fifth stanzas are set as a four-part glee by Webbe, and, of the kind, a more beautiful composition cannot be named.

Sir John Hawkins says, "The tune to which the former (*i.e.* Marlowe's poem) was sung, I have lately discovered in a MS. as old as Shakspere's time, and it is as follows." He then gives the melody only, as below. To this we have added a simple bass and accompaniment, such as we can imagine the composer himself designed. For the period in which it was written, the air has merit, though the false accentuation, the contempt or ignorance of prosody, in the ninth bar, will be obvious to all.



The lines which Sir Hugh Evans hums over are a scrap of a song which we find in that delicious pastoral scene of Isaac Walton, where the anglers meet the milk-maid and her mother, and hear them sing "That smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago; . . . . old fashioned poetry, but choicely good." Sir Hugh Evans in his "trempling of mind" misquotes the lines, introducing a passage from the old version of the 137th Psalm,

When as I sat in Pabylon."

Warburton, who had the good taste to print in his edition of Shakspere this poem, with the "answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh, in his younger days," according to Walton, assigns that of 'The Passionate Shepherd' to Shakspere himself. It is found in the edition of Shakspere's Sonnets, printed by Jaggard in 1599; but is given to Marlowe in 'England's Helicon,' 1600. We cannot omit this "old fashioned poetry, but choicely good." The verses are variously printed in different collections. Our copy is taken from Percy's Reliques; with the exception of the stanza in brackets.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

"Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and vallies, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals:
There will I make thee beds of roses
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Imbroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lined choicely for the cold;
With buckles of the purest gold;
A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.
[Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.]
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love."

[2] SCENE III.—"*Bucklersbury in simple time.*"

Bucklersbury, in the time of Shakspere, was chiefly inhabited by druggists, who then did the office of the herbalist, and filled the air with the fragrance of rosemary and lavender in "simple time." The materials for the following representation are derived from Aggas's Map of London, 1568

[Bucklersbury.]

LOCAL ILLUSTRATION.

When Mistress Ford is plotting the adventure of the buck-basket with Mistress Page, she directs her servants thus: "Take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet Mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side." When Falstaff describes his misfortune to Bardolph, he says, "Have I lived to be carried in a basket like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown into the Thames. . . . . The rogues slighted me into the river. . . . . I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow." Again to Ford he says, "A couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet Lane." Datchet Mead, although the name is not now in use, was all that flat ground, now enclosed by a wall, lying under the north terrace. The street which leads to it is still called Datchet Lane. The road now passes round the park wall to Datchet by a very circuitous route; but before the enclosure of the mead in the time of William III. the road passed across it. It is probable, therefore, that the shore being "shelvy and shallow," the Thames overflowed the mead in part; so that the whitsters might "bleach their summer smocks" upon the wide plain which the Thames still occasionally inundates. Probably some creek flowed into it, which Mistress Ford denominated a "muddy ditch." The most ancient representation which we can find of this locality, is a print published in the time of Queen Anne, in which the mead is represented as enclosed by its present wall, within which is a triple belt of elms, with two formal avenues at equal distances, and an enormous embanked pond in the centre. The river below Windsor Bridge divides into two streams as at present. The locality of the design at the end of this Act, is placed as near as may be to Datchet Lane. We subjoin a view of the old bridge connecting Windsor and Eton, as given in this very curious print. The vignette which we have given at the end of Act I., as the scene where Mr. Page trained his "fallow greyhound," is the western extremity of Runnemede.

["Out of my door, you witch."]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter Mrs. PAGE, *Mrs.* QUICKLY, *and* WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this; or will be presently: but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by-and-by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing day, I see.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

How now, sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No; master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page Come on, sirrah: hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tattlings. What is *fair*, William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *lapis;* I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Eva. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog;—pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus:* Well, what is your *accusative case?*

Will. Accusativo, hinc.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accusativo, hing, hang, hog.*

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.[a]

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative case, William?

Will. O—*vocativo*, O.

Eva. Remember, William, focative is, *caret.*

Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive case plural*, William?

Will. Genitive case?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Genitive,—horum, harum, horum.

Quick. 'Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call horum:—fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Prithee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *qui, quæ, quod;* if you forget your *quies*, your *quæs*, and your *quods*, you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag[b] memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir* Hugh.] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Ford's *House.*

Enter Falstaff *and Mrs.* Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within.*] What hoa, gossip Ford! what hoa!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, sir John.

[*Exit* Falstaff.

Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at home beside yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly;—Speak louder. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have no body here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes[a] again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying *Peer-out, peer-out!* that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now; I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion; but I am glad the knight is not here: now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why then you are utterly ashamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you?—Away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket: May I not go out ere he come?

[a] *Hang hog, &c.* This joke is in all probability derived from the traditionary anecdote of Sir Nicholas Bacon, which is told by Lord Bacon in his Apophthegms: "Sir Nicholas Bacon being judge of the Northern Circuit, when he came to pass sentence upon the malefactors, was by one of them mightily importuned to save his life. When nothing he had said would avail, he at length desired his mercy on account of kindred. Prithee, said my lord, how came that in? Why if it please you, my lord, your name is *Bacon* and mine is *Hog*, and in all ages Hog and Bacon are so near kindred that they are not to be separated. Ay but, replied the judge, you and I cannot be of kindred unless you be hanged; for Hog is not Bacon till it be well hang'd."

[b] *Sprag*—quick, lively.

[a] *Lunes.* The folio has *lines;* the quarto, "his old vein." Theobald changed *lines* to *lunes*, which is the received reading. Old *lines* may be the same as old courses, old humours, old vein.

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding pieces: Creep into the kiln hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she is as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: Run up, sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet sir John: mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while.

[*Exit* Falstaff.

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.[a]

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry and yet honest too:
We do not act that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old but true, Still swine eat all the draff.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter Mrs. Ford, *with two* Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, despatch. [*Exit.*

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heaven it be not full of knight again.[b]

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, *and Sir* Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again.—Set down the basket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:—Youth in a basket![c]—O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging,[d] a pack, a conspiracy against me: Now shall the devil be shamed. What! wife, I say!—Come, come forth. Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Come, hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath

a The folio of 1623 reads "*misuse enough.*" The second folio inserted *him*—"we cannot misuse him enough;"—which is the received reading. Malone says *him* was accidentally omitted.

b *Full of knight.* So the folio of 1623. The second folio has "full of *the* knight," which is the received reading The article destroys the wit. The servant uses *knight* as he would say *lead.*

c We print the speech as in the folio,—and, if properly read, it most vividly presents the incoherent and abrupt mode in which a mind overwrought by passion expresses its thoughts. Ford exclaims "Somebody call my wife." He then cries out to the supposed disturber of his peace—"Youth in a basket"—and instantly turns upon the people of his household with reproaches. Malone found "*come out here*" in the old quarto, and foisted it in after "youth in a basket;" whereas "O you panderly rascals" to "what, wife! I say," is parenthetical; and "come, come forth" is addressed to the "youth in a basket," and not to Mistress Ford.

d *Ging*—gang.

the jealous fool to her husband:—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me of any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah.

[*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,—

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa, mistress Page! come you, and the old woman, down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter Falstaff *in women's clothes, led by Mrs.* Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *prat* her:——Out of my door, you witch, [*beats him,*] you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit* Falstaff.

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it:—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.[1]

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* Page, Ford, Shallow, *and* Evans.

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.[a]

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed: and, methinks, there would be

[a] This is one of the many examples of Shakspere's legal knowledge. He certainly knew much more of law than his commentators. Ritson, upon this passage, says, "fee-simple is the *largest* estate, and fine and recovery the *strongest* assurance, known to English law." Surely the passage means that the devil had Falstaff as an entire estate, with the power of barring entail—of disposing of him according to his own desire;—as absolute a power as any self-willed person, such as the devil is said to be, could wish.

no period to the jest,[a] should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then, shape it: I would not have things cool.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the* Garter Inn.

Enter Host *and* Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them: Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Ford's *House.*

Enter Page, Ford, *Mrs.* Page, *Mrs.* Ford, *and Sir* Hugh Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold[b]
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more:
Be not as extreme in submission
As in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

[a] *No period to the jest*—we should have to keep on the jest in other forms, unless his public shame concluded it. There would be no end to the jest.

[b] *Cold.* The folio reads *gold.* Rowe changed the word to *cold*, which is perhaps the true reading. To suspect the sun with *gold* may mean to suspect the sun of being corrupted with gold; yet with *cold* (*of* cold) is more properly in apposition with *wantonness* (*of* wantonness.)

Page. How! to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight, fie, fie; he'll never come.

Eva. You say, he has been thrown in the rivers; and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman; methinks, there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes[a] the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
[Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head.[b]]

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape: When you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:

[a] *Takes*—seizes with disease. As in Lear,
"Strike her young bones,
Ye *taking* airs."

[b] This line is not in the folio; but it is certainly wanting. The passage in the quarto in which this line occurs is a remarkable example of the care with which the first sketch has been improved.

"Hear my device.
Oft have you heard since *Horne* the hunter died,
That women to affright their little children
Says that he walks in shape of a great stag.
Now, for that Falstaffe hath been so deceived
As that he dares not venture to the house,
We'll send him word to meet us in the field,
Disguised like Horne, with huge horns on his head.
The hour shall be just between twelve and one,
And at that time we will meet him both:
Then would I have you present there at hand,
With little boys diguised and drest like fairies,
For to affright fat Falstaffe in the woods."

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes,[a] and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused[b] song; upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And fairy-like, to-pinch[c] the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy!—and in that time
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away, [*Aside.*
And marry her at Eton.—Go, send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again, in name of Brook;
He'll tell me all his purpose: Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us properties,
And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it: It is admirable pleasures, and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt* Page, Ford, *and* Evans.

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs.* Ford.

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Ouphes*—goblins.
[b] *Diffused*—wild.
[c] *To-pinch; to* as a prefix to a verb is frequent in Spenser: as

"With locks all loose, and raiment all to-tore."

We find it in Milton's Comus:

"Were all to-ruffled and sometimes impair'd."

SCENE V.—*A Room in the* Garter Inn.

Enter Host *and* Simple.

Host. What would'st thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with sir John Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed;[2] 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new: Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: Knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully sir John! speak from thy lungs military: Art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal [*above.*] How now, mine host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: Fye! privacy? fye!

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?[a]

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell: What would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man that beguiled master Slender of his chain cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the

[a] *Wise-woman.* Scott, in his Discovery of Witchcraft, says—"At this day it is indifferent to say in the English tongue, She is a *witch*, or she is a *wise-woman.*"

woman herself: I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Ann Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no: Go; say, the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir Tike; who more bold?

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit* Simple.

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, sir John: Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! meer cozenage.

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three couzin germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs; and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Dr. Caius.

Caius. Vere is mine *Host de Jarterre?*

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: But it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jarmany:* by my trot, dere is no duke dat de court is know to come: I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go:—assist me, knight; I am undone: fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone!

[*Exeunt* Host *and* Bardolph.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fisherman's boots with me. I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I foreswore myself at *primero.* Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Now! whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have suffered more for their sakes, more, than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another room in the* Garter Inn.

Enter Fenton *and* Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pounds in gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Ann Page;
Who, mutually, hath answered my affection
(So far forth as herself might be her chooser,)
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither, singly, can be manifested,
Without the shew of both,—wherein fat Falstaff[a]
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest
I'll shew you here at large. Hark, good mine host:
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen:
The purpose why, is here; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented:
Now, sir,
Her mother, even strong against that match,
And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor.—Now thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,)
That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrob'd
With ribbands pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me:
And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I ever more be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompense.

[*Exeunt.*

[a] This line in the folio is
"Without the shew of both; fat Falstaff."
In the quarto, *wherein*, which appears necessary.

["Sometime a keeper here in Windsor Forest."]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

[1] SCENE II.—"*I spy a great peard under her muffler.*"

THE *muffler* covered a portion of the face—sometimes the lower part, sometimes the upper. It was enacted, says Douce, by a Scottish statute in 1457, that "na woman cum to kirk, nor mercat, with her face *mussaled*, or covered that scho may not be kend." Yet the ladies of Scotland, according to Warton, continued *muzzled* during three reigns. Douce gives us the following figures—the first and third from Josh. Ammon's *Theatrum Mulierum*,—the second, from Speed's Map of England, being the costume of a countrywoman in the time of James I.

[2] SCENE V.—"*His standing bed and truckle bed.*"

The standing bed was for the master, the truckle bed for the servant. (See Illustration to Romeo and Juliet, Act II.)

LOCAL ILLUSTRATION.

Eton was probably a village in the time of Henry IV. It is scarcely necessary to say that the present College was founded by Henry VI. The church where Anne Page was "immediately to marry" with Slender, was probably the ancient parish church, which has long since fallen to decay.

In Scene III. Bardolph informs the Host that the Germans desire to have three of his horses; the duke himself will be to-morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him. Mine Host, although he hears not in the Court of the Duke "who comes so secretly," says the Germans shall have his horses. He is indeed in "perplexity and doubtful dilemma" when he is told of the "three couzin germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Reading, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money." In the extracts which we gave of the 'Bathing Journey' of the Duke of Würtemberg, &c. we felt it necessary to confine ourselves to what especially related to Windsor. Mr. Halliwell, in his folio Shakespeare, Vol. II. has given a translation of some portions, which we purposely omitted. We had said with reference to the hosts of Reading, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, that Shakspere was probably familiar with the road from London to Maidenhead in his journeys to Stratford through Oxford. In the original sketch the Germane Duke has "cozened all the hosts of Braintford and Reading." This would imply such a knowledge of the course of the Duke of Würtemberg—in conjunction with the subsequent passage in the folio—of the cozening of the hosts of Reading, Maidenhead, and Colebrook, as would render it not improbable that Shakspere was acquainted with the curious volume which we first brought into notice. According to this narrative, Elizabeth, on being made officially acquainted with the arrival of his Highness in London, despatched from the residence of the court at Reading, a page of honour to convey him thither, in a coach sent by the Queen. They travelled from London in this coach with post-horses. At noon they dined at Hounsloe; towards night they reached Maidenhaide; and on the next morning arrived about noon at Reiding. We need not follow the narration of the interviews of the Queen and the Duke during two days. On the third day, the Queen having left Reading with her court; his Highness, in company with the French ambassador, travelled back towards London, and in the evening arrived at Windsor, which is described as twelve miles from Reading. Here he stayed two days, seeing the castle, as noticed in our Local Illustration to Act II. From this narrative we may judge that the cozenage of our Host of the Garter was practised upon him during the period when the Duke had travelled from London to Reading, and back again to Windsor.

[Eton.]

[Herne's Oak—'Sixty years since.']

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the* Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Fal. Prithee, no more prattling:—go. I'll hold: This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain: and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. [*Exit Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Enter FORD.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you:—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliah with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I pluck'd geese, play'd truant, and whipp'd top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford: on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow: Strange things in hand, master Brook! follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Windsor Park.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum;* she cries *budget;* and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: but what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget?* the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Street in* Windsor.

Enter Mrs. Page, *Mrs.* Ford, *and Dr.* Caius.

Mrs. Page. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit* Caius. My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Windsor Park.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, *and Fairies.*

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you; Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Park.*

Enter Falstaff, *disguised with a buck's head on.*

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me:—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda:—O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose?—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault. When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest: Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mrs. Ford *and Mrs.* Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut?—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green sleeves;* hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes;[a] let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. [*Embracing her.*

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman?[b] ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise!

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. } *Mrs. Page.* } Away, away. [*They run off.*

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans *like a satyr; Mrs.* Quickly, *and* Pistol; Anne Page, *as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.*

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,

[a] Holinshed tells us that in 1583 was performed "a very stately tragedy named Dido, wherein the queen's banquet (with Æneas' narration of the destruction of Troy,) was lively described in a *marchpaine pattern*,—the tempest wherein it hailed small confects, rained rose-water, and snew an artificial kind of snow."

[b] Do I understand *woodman's* craft—the hunter's art.

You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.[a]
Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimnies shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.
Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:
I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye. [*Lies down upon his face.*
Eva. Where's *Pede?*—Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy.[b]
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins
Anne. About, about;
Search Windsor-castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Hony soit qui mal y pense*,[c] write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white:
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knight-hood's bending knee:
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
Away; disperse: But, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the Hunter, let us not forget.
Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set:
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay: I smell a man of middle earth.
Ful. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy!
Lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

[a] The *o-yes*, the *oyez*, of the crier of a proclamation, was clearly a monosyllable, rhyming to *toys*.
[b] *Elevate* her fancy.
[c] *Pense* is a dissyllable—a proof that Shakspere knew the distinction between French verse and prose.

Pist. Vild worm, thou wast overlook'd even in thy birth.
Anne. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end.
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.
Pist. A trial, come.
Eva. Come, will this wood take fire? [*They burn him with their tapers.*
Fal. Oh, oh, oh!
Anne. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.[a]

SONG.

Fye on sinful fantasy!
Fye on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moon-shine be out

During this song, the fairies pinch Falstaff. *Doctor* Caius *comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green;* Slender *another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and* Fenton *comes, and steals away Mrs.* Anne Page. *A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away.* Falstaff *pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*

Enter Page, Ford, *Mrs.* Page, *and Mrs.* Ford. *They lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think, we have watch'd you now:
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?
Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher:
Now, good sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes
Become the forest better than the town?
Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave;

[a] Theobald here inserts a speech from the quarto: "It is right; indeed he is full of lecheries and iniquity." Theobald says "this speech is very much in character for Sir Hugh." He forgets that the real actors of the comedy are here speaking in assumed characters. Pistol has a speech or two; but all traces of Pistol's own character are suppressed. The entire scene is elevated into pure poetry in the amended edition, and none of the coarseness of the original is retained. For example, in the quarto, Sir Hugh says,

"Where's Pede?
Go and see where brokers sleep,
And fox-eyed serjeants with their mace;
Go lay the proctors in the street,
And pinch the lousy serjeant's face;
Spare none of these when they're a-bed
But such whose nose looks blue and red."

here are his horns, master Brook: And, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprize of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 't is upon ill employment.

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'T is time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! have I lived to stand at the taunts of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel: ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me; use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we 'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.[a]

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife that now laughs at thee: Tell her master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife. [*Aside.*

Enter Slender.

Slen. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you despatched?

Slen. Despatched!—I 'll make the best in Glocestershire know on 't; would I were hanged, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page would I might never stir, and 't is a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white,[b] and cry'd *mum*, and she cry'd *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post master's boy.[c]

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

a The whole scene being changed, three lines are here often foisted in from the quarto:

"*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, husband, let that go to make amends: Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.
Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last."

b The folio has *green*, which Pope changed to *white*, also changing, in the next speech, *white* to *green*.

c Two other lines are here introduced in the same way:

"*Eva.* Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry poys?
Page. O, I am vexed at heart: What shall I do?"

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paisan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar, I 'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit* Caius.

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: Here comes master Fenton.

Enter Fenton *and* Anne Page.

How now, master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good, my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress? how chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it.
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy that she hath committed:
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy:
In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run all sorts of deer are chas'd.[a]

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:—Sir John,
To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he, to-night, shall lie with mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt.*

[a] We have also another line restored—rescued, as the editors say—good in itself, but out of place:
"*Eva* I will dance and eat plums at your wedding."

RECENT NEW READINGS.

It was suggested to us by Dr. Maginn, for our 'Library Edition,' that these poetical speeches belong to *Anne*, as the Fairy Queen. In all previous modern editions they are all very inappropriately given to *Quickly*. We have traced the origin of this mistake, which is perfectly evident. In the original quarto we have not a word of the arrangement for *Anne* to "present the Fairy Queen." These lines are only found in the folio.—

"To-night, at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen."

But in the quarto edition, in the stage-direction of this scene, we have, "Enter Sir Hugh like a satyr, and boys dressed like fairies." What the Queen had to say was greatly elaborated in the folio; and there the stage-direction is for the entrance, *without any* designation of "Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly," &c. We have no doubt that the poet having determined that Anne should "present the fairy queen," these speeches unquestionably belong to her, and we have made the change accordingly. Mr. Dyce and Mr. Staunton adopt the change; Mr. White, in his edition of the Plays, contends that *Quickly* is right, but he says it has been the "invariable custom since Malone's time," to substitute "*Anne Page* as the *Fairy Queen*" when the characters enter, while the speeches were given to *Quickly*. "The inconsistency was avoided by Mr. Collier at the suggestion of Mr. Harness." He goes on to say that *Qui.* and *Quic.* could not have been invariably misprinted for *Qu.*; that the speeches of *Pistol* and *Sir Hugh* are as much inconsistent with the characters as those of *Mrs. Quickly*; that they were all assuming parts, and were lightly masked; and that *Anne Page* did *not* play the Fairy Queen, for, as she assured her lover, she intended to deceive her father and mother, "and she did so."

[Oak, and Avenue of Elms, Windsor Home Park.]

LOCAL ILLUSTRATION OF ACT V.

THE question whether the Herne's Oak of Shakspere is at present existing, or whether it was cut down some sixty years before, had become, at the time of the publication of our first edition, a subject of much controversy. Mr. Jesse, the author of those very agreeable volumes, 'Gleanings in Natural History,' maintained that the identical tree was still standing. The Quarterly Review, on the contrary, asserted that the tree had been cut down. At Windsor there were many believers in the present Herne's Oak, and many non-believers. We have bestowed some care in the investigation of the question; and we shall endeavour to present to our readers the result of our inquiries in connexion with our own early recollections.*

The memory of the editor carries him back to Windsor as it was forty years ago. The castle was then almost uninhabited. The king and his family lived in an ugly barrack-looking building called the Queen's Lodge, which stood opposite the south front of the castle. The great quadrangle, the terrace, and every part of the Home Park, was a free playground for the boys of Windsor. The path to Datchet passed immediately under the south terrace, direct from west to east, and it abruptly descended into the Lower Park, at a place called Dodd's Hill. From this path several paths diverged in a south-easterly direction towards the dairy at Frogmore; and one of these went close by a little dell, in which long rank grass, and fern, and low thorns grew in profusion. Near this dell stood several venerable oaks. Our earliest recollections associate this place with birds'-nests and mushrooms; but some five or six years later we came to look here for the "oak with great ragg'd horns," to which we had been introduced in the newly discovered world of Shakspere. There was an oak, whose upper branches were much decayed, standing some thirty or forty yards from the deep side of the dell; and there was another oak with fewer branches, whose top was

* We had better keep the dates as they stand in this Illustration, as published in 1839, in the first edition of the 'Pictorial Shakspere.'

also bare, standing in the line of the avenue near the park wall. We have heard each of these oaks called Herne's Oak; but the application of the name to the oak in the avenue is certainly more recent. That tree, as we first recollect it, had not its trunk bare. Its dimensions were comparatively small, and it seemed to us to have no pretensions to the honour which it occasionally received. The old people, however, used to say that Herne's Oak was cut down or blown down, and certainly our own impressions were that Herne's Oak was gone. One thing however consoled us. The little dell was assuredly the "pit hard by Herne's Oak" in which Anne Page and her troop of fairies "couched with obscured lights." And so we for ever associated this dell with Shakspere.

Years passed on—Windsor ceased to be familiar to us. When Mr. Jesse, however, published his second series of Gleanings in 1834, we were pleased to find this passage: "The most interesting tree, at Windsor. for there can be little doubt of its identity, is the celebrated Herne's Oak. There is indeed a story prevalent in the neighbourhood respecting its destruction. It was stated to have been felled by command of his late Majesty George III about fifty years ago, under peculiar circumstances. The whole story, the details of which it is unnecessary to enter upon, appeared so improbable, that I have taken some pains to ascertain the inaccuracy of it, and have now every reason to believe that it is perfectly unfounded." But we were not quite satisfied with Mr. Jesse's description of this oak. In his 'Gleanings' he says, "In following the footpath which leads from the Windsor-road to Queen Adelaide's Lodge, in the Little Park, about half way on the right, a dead tree may be seen close to an avenue of elms. This is what is pointed out as Herne's Oak." Now we distinctly recollected that one of the trees, which some persons said was Herne's Oak, was not only close to an avenue of elms but formed part of the avenue; the other oak which pretended to the name was some distance from the avenue. Mr. Jesse goes on to say:—

"The footpath which leads across the park is stated to have passed, in former times, close to Herne's Oak. The path is now at a little distance from it, and was, probably, altered, in order to protect the tree from injury."

Here again was the manifestation of some imperfect local knowledge, which led us to doubt Mr. Jesse's strong assertion of the tree's identity. The footpath, so far from being altered to protect the tree from injury, was actually made, for the first time, some five-and-twenty years ago, when the ancient footpath to Datchet, which crossed the upper part of the park, passing, as we have mentioned, under the south terrace, was diverted by order of the magistrates, in order to give a greater privacy to the castle. The present pathway to Datchet was then first made, and a causeway was carried across the little dell. One of the paths from the castle to the dairy went near this dell, but it was on the more northern side, and not far from the other tree which some persons called Herne's Oak. Indeed, we were by no means sure that Mr. Jesse's description did not apply to this other tree. The expression "*close* to the avenue" might include it. Certainly his engraving was much more like that tree, as we recollect it, than the tree *in* the avenue.

Towards the end of 1838, the following passage in 'The Quarterly Review,' came to destroy the little hope which we had indulged that Mr. Jesse had restored to us Herne's Oak:—

"Among his anecdotes of celebrated English oaks, we were surprised to find Mr. Loudon adopting (at least so we understand him) an apocryphal story about Herne's Oak, given in the lively pages of Mr. Jesse's *Gleanings*. That gentleman, if he had taken any trouble, might have ascertained that the tree in question was cut down one morning, by order of King George III., when in a state of great, but transient, excitement; the circumstance caused much regret and astonishment at the time."

Mr. Jesse replied to this statement, in a letter addressed to the editor of the 'Times,' dated Nov. 28, 1838. Mr. Jesse says that the story thus given was often repeated by George IV., who, however, always added 'that tree was supposed to have been Herne's Oak, but it was not.' Mr. Jesse adds, that the tree thus cut down, which stood near the castle, was an elm. We may take the liberty of mentioning that George IV. did not *always* add that the tree cut down was *not* Herne's Oak; and this we know from the very best authority—the King's own statement to Mr. Croker, who furnished the information to us. We have a letter in which that gentleman says that the cutting down of Herne's Oak was mentioned by George IV., as one of the results of his father's mental indisposition. Mr. Jesse goes on to say, that soon after the circumstance referred to, three large old oak trees were blown down in a gale of wind in the Little Park; and one of them, supposed to be Herne's Oak, was cut up and made into boxes and other Shaksperian relics. Mr Jesse, however, conceives that the matter is put beyond doubt by the following statement:—

"To set the matter at rest, however, I will now repeat the substance of some information given to me relative to Herne's Oak, by Mr. Ingalt, the present respectable bailiff and manager of Windsor Home Park. He states that he was appointed to that situation by George III., about forty years ago. On receiving his appointment he was directed to attend upon the King at the Castle, and on arriving there he found His Majesty with 'the old Lord Winchilsea.' After a little delay, the King set off to walk in the park, attended by Lord Winchilsea, and Mr Ingalt was desired to follow them. Nothing was said to him until the King stopped opposite an oak tree. He then turned to Mr. Ingalt and said, 'I brought you here to point out this tree to you. I commit it to your especial charge, and take care that no damage is ever done to it. I had rather that every tree in the park should be cut down than that this tree should be hurt. *This is Herne's Oak.*' Mr. Ingalt added, that this was the tree still standing near Queen Elizabeth's Walk, and is the same tree which I have mentioned and given a sketch of in my *Gleanings in Natural History*. Sapless and leafless it certainly is, and its rugged bark has all disappeared.

'Its boughs are moss'd with age,
'And high top bald with gray antiquity;'—

but there it stands, and long may it do so, an object of interest to every admirer of our immortal bard. In this state it has been, probably, long before the recollection of the oldest person living. Its trunk appears, however, sound, like a piece of ship-timber, and it has always been protected by a strong fence round it—a proof of the care which has been taken of the tree, and of the interest which is attached to it."

Mr. Engall (not Ingalt), "the present respectable bailiff and manager of Windsor Home Park," certainly did not reside at Windsor forty years ago. He is not now what may be called an old man; and he was originally about the person of George III. at one of those seasons of affliction which were so distressing to his Majesty's family, and to his subjects. The conversation thus reported by Mr. Jesse, is entirely at variance with much earlier recollections of George III., which we shall presently shew.

We are here relieved from the doubt as to which tree Mr. Jesse originally intended to describe as Herne's Oak, by the following passage of his letter to the 'Times.' "King William III. was a great planter of avenues, and to him we are indebted for those in Hampton Court and Bushy Park, and also those at Windsor. All these have been made in a straight line, with the exception of one in the Home Park, which diverges a little, *so as to take in Herne's Oak as a part of the avenue*—a proof, at least, that Wiliam III. preferred distorting his avenue to cutting down the tree in order to make way for it in a direct line, affording another instance of the care taken of this tree 150 years ago."

With our own recollections of the localities still vivid, we have recently visited the favourite haunts of our boyhood in the Little Park. Our sensations were not pleasurable. The spot is so changed, that we could scarcely recognise it. We lamented twenty-five years ago that the common footpath to Datchet should have been carried through the picturesque dell, near which all tradition agreed that Herne's Oak stood; but we were not prepared to find that, during the alterations of the castle, the most extensive and deepest part of the dell, all on the north of the path, had been filled up and made perfectly level. Our old favourite thorns are now all buried, and the antique roots of the old trees that stood in and about the dell are covered up. Surely the rubbish of the castle might have been conveyed to a less interesting place of deposit. The smaller and shallower part of the dell, that on the south of the path, has been half filled up, and what remains is of a formal and artificial character. Mr. Jesse seems quite unaware of the change that has taken place in the locality, for in his *Gleanings* he says: "I was glad to find a pit hard by, where Nan and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh Devil Evans, might all have couch'd, without being perceived by the 'fat Windsor stag' when he spake like Herne the hunter. The pit above alluded to has recently had a few thorns planted in it; and the circumstance of its being near the oak, with the diversion of the footpath, seem to prove the identity of the tree, in addition to the traditions respecting it." The divergence of the avenue which Mr. Jesse, somewhat enthusiastically, attributes to the respect of William III. for Herne's Oak, must, we fear, be assigned to less poetical motives. The avenue, we understand, formed the original boundary of the Park in that direction. It diverges at least 120 yards before it reaches Mr. Jesse's Herne's Oak; and there is little doubt that the meadow on the south of the avenue after it diverges, which in our remembrance was a separate enclosure, was formerly a common field. The engraving at the head of this Illustration is a most faithful delineation of the oak which Mr. Jesse calls Herne's. It is now perfectly bare down to the very roots. "In this state," says Mr. Jesse, "it has been, probably, long before the recollection of the oldest person living." He adds, "it has always been protected by a strong fence round it." In our own recollection this tree was unprotected by any fence, and its upper part only was withered and without bark. So far from Herne the hunter having blasted it, it appears to have suffered a premature decay, and it fell down in 1863. This tree was of small girth compared with other trees about it. It was not more than fifteen feet in circumference at the largest part, while there is a magnificent oak at about 200 yards' distance whose girth is nearly thirty feet. The engraving at the end of this notice is a representation of that beautiful tree.

The subject, after the publication of our first edition, was investigated with great acuteness by Dr. Bromet, and his conclusions are given in a very interesting letter in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' for April, 1841. He collected a variety of testimony from various persons, which went to prove that a tree called Herne's Oak was cut down some sixty years before, and that the tree which now pretends to the honour—"*this* oak"—had acquired the name in very modern times:—"Its present name was not conferred upon it until some time after the demolition of another old tree, formerly possessing that title." This entirely agrees with our own personal recollections of the talk of Windsor about Herne's Oak. But Dr. Bromet justly observes that the "strongest proof" against the claims of Mr. Jesse's oak, is "Collier's map of 1742," which actually points out 'Sir John Falstaff's oak' as being, *not in the present avenue, but outside it, near the edge of the pit.*

The engraving of an oak at the head of Act V. is copied without alteration from a drawing made in the year 1800, by Mr. W. Delamotte, the Professor of Landscape Drawing at Sandhurst, who was a pupil of Benjamin West, under whose care he was placed in 1792. Mr. Delamotte has often heard his master lament that Herne's Oak had been cut down, to the great annoyance, as Mr. West stated, of the King and the royal family. According to Mr. West's account of the circumstance, the King had directed all the trees in the park to be numbered; and upon the representation of the bailiff, whose name was Robinson, that certain trees encumbered the ground, directions were given to fell those trees, and Herne's Oak was amongst the condemned. Mr. West, who was residing at Windsor at the time, traced this oak to the spot where it was conveyed, and obtained a large piece of one of its knotty arms, which Mr. Delamotte has often seen. Mr. Ralph West, however, the eldest son of the President, who, as a youth, was distinguished for his love of art, and his great skill as a draftsman, made a drawing

of this tree before it was felled, and Mr. Delamotte's drawing, which he has kindly granted us permission to engrave, was a copy of this valuable sketch. The locality of the tree, as indicated by the position of the castle in this sketch, perfectly corresponds with the best traditions.

We might here dismiss the subject, had we not been favoured with a communication, in accordance with the views which we have already taken. Mr. Nicholson, the eminent landscape draftsman, has furnished Mr. Crofton Croker, who has taken a kind interest in our work, with the following information :—

About the year 1800, he was on a visit to the Dowager Countess of Kingston, at Old Windsor; and his mornings were chiefly employed in sketching, or rather making studies of the old trees in the Forest. This circumstance one day led the conversation of some visitors to Lady Kingston to Herne's Oak. Mrs. Bonfoy and her daughter, Lady Ely, were present; and as they were very much with the royal family, Mr. Nicholson requested Lady Ely to procure for him any information that she could from the King, respecting Herne's Oak, which, considering His Majesty's tenacious memory and familiarity with Windsor, the King could probably give better than any one else.

In a very few days, Lady Ely informed Mr. Nicholson that she had made the inquiry he wished of the King, who told her that "when he (George III.) was a young man, it was represented to him that there were a number of old oaks in the park which had become unsightly objects, and that it would be desirable to take them down; he gave immediate directions that such trees as were of this description should be removed; but he was afterwards sorry that he had given such an order inadvertently, because he found that, among the rest, the remains of Herne's Oak had been destroyed.

There is a third version of the popular belief regarding the removal of Herne's Oak, which differs from the preceding statements, and yet is sufficiently circumstantial. The best information we have gathered on the subject is derived from a letter obligingly communicated to us, written by the son of Mr. John Piper, of Cambridge, formerly a gunmaker at Windsor, and of which the following are extracts. It will be remarked how closely this statement of Mr. Piper agrees with the information derived from Collier's plan :—

"My father states that about sixty-four years since, there was a deep chalk-pit sunk inside the park at Windsor, nearly opposite the Hope Inn (which is now nearly filled up again, and through which the road to Datchet now runs). The chalk was taken in immense quantities from this pit to fill up the ditch which then ran round the castle, it being considered it would render the foundations of the castle and connected buildings more secure, as in many places they were giving way. The removal of the chalk from the pit for this purpose, in some measure undermined a fine oak tree, which stood on the upper side of the pit, nearest the castle. Shortly after a storm came and blew this tree down, and this circumstance created a great sensation at the time, as *that* tree was considered to be the identical Herne's Oak of Shakspere notoriety. My father had in his boyish days very frequently played in the pit and round the tree, and its locality is therefore strongly impressed on his memory, although now between sixty and seventy years since." The letter then concludes thus :—"My father wishes me to add that it must not be inferred that there was no pit existing *previous* to the removal of the chalk for the purpose stated." There was before then such a pit as described in Act V. Scene III. where Mrs. Page says,

"They are all couched in a pit close to Herne's oak."

[Oak, near the site of Herne's Oak.]

[Windsor, 1839.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

Rightly to appreciate this Comedy, it is, we conceive, absolutely necessary to dissociate it from the Historical plays of Henry IV., and Henry V. Whether Shakspere produced the original sketch of the Merry Wives of Windsor before those plays, and remodelled it after their appearance,—or whether he produced both the original sketch, and the finished performance, when his audiences were perfectly familiar with the Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Nym, Bardolph, and Mistress Quickly of Henry IV., and Henry V.,—it is perfectly certain that *he* did not intend the Merry Wives as a continuation. It is impossible, however, not to associate the period of the comedy with the period of the histories. For although the characters which are common to all the dramas act in the comedy under very different circumstances, and are, to our minds, not only different in their moods but in some of their distinctive features, they must each be received as identical—*alter et idem*. Still the connexion must be as far as possible removed from our view, that we may avoid comparisons which the author certainly was desirous to avoid, when in remodelling the comedy he introduced no circumstances which could connect it with the histories; and when he not only did not reject what would be called the anachronisms of the first sketch, but in the perfect play heaped on such anachronisms with a profuseness that is not exhibited in any other of his dramas. We must, therefore, not only dissociate the characters of the Merry Wives from the similar characters of the histories; but suffer our minds to slide into the belief that the manners of the times of Henry IV. had sufficient points in common with those of the times of Elizabeth, to justify the poet in taking no great pains to distinguish between them. We must suffer ourselves to be carried away with the nature and fun of this comedy, without encumbering our minds with any precise idea of the social circumstances under which the characters lived. We must not startle, therefore, at the mention of Star-chambers, and Edward shovel-boards, and Sackerson, and Guiana, and rapiers, and Flemish drunkards, and coaches, and pensioners. The characters speak in the language of truth and nature, which belongs to all time; and we must forget that they sometimes use the expressions of a particular time to which they do not in strict propriety belong.

The critics have been singularly laudatory of this comedy. Warton calls it "the most complete specimen of Shakspere's comic powers." Johnson says, "This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of the personages, who exhibit more characters appropriated and discriminated than perhaps can be found in any other play . . . . . Its general power, that power by which all works of genius shall finally be tried, is such, that perhaps it never yet had reader or spectator who did not think it too soon at the end." We agree with much of this; but we certainly cannot agree with Warton that it is "the most complète specimen of Shakspere's comic powers." We cannot forget As You Like It, and Twelfth Night, and Much Ado about Nothing. We cannot forget those exquisite combinations of the highest wit with the purest poetry, in which the

wit flows from the same everlasting fountain as the poetry,—both revealing all that is most intense and profound and beautiful and graceful in humanity. Of those qualities which put Shakspere above all other men that ever existed, the Merry Wives of Windsor exhibits few traces. Some of the touches, however, which no other hand could give, are to be found in Slender, and we think in Quickly. Slender, little as he has to do, is the character that most frequently floats before our fancy when we think of the Merry Wives of Windsor. Slender and Anne Page are the favourites of our modern school of English painting, which has attempted, and successfully, to carry the truth of the Dutch School into a more refined region of domestic art. We do not wish Anne Page to have been married to Slender, but in their poetical alliance they are inseparable. It is in the remodelled play that we find, for the most part, such Shaksperian passages in the character of Slender as, "If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves,"—which resolve, as Evans says, shews his "virtuous mind." In the remodelled play, too, we find the most peculiar traces of the master-hand in Quickly,—such as, "His worst fault is that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way;" and "the boy never need to understand anything, for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness. Old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world;" and again, "Good hearts! what ado there is to bring you together, sure one of you does not serve heaven well that you are so crossed." Johnson objects to this latter passage as profane; but he overlooks the extraordinary depth of the satire. Shakspere's profound knowledge of the human heart is as much displayed in these three little sentences as in his Hamlet and his Iago.

The principal action of this comedy—the adventures of Falstaff with the Merry Wives—sweeps on with a rapidity of movement which hurries us forward to the denouement as irresistibly as if the actors were under the influence of that destiny which belongs to the empire of tragedy. No reverses, no disgraces, can save Falstaff from his final humiliation. The net is around him, but he does not see the meshes;—he fancies himself the deceiver, but he is the deceived. He will stare Ford "out of his wits," he will "awe him with his cudgel," yet he lives "to be carried in a basket like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown into the Thames." But his confidence is undaunted: "I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her;" yet "since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten till lately." Lastly, he will rush upon a third adventure: "This is the third time, I hope good luck lies in odd numbers;" yet his good luck ends in "I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass." The real jealousy of Ford most skilfully helps on the merry devices of his wife; and with equal skill does the poet make him throw away his jealousy, and assist in the last plot against the "unclean knight." The misadventures of Falstaff are most agreeably varied. The disguise of the old woman of Brentford puts him altogether in a different situation to his suffocation in the buck basket; and the fairy machinery of Herne's Oak carries the catastrophe out of the region of comedy into that of romance.

The movement of the principal action is beautifully contrasted with the occasional repose of the other scenes. The Windsor of the time of Elizabeth is presented to us, as the quiet country town, sleeping under the shadow of its neighbour the castle. Amidst its gabled houses, separated by pretty gardens, from which the elm and the chestnut and the lime throw their branches across the unpaved road, we find a goodly company, with little to do but gossip and laugh, and make sport out of each other's cholers and weaknesses. We see Master Page training his "fallow greyhound;" and we go with Master Ford "a-birding." We listen to the "pribbles and prabbles" of Sir Hugh Evans and Justice Shallow, with a quiet satisfaction; for they talk as unartificial men ordinarily talk, without much wisdom, but with good temper and sincerity. We find ourselves in the days of ancient hospitality, when men could make their fellows welcome without ostentatious display, and half a dozen neighbours "could drink down all unkindness" over "a hot venison pasty." The more busy inhabitants of the town have time to tattle, and to laugh, and be laughed at. Mine Host of the Garter is the prince of hosts; he is the very soul of fun and good temper;—he is not solicitous whether Falstaff sit "at ten pounds a week" or at two;—he readily takes "the withered serving man for a fresh tapster;"—his confidence in his own cleverness is delicious:—"am I politic, am I subtle, am I a Machiavel?"—the Germans "shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay I'll sauce them." When he loses his horses, and his "mind is heavy," we rejoice that Fenton will give him "a hundred pound in gold" more than his loss. His contrivances to manage the fray

between the furious French doctor, and the honest Welsh parson, are productive of the happiest situations. Caius waiting for his adversary—"de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him"—is capital. But Sir Hugh, with his,—

> "There will we make our peds of roses,
> And a thousand fragrant posies,
> To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry,"—is inimitable.

With regard to the under-plot of Fenton and Anne Page—the scheme of Page to marry her to Slender—the counter-plot of her mother, "firm for Dr. Caius"—and the management of the lovers to obtain a triumph out of the devices against them—it may be sufficient to point out how skilfully it is interwoven with the Herne's Oak adventure of Falstaff. Though Slender "went to her in white, and cry'd, mum, and she cry'd budget, . . . yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy;"—though Caius did "take her in green," he "ha' married un *garçon*, a boy; un *paisan*;"—but Anne and Fenton

> ————"long since contracted,
> Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve *them*."

Over all the misadventures of that night, when "all sorts of deer were chas'd," Shakspere throws his own tolerant spirit of forgiveness and content:—

> "Good husband, let us every one go home,
> And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
> Sir John and all."

COMEDY OF ERRORS

[Restoration of the Second Temple of Diana, at Ephesus.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of the Comedy of Errors.

The Comedy of Errors was first printed in the folio collection of Shakspere's Plays in 1623. There can be no doubt that it was therein printed from the author's manuscript. Appearing for the first time after the death of Shakspere, this copy presents many typographical errors; and in a few passages the text is manifestly corrupt. The difficulties, however, are not very considerable; and the original copy is decidedly better, for the most part, than the modern innovations. Malone, in adhering to this text, was more distinctly opposed to Steevens than in other plays, in which he has, though evidently contrary to his own better opinion, adopted the suggestions of Steevens and others, who introduced what they considered amendments, but which amendments were founded upon an imperfect knowledge of the phraseology and metre of their author. The rejections by Malone of the changes of Steevens are here made with somewhat more of pertinacity, and perhaps of ill-temper, than was common with him.

The Comedy of Errors was clearly one of Shakspere's very early plays. It was probably untouched by its author after its first production. We have here no existing sketch to enable us to trace what he introduced, and what he corrected, in the maturity of his judgment. It was, we imagine, one of the pieces for which he would manifest little solicitude after his genius was fully developed. The play is amongst those mentioned by Meres in 1598. The only allusion in it which can be taken to fix a date, is that which is supposed to refer to the civil contests of France

upon the accession of Henry IV. We have noticed this passage in our Illustrations of Act III.; but we are by no means sure that the *equivoque* in the description of France, "arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir," is to be received with reference to the war of the League. The spelling of *heire* in the original copy is not conclusive; for the words *heire* and *haire* are confounded in other places of the early copies of Shakspere's dramas. At any rate, the change of *heire* to *haire* in the second folio shows that the supposed allusion to Henry IV. was forgotten in 1632.

We must depend, then, upon the internal evidence of this being a very early play. This evidence consists,

1. In the great prevalence of that measure which was known to our language as early as the time of Chaucer, by the name of "rime dogerel." This peculiarity is found only in three of our author's plays, —in Love's Labour's Lost, in the Taming of the Shrew, and in the Comedy of Errors. But this measure was a distinguishing characteristic of the early English drama. It prevails very much more in this play than in Love's Labour's Lost; for prose is here much more sparingly introduced. The doggrel seems to stand half-way between prose and verse, marking the distinction between the language of a work of art, and that of ordinary life, in the same way that the recitative does in a musical composition. It is to be observed, too, in the Comedy of Errors, that this measure is very carefully regulated by somewhat strict laws:—

> "We came into the world like brother and brother,
> And now let 's go hand in hand, not one before another."

This concluding passage, which is cast in the same mould as the other similar verses of the play, is much more regular in its structure than the following in Love's Labour's Lost:—

> "And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,
> Which we of taste and feeling are, for those parts that do fructify in us more than he."

The latter line almost reminds us of 'Mrs. Harris's Petition,' which, according to Swift, "Humbly sheweth

> "That I went to warm myself in Lady Betty's chamber, because I was cold,
> And I had in a purse seven pounds, four shillings and sixpence, besides farthings, in money and gold."

The measure in the Comedy of Errors was formed by Shakspere upon his rude predecessors. In some of these it is not only occasionally introduced, but constitutes the great mass of the dialogue. In 'Gammer Gurton's Needle,' for example, a long play of five acts, which has been called the first English comedy, the doggrel measure prevails throughout, as in the concluding lines:—

> "But now, my good masters, since we must be gone,
> And leave you behind us, here all alone,
> Since at our lasting ending, thus merry we be,
> For Gammer Gurton's Needle's sake, let us have a plaudytie."

The supposed earlier comedy of 'Ralph Roister Doister' is composed in the same measure. Nor was it in humorous performances alone that this structure of verse (which Shakspere always uses as a vehicle of fun) was introduced. In 'Damon and Pithias,' a serious play, which was probably produced about 1570, the sentence of Dionysius is thus pronounced upon Pithias:—

> "Pithias, seeing thou takest me at my word, take Damon to thee:
> For two months he is thine; unbind him; I set him free;
> Which time once expired, if he appear not the next day by noon,
> Without further delay thou shalt lose thy life, and that full soon."

There cannot, we think, be a stronger proof that the Comedy of Errors was an early play of our author, than its agreement, in this particular, with the models which Shakspere found in his almost immediate predecessors.

2. In Love's Labour's Lost, Romeo and Juliet, A Midsummer-Night's Dream, and the Comedy of Errors, alternate rhymes are very frequently introduced. Shakspere obtained the mastery over this species of verse in the Venus and Adonis, "the first heir of his invention," as he himself calls it. He writes it with extraordinary facility—with an ease and power that strikingly contrast with the more laboured elegiac stanzas of modern times. Nothing can be more harmonious, or the har-

mony more varied, than this measure in Shakspere's hands. Take, for example, the well-known lines in the Venus and Adonis, which, themselves the most perfect music, have been allied to one of the most successful musical compositions of the present day:—

> "Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
> Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
> Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
> Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen."

Compare these with the following in Love's Labour's Lost:—

> "A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
> Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
> Beauty doth varnish age, as if new born,
> And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy."

Or with these, in Romeo and Juliet:—

> "If I profane with my unworthiest hand
> This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,—
> My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand,
> To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss"

Or with some of the lines in A Midsummer-Night's Dream, such as,

> "Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
> Scorn and derision never come in tears:
> Look, when I vow I weep; and vows so born
> In their nativity all truth appears."

Or, lastly, with the exquisite address of Antipholus of Syracuse to Luciana, in the third act of the Comedy of Errors.

> "Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
> Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
> Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
> The folded meaning of your words' deceit."

There was clearly a time in Shakspere's poetical life when he delighted in this species of versification; and in many of the instances in which he has employed it in the dramas we have mentioned, the passages have somewhat of a fragmentary appearance, as if they were not originally cast in a dramatic mould, but were amongst those scattered thoughts of the young poet which had shaped themselves into verse, without a purpose beyond that of embodying his feeling of the beautiful and the harmonious. When the time arrived that he had fully dedicated himself to the great work of his life, he rarely ventured upon cultivating these offshoots of his early versification. The doggrel was entirely rejected—the alternate rhymes no longer tempted him by their music to introduce a measure which is scarcely akin with the dramatic spirit—the couplet was adopted more and more sparingly—and he finally adheres to the blank verse which he may almost be said to have created,—in his hands certainly the grandest as well as the sweetest form in which the highest thoughts were ever unfolded to listening humanity.

Supposed Source of the Plot.

The commentators have puzzled themselves, after their usual fashion, with the evidence which this play undoubtedly presents of Shakspere's ability to read Latin, and their dogged resolution to maintain the opinion that in an age of grammar-schools our poet never could have attained that common accomplishment. The speech of Ægeon, in the first scene,

> "A heavier task could not have been impos'd
> Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable,"—

is, they admit, an imitation of the

"Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem"

of Virgil.

"Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,"

is in Catullus, Ovid, and Horace. The "owls" that "suck our breath" are the "*striges*" of Ovid. The apostrophe of Dromio to the virtues of "beating"—"When I am cold he heats me with beating; when I am warm he cools me with beating; I am waked with it when I sleep; rais'd with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return;"—is modelled upon Cicero:—"Hæc studia adolescentiam agunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur." The burning of the conjurer's beard is an incident copied from the twelfth book of Virgil's Æneid, where Corinæus singes "the goodly bush of hair" of Ebusus, in a manner scarcely consistent with the dignity of heroic poetry. Lastly, in the original copy of the Comedy of Errors, the Antipholus of Ephesus is called *Sereptus*—a corruption of the epithet by which one of the twin brothers in Plautus is distinguished—*Menæchmus Surreptus*. There was a translation of this comedy of Plautus, to which we shall presently more fully advert. "If the poet had not dipped into the original Plautus," says Capell, "*Surreptus* had never stood in his copy, the translation having no such *agnomen*, but calling one brother simply *Menæchmus*, the other *Sosicles*." With all these admissions on the part of some of those who proclaimed that Farmer had made a wonderful discovery when he attempted to prove that Shakspere did not know the difference between *clarus* and *carus*—(See Henry V., Act v., Illustration)—they will not swerve from their belief that his mind was so constituted as to be incapable of attaining that species of knowledge which was of the easiest attainment in his own day,—and for the teaching of which a school was expressly endowed at Stratford-upon-Avon. Steevens says, "Shakspere might have taken the general plan of this comedy from a translation of the Menæchmi of Plautus, by W. W., i. e. (according to Wood) William Warner, in 1595." Ritson thinks that Shakspere was under no obligation to this translation; but that the Comedy of Errors "was not originally his, but proceeded from some inferior playwright, who was *capable* of reading the Menæchmi without the help of a translation." Malone entirely disagrees with Ritson's theory that this comedy was founded upon an earlier production; but sets up a theory of his own to get over the difficulty started by Ritson, that not a single name, word, or line, is taken from Warner's translation A play called 'The Historie of Error' was enacted before Queen Elizabeth, "by the children of Powles," in 1576; and from this piece, says Malone, "it is extremely probable that he was furnished with the fable of the present comedy," as well as the designation of "*surreptus*." Here is, unquestionably, a very early play of Shakspere,—and yet Steevens maintains that it was taken from a translation of Plautus, published in 1595; the play has no resemblance, beyond the general character of the incidents, to this translation,—and therefore Ritson pronounces that it is not entirely Shakspere's work;—and while Malone denies this, he guesses that the Comedy of Errors was founded upon a much older play. And why all this contradictory hypothesis? Simply, because these most learned men are resolved to hold their own heads higher than Shakspere, by maintaining that he could not do what they could—read Plautus in the original. We have not a doubt that the Comedy of Errors was written at least five years before the publication of Warner's translation of the Menæchmi; and, further, that Shakspere in the composition of his own play was perfectly familiar with the Menæchmi of Plautus. In Hamlet he gives, in a word, the characteristics of two ancient dramatists;—his criticism is decisive as to his familiarity with the originals: "Seneca cannot be too *heavy*, nor Plautus too *light*." We shall furnish a few extracts from this translation of 1595; whence it will be seen, incidentally, that the lightness of the free and natural old Roman is wondrously loaded by the prosaic hand of Master William Warner.

The original argument of the Menæchmi, it will be perceived, at once gave Shakspere the epithet *surreptus*, as well as furnished him with some of the characters of his play, much more distinctly than the translation, which we present with it:—

[PLAUTUS.]

"Mercator Siculus, cui erant gemini filii;
Ei, surrepto altero, mors obtigit.
Nomen surreptitii illi indit qui domi est
Avus paternus, facit Menæchmum Sosiclem.
Et is germanum, postquam adolevit, quæritat
Circum omnes oras. Post Epidamnum devenit:
Hic fuerat auctus ille surreptitius.
Menæchmum civem credunt omnes advenam:
Eumque appellant, meretrix, uxor et socer.
Ii se cognoscunt fratres postremò invicem."

[WARNER.]

"Two twinborn sons, a Sicill merchant had,
Menechmus one, and Sosicles the other:
The first his father lost a little lad,
The grandsire named the latter like his brother.
This (grown a man) long travel took to seek
His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
Where th' other dwelt enrich'd, and him so like,
That citizens there take him for the same:
Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
Much pleasant error, ere they meet together."

This argument is almost sufficient to point out the difference between the plots of Plautus and of Shakspere. It stands in the place of the beautiful narrative of Ægeon, in the first scene of the Comedy of Errors. In Plautus we have no broken-hearted father bereft of both his sons: he is dead; and the grandfather changes the name of the one child who remains to him. Shakspere does not stop to tell us how the twin-brothers bear the same name; nor does he explain the matter any more in the case of the Dromios, whose introduction upon the scene is his own creation. In Plautus, the brother, Menæchmus Sosicles, who remained with the grandsire, comes to Epidamnum, in search of his twin-brother who was stolen, and he is accompanied by his servant Messenio; but all the perplexities that are so naturally occasioned by the confusion of the two twin-servants are entirely wanting. The mistakes are carried on by the "meretrix, uxor, et socer," (softened by Warner into "father, wife, neighbours"). We have "Medicus," the prototype of Doctor Pinch; but the mother of the twins is not found in Plautus. We scarcely need say that the Parasite and the Father-in-law have no place in Shakspere's comedy. The scene in the Comedy of Errors is changed from Epidamnum to Ephesus; but we have mention of Epidamnum once or twice in the play.

The Menæchmi opens with the favourite character of the Roman comedy—the Parasite; the scene is at Epidamnum. The Parasite is going to dine with Menæchmus, who comes out from his house, upbraiding his jealous wife. But his wife is not jealous without provocation.

"Hanc modò uxori intus palam surripui; ad scortum fero."

The Antipholus of Shakspere does not propose to dine with one "pretty and wild," and to bestow "the chain" upon his hostess, till he has been provoked by having his own doors shut upon him. Our poet has thus preserved some sympathy for his Antipholus, which the Menæchmus of Plautus forfeits upon his first entrance. Menæchmus and the Parasite go to dine with Erotium (meretrix). Those who talk of Shakspere'e anachronisms have never pointed out to us what formidable liberties the translators of Shakspere's time did not scruple to take with their originals. Menæchmus gives very precise directions for his dinner, after the most approved Roman fashion:—

"Jube igitur nobis tribus apud te prandium accurarier,
Atque aliquid scitamentorum de foro obsonarier,
Glandionidem suillam, laridum pernonidem, aut
Sinciput, aut polimenta porcina, aut aliquid ad eum modum."

This passage W. W. thus interprets:—"Let a good dinner be made for us three. Hark ye, some oysters, a mary-bone pie or two, some artichokes, and potato roots; let our other dishes be as you please." In reading this bald attempt to transfuse the Roman luxuries into words accommodated to English ideas, we are forcibly reminded how "rare Ben" dealt with the spirit of antiquity in such matters:—

"The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels' heels,
Boil'd in the spirit of sol, and dissolv'd pearl,
Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsy:
And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber
Headed with diamond and carbuncle.
My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons
Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself will have
The beards of barbels serv'd, instead of sallads;
Oil'd mushrooms" &c.—*Alchemist*, Act II., sc. 1.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

The second Act in Plautus opens with the landing of Menæchmus Sosicles and Messenio, at Epidamnum. The following is Warner's translation of the scene: —

"*Men.* Surely, Messenio, I think seafarers never take so comfortable a joy in any thing as, when they have been long tost and turmoiled in the wide seas, they hap at last to ken land.

Mes. I'll be sworn, I should not be gladder to see a whole country of mine own, than I have been at such a sight. But I pray, wherefore are we now come to Epidamnum? must we needs go to see every town that we hear of?

Men. Till I find my brother, all towns are alike to me: I must try in all places.

Mes. Why then, let's even as long as we live seek your brother: six years now have we roamed about thus, Istria, Hispania, Massylia, Illyria, all the upper sea, all high Greece, all haven towns in Italy. I think if we had sought a needle all this time we must needs have found it, had it been above ground. It cannot be that he is alive; and to seek a dead man thus among the living, what folly is it?

Men. Yea, could I but once find any man that could certainly inform me of his death, I were satisfied; otherwise I can never desist seeking: little knowest thou, Messenio, how near my heart it goes.

Mes. This is washing of a blackamoor. Faith, let's go home, unless ye mean we should write a story of our travail.

Men. Sirrah, no more of these saucy speeches. I perceive I must teach you how to serve me, not to rule me.

Mes. Ay, so, now it appears what it is to be a servant. Well, I must speak my conscience. Do ye hear, sir? Faith I must tell you one thing, when I look into the lean estate of your purse, and consider advisedly of your decaying stock, I hold it very needful to be drawing homeward, lest in looking your brother, we quite lose ourselves. For this assure yourself, this town, Epidamnum, is a place of outrageous expenses, exceeding in all riot and lasciviousness: and (I hear) as full of ribalds, parasites, drunkards, catchpoles, coney-catchers, and sycophants, as it can hold. Then for courtezans, why here's the currentest stamp of them in the world. You must not think here to scape with as light cost as in other places. The very name shows the nature, no man comes hither *sine damno*.

Men. You say very well indeed: give me my purse into mine own keeping, because I will so be the safer, *sine damno*."

Steevens considered that the description of Ephesus in the Comedy of Errors,

"They say, this town is full of cozenage," &c.

was derived from Warner's translation, where "ribalds, parasites, drunkards, catch-poles, coney-catchers, sycophants, and courtezans," are found; the *voluptarii, potatores, sycophantæ, palpatores*, and *meretrices* of Plautus. But surely the "jugglers," "sorcerers," "witches," of Shakspere are not these. With his exquisite judgment, he gave Ephesus more characteristic "liberties of sin." The cook of the courtezan, in Plautus, first mistakes the wandering brother for the profligate of Epidamnum. Erotium next encounters him, and with *her* he dines; and, leaving her, takes charge of a cloak which the Menæchmus of Epidamnum had given her. In the Comedy of Errors the stranger brother dines with the wife of him of Ephesus. The Parasite next meets with the wanderer, and being enraged that the dinner is finished in his absence, resolves to disclose the infidelities of Menæchmus to his jealous wife. The "errors" proceed, in the maid of Erotium bringing him a chain which she says he had stolen from his wife: he is to cause it to be made heavier and of a newer fashion. The traveller goes his way with the cloak and the chain. The jealous wife and the Parasite lie in wait for the faithless husband, who the Parasite reports is carrying the cloak to the dyer's; and they fall with their reproaches upon the Menæchmus of Epidamnum, who left the courtezan to attend to his business. A scene of violence ensues; and the bewildered man repairs to Erotium for his dinner. He meets with reproaches only; for he knows nothing of the cloak and the chain. The stranger Menæchmus, who has the cloak and chain, encounters the wife of his brother, and of course he utterly denies any knowledge of her. Her father comes to her assistance, upon her hastily sending for him. He first reproaches his daughter for her suspicions of her husband, and her shrewish temper: Luciana reasons in a somewhat similar way with Adriana, in the Comedy of Errors;—and the Abbess is more earnest in her condemnation of the complaining wife. The scene in Plautus wants all the elevation that we find in Shakspere; and the old man seems to think that the wife has little to grieve for, as long as she has food, clothes, and servants. Menæchmus, the traveller, of course cannot comprehend all this; and the father and daughter agree that he is mad, and send for a doctor. He escapes from the discipline which is preparing for him; and the doctor's assistants lay hold of Menæchmus, the citizen. He is rescued by Messenio, the servant of the traveller, who mistakes him for his master, and begs his freedom. The servant going to his inn meets with his real master; and, while disputing with him, the Menæchmus of Epidamnum joins them. Of course, the *éclaircissement* is the natural consequence of the presence of both upon the same scene. The brothers resolve to leave Epidam

num together; the citizen making proclamation that he will sell all his goods, and adding, with his accustomed loose notions of conjugal duty,

"Venibit uxor quoque etiam, si quis emptor venerit.

Hazlitt has said, "This comedy is taken *very much* from the Menæchmi of Plautus, and is not an improvement on it." We think he is wrong in both assertions.

Period of the Action.

We have noticed some of the anachronisms which the translator of Plautus, in Shakspere's time did not hesitate to introduce into his performance. W. W. did not do this ignorantly; for he was learned person; and, we are told in an address of "The Printer to his Readers," had "divers of this poet's comedies Englished, for the use and delight of his private friends, who in Plautus' own words are not able to understand them." There was, no doubt, a complete agreement as to the principle of such anachronisms in the writers of Shakspere's day. They employed the conventional ideas of their own time instead of those which properly belonged to the date of their story; they translated images as well as words; they were addressing uncritical readers and spectators, and they thought it necessary to make themselves intelligible by speaking of familiar instead of recondite things. Thus W. W. not only gives us mary-bone pies and potatoes, instead of the complicated messes of the Roman sensualist, but he talks of constables and toll-gatherers, Bedlam fools, and claret In Douce's Essay 'On the Anachronisms and some other Incongruities of Shakspere,' the offences of our poet in the Comedy of Errors are thus summed up:—"In the *ancient* city of Ephesus we have ducats, marks, and guilders, and the *Abbess of a Nunnery.* Mention is also made of several modern European kingdoms, and of America; of Henry the Fourth of France,* of Turkish tapestry, a rapier, and a striking-clock; of Lapland sorcerers, Satan, and even of Adam and Noah. In one place Antipholus calls himself a *Christian.* As we are unacquainted with the immediate source whence this play was derived, it is impossible to ascertain whether Shakspere is responsible for these anachronisms." The ducats, marks, guilders, tapestry, rapier, striking-clock, and Lapland sorcerers, belong precisely to the same class of anachronisms as those we have already exhibited from the pen of the translator of Plautus. Had Shakspere used the names of Grecian or Roman coins, his audience would not have understood him. Such matters have nothing whatever to do with the period of a dramatic action. But we think Douce was somewhat hasty in proclaiming that the *Abbess of a Nunnery, Satan, Adam and Noah,* and *Christian,* were anachronisms, in connexion with the "ancient city of Ephesus."

Douce, seeing that the Comedy of Errors was suggested by the Menæchmi of Plautus, considers, no doubt, that Shakspere intended to place his action at the same period as the Roman play. It is manifest to us that he intended precisely the contrary. The Menæchmi contains invocations in great number to the ancient divinities;—Jupiter and Apollo are here familiar words. From the first line of the Comedy of Errors to the last we have not the slightest allusion to the classical mythology. Was there not a time, then, even in the *ancient* city of Ephesus, when there might be an Abbess,—men might call themselves Christians,—and Satan, Adam, and Noah might be names of common use? We do not mean to affirm that Shakspere intended to select the Ephesus of Christianity—the great city of churches and councils—for the dwelling-place of Antipholus, any more than we think that Duke Solinus was a real personage—that "Duke Menaphon, his most renowned uncle," ever had any existence—or that even his name could be found in any story more trustworthy than that of Greene's 'Arcadia.' The truth is, that in the same way that *Ardennes* was a sort of *terra incognita* of chivalry, the poets of Shakspere's time had no hesitation in placing the fables of the romantic ages in classical localities, leaving the periods and the names perfectly undefined and unappreciable. Who will undertake to fix a period for the action of Sir Philip Sydney's great romance, when the author has conveyed his reader into the fairy or pastoral land, and informed him what manner of life the inhabitants of that region lead?" We cannot open a page of Sydney's 'Arcadia' without being struck with what we are accustomed to call anachronisms,—and these from a very severe critic, who, in his

* *Mention* is certainly *not* made of Henry IV.; there is a *supposed* allusion to him

'Defence of Poesy,' denounces with merciless severity all violation of the unities of the drama. One example will suffice :—Histor and Damon sing a "double sestine." The classical spirit that pervades the following lines belongs to the "true Arcadian" age :—

> "O Mercury, foregoer to the evening,
> O heavenly huntress of the savage mountains,
> O lovely star entitled of the morning,
> While that my voice doth fill these woful valleys,
> Vouchsafe your silent ears to plaining music,
> Which oft hath echo tired in secret forests."

But to what period belong the following lines of the "Phaleuciacs," which Zelmene sings, whose voice "strains the *canary*-birds?"

> "Her *cannons* be her eyes, mine eyes the walls be.
> Which at first volley gave too open entry,
> Nor rampier did abide; my brain was *up-blown*,
> *Undermined* with a speech the piercer of thoughts."

Warton has prettily said, speaking of Spenser, "*exactness* in his poem would have been like the cornice which a painter introduced in the grotto of Calypso." Those who would define everything in poetry are the makers of corniced grottos. As we are not desirous of belonging to this somewhat obsolete fraternity, to which even Warton himself affected to belong when he wrote what is truly an apology for the Fairy Queen, we will leave our readers to decide,—whether Duke Solinus reigned at Ephesus before "the great temple, after having risen with increasing splendour from seven repeated misfortunes, was finally burnt by the Goths in their third naval invasion;"* or whether he presided over the decaying city, somewhat nearer to the period when Justinian "filled Constantinople with its statues, and raised his church of St. Sophia on its columns;"† or, lastly, whether he approached the period of its final desolation, when the "candlestick was removed out of its place," and the Christian Ephesus became the Mohammadan Aiasaluck.

But decide as our readers may,—and if they decide not at all they will not derive less satisfaction from the perusal of this drama,—it becomes necessary for the demands of the modern stage that the scenery and costume should belong to some definite period. Our coadjutor, Mr. Planché, has felt considerable difficulty in this particular; and the short notice which he gives on the subject of costume aims at greater precision than we should consider necessary with reference to the poetical character of this play. This desire for exactness is, to a certain extent, an evil;—and it is an evil which necessarily belongs to what, at first appearance, is a manifest improvement in the modern stage. The exceeding beauty and accuracy of scenery and dress in our days is destructive, in some degree, to the *poetical* truth of Shakspere's dramas. It takes them out of the region of the broad and universal, to impair their freedom and narrow their range by a typographical and chronological minuteness. When the word "Thebes"‡ was exhibited upon a painted board to Shakspere's audience, their thoughts of that city were in subjection to the descriptions of the poet; but if a pencil as magical as that of Stanfield had shown them a Thebes that the child might believe to be a reality, the words to which they listened would have been comparatively uninteresting, in the easier gratification of the senses instead of the intellect Poetry must always have something of the vague and indistinct in its character. The exact has its own province. Let Science explore the wilds of Africa, and map out for us where there are mighty rivers and verdant plains in the places where the old geographers gave us pictures of lions and elephants to designate undiscovered desolation. But let Poetry still have its undefined countries; let Arcadia remain unsurveyed; let us not be too curious to inquire whether Dromio was an ancient heathen or a Christian, nor whether Bottom the weaver lived precisely at the time when Theseus did battle with the Centaurs.

* Gibbon, chap. x. † Chandler.

‡ See Sydney's Defence of Poesy. "What child is there that, coming to a play, and seeing Thebes written in great letters upon an old door, doth believe that it is Thebes?" This rude device was probably employed in the representation of the *Thebais* of Seneca, translated by Newton, 1581

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Costume.

The costume of this Comedy must, we fear, be left conventional. The two masters, as well as the two servants, must of course be presumed to have been attired precisely alike, or the difference of dress would at least have called forth some remark, had it not led to an immediate éclaircissement; and yet that the Syracusan travellers, both master and man, should by mere chance be clothed in garments not only of the same fashion, but of the same colour, as those of their Ephesian brethren, is beyond the bounds of even stage probability. Were the scene laid during the classical era of Greece, as in 'the Menæchmi,' on which our Comedy was founded, the absurdity would not be quite so startling, as the simple tunic of one slave *might* accidentally resemble that of another; and the chlamys and petasus of the upper classes were at least of one general form, and differed but occasionally in colour; but the appearance of an Abbess renders it necessary to consider the events as passing at the time when Ephesus had become famed amongst the Christian cities of Asia Minor, and at least as late as the first establishment of religious communities (*i. e.* in the fourth century).

We can only recommend to the artist the Byzantine Greek paintings and illuminations, or the costume adopted from them for Scriptural designs by the early Italian masters.

[Medal of Ephesus.]

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ÆGLINUS, *Duke of* Ephesus.
ÆGEON, *a merchant of* Syracuse.

ANTIPHOLUS *of* Ephesus,
ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse, } *twin brothers, and sons to* Ægeon *and* Æmilia, *but unknown to each other.*

DROMIO *of* Ephesus,
DROMIO *of* Syracuse, } *twin brothers, and Attendants on the two* Antipholuses.

BALTHAZAR, *a merchant.*
ANGELO, *a goldsmith.*
A merchant, friend to Antipholus *of* Syracuse.
PINCH, *a schoolmaster, and a conjurer.*

ÆMILIA, *wife to* Ægeon, *an Abbess at* Ephesus.
ADRIANA, *wife to* Antipholus *of* Ephesus.
LUCIANA, *her sister.*
LUCE, *her servant.*
A Courtezan.

Gaoler Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—EPHESUS.

[Ephesus.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, Ægeon, Gaoler, Officers, *and other* Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws;
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have sealed his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'T wixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans[a] and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more, If any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at any Syracusan marts and fairs,
Again, If any Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.[1]
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.
Æge. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.
Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home;
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.
Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:

[a] *Syracusans.*—In the first folio, Syracu*sans*, as we now read, is invariably spelt Syracu*sians*. In Malone's edition (1821), the old spelling is restored, Boswell stating that it has the sanction of Bentley, in his Epistles of Phalaris. We have considered that Syracu*sians* is an error of the early typography; for the Syracusani of the Latin naturally becomes the Syracusan*s* of the English. Mr. Dyce, as well as Mr. Staunton, Mr. Grant White in his American edition, and the Cambridge editors, hold to *Syracusians.*

Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature,[a] not by vile offence,
I 'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me, too, had not our hap been bad.[b]
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,[c]
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
There had she not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered[d]
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon.
We came aboard:
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, most careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seized on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and importun'd me,

[a] *By nature*—by the impulses of nature, by natural affection,—as opposed to *vile offence*, the violation of the municipal laws of Ephesus.

[b] The word *too* in this line was supplied in the *second* folio.

[c] The first folio reads—

"And *he* great care of goods at random left."

Malone made the text easy and clear by the substitution of *the*.

[d] The word *poor* in this line was added in the second folio.

That his attendant, (so his case was like,[a]
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus.
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die:—
Gaoler, take him into thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A public Place.*

Enter Antipholus *and* Dromio *of* Syracuse, *and a* Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean.
[*Exit* Dro. S.

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,[a]
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort you till bed-time;
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down, to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*Exit* Merchant.

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter Dromio *of* Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—
What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 't is to fast and pray,
Are penitent[b] for your default to-day.

[a] *So his case was like.*—*So* is the reading of the first folio;—his case was *so* like that of Antipholus.

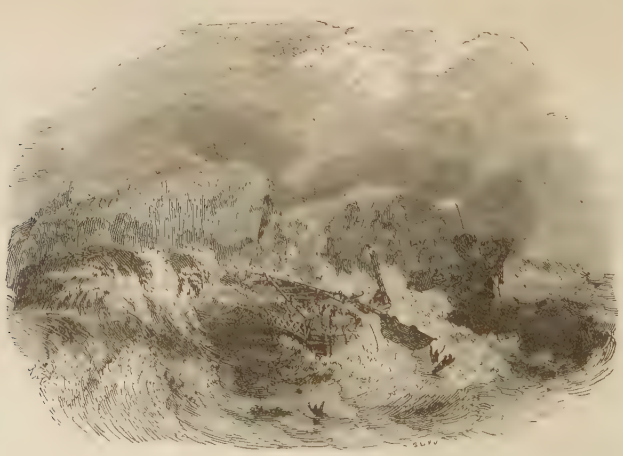
[a] *Soon at five o'clock.*—This is ordinarily printed, "Soon, at five o'clock." But Antipholus says—
"Within this hour it will be dinner-time."
The time of dinner was *twelve;* therefore five o'clock would not have been *soon.* We must therefore understand the phrase as *about* five o'clock.

[b] *Penitent,*—In the sense of doing penance.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray:
Where have you left the money that I gave you?
Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last,
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper;
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.
Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?
Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed;[a]
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.
Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?
Dro. E. To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.
Ant. S. Come on, sir knave; have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.
Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you fro' the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner;
My mistress and her sister stay for you.
Ant. S. Now, as I am a christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd[b] my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?
Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.
Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave, hast thou?
Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner
Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.
Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.
[*Exit* Dro. E.
Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught[a] of all my money.
They say, this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin:[b]
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*Exit*

[a] *I post indeed.*—The *post* of a shop was used as the tally-board of a publican is now used, to keep the *score*.
[b] *Bestow'd,*—stowed, deposited.

[a] *O'er-raught,*—over-reached.
[b] *Liberties of sin.*—Some would read *libertines.*



['We were encountered by a mighty rock.']

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

SCENE I

"*It hath in solemn synods been decreed,*
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay more, If any. born at Ephesus,
Be seen at any Syracusan marts and fairs,
Again, If any Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus he dies
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him."

THE offence which Ægeon had committed, and the penalty which he had incurred, are pointed out with a minuteness, by which the poet doubtless intended to convey his sense of the gross injustice of such enactments. In 'The Taming of the Shrew,' written most probably about the same period as 'The Comedy of Errors,' the jealousies of commercial states, exhibiting themselves in violent decrees and impracticable regulations, are also depicted by the same powerful hand:—

"*Tra.* What countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of Mantua.
Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
Ped. My life, sir? how, I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'T is death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua; know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly."

At the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth, the just principles of foreign commerce were asserted in a very remarkable manner in the preamble to a statute (1 Eliz. c. 13): "Other foreign princes, finding themselves aggrieved with the said several acts"—(statutes prohibiting the export or import of merchandise by English subjects in any but English ships)—"as thinking that the same were made to the hurt and prejudice of their country and navy, have made like penal laws against such as should ship out of their countries in any other vessels than of their several countries and dominions; by reason whereof there hath not only grown great displeasure between the foreign princes and the kings of this realm, but also the merchants have been sore grieved and endamaged." The inevitable consequences of commercial jealousies between rival states—the retaliations that invariably attend these "narrow and malignant politics," as Hume forcibly expresses it—are here clearly set forth. But in five or six years afterwards we had acts "for setting her Majesty's people on work," forbidding the importation of foreign wares ready wrought, "to the intent that her Highness's subjects might be employed in making thereof." These laws were directed against the productions of the Netherlands; and they were immediately followed by counter-proclamations, forbidding the carrying into England of any matter or thing out of which the same wares might be made; and prohibiting the importation in the Low Countries of all English manufactures, under pain of confiscation. Under these laws, the English merchants were driven from town to town—from Antwerp to Embden, from Embden to Hamburgh; their ships seized, their goods confiscated. Retaliation of course followed, with all the complicated injuries of violence begetting violence. The instinctive wisdom of our poet must have seen the folly and wickedness of such proceedings; and we believe that these passages are intended to mark his sense of them. The same brute force, which would confiscate the goods and burn the ships of the merchant, would put the merchant himself to death, under another state of society. He has stigmatised the principle of commercial jealousy by carrying out its consequences under an unconstrained despotism.

[Remains of Gate at Ephesus.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.*

Enter ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and, when they see time,
They 'll go, or come: If so, be patient, sister.
Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?
Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.
Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.[a]
Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There 's none but asses will be bridled so.
Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.[b]
There 's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls:
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.
Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.
Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.
Adr. But were you wedded you would bear some sway.

[a] *Ill.* This is the reading of the second folio, which is necessary for the rhyme. The original has *thus.*

[b] *Lash'd with woe.*—A *lace*, a *leash*, a *latch*, a *lash*, is each a form of expressing what binds or fastens; and thus "headstrong liberty," and "woe," are bound together,—are inseparable.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I 'll practise to obey.
Adr. How if your husband start some other where? [a]
Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.
Adr. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience would relieve me:
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience [b] in thee will be left.
Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio *of* Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?
Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.
Adr. Say, did'st thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?
Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear. Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.
Luc. Spake he so doubtfully thou couldst not feel his meaning?
Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand them.[c]
Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home? It seems he hath great care to please his wife.
Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.
Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?
Dro. E. I mean not cuckold mad; but, sure, he 's stark mad:
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He asked me for a thousand marks in gold:
'"T is dinner-time,' quoth I; 'My gold,' quoth he;
'Your meat doth burn,' quoth I; 'My gold,' quoth he;
'Will you come home?' quoth I; 'My gold,' quoth he:
'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?'
'The pig,' quoth I, 'is burn'd;' 'My gold,' quoth he:
'My mistress, sir,' quoth I; 'Hang up thy mistress;
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!'
Luc. Quoth who?
Dro. E. Quoth my master:
'I know,' quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mistress;'
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.
Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.
Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake send some other messenger.
Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.
Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.
Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home.
Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus? [a]
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service you must case me in leather. [*Exit.*
Luc. Fye, how impatience loureth in your face!
Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That 's not my fault, he 's master of my state:
What ruins are in me that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground

[a] Johnson would read, "start some other *hare*." But *where* has here the power of a noun, and is used, as in Henry VIII., "the king hath sent me *otherwhere*." We have lost this mode of using *where* in composition; but we retain *otherwise*, in a different guise: we understand *otherwhile*, at a different time; and we can therefore have no difficulty with *otherwhere*, in a different *place*.

[b] The allusion is to the practice of "begging a fool" for the guardianship of his fortune. (See Love's Labour 's Lost, Illustrations of Act V.) This abominable prerogative of the Crown seems to have been continued as late as the time of Congreve. In the 'Way of the World,' on Witwould's inquiring what he should do with the fool, his brother, Petulant, replies, "Beg him for his estate, that I may beg you afterwards, and so have but one trouble with you both."

[c] *Understand them.*—stand under them We have the same quibble in the Two Gentlemen of Verona—"My staff understands me." Milton does not disdain to make Belial, "in gamesome mood," use a similar play upon words. (See Paradise Lost, book vi. v. 625.)

[a] To be *round* with any one is to be plain-spoken; as in Hamlet: "Let her be *round* with him." Dromio uses the word in a double sense, when he alludes to the foot-ball.

Of my defeatures:[a] My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home: poor I am but his stale.[b]

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fye, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain;—
Would that alone alone he would detain,[c]
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see, the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,
That others touch, yet often touching will[d]
Wear gold; and so no man that hath a name,
But falschood and corruption doth it shame.[e]
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I 'll weep what 's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter Antipholus *of* Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuse.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. [*Beating him.*

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.[a]
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it[b] too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—
For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?

[a] *Defeatures.* Adriana asserts that her *defeatures*, her decayed fair—*fair* being used as a noun for beauty, and *defeatures* for the change in her features for the worse—have been caused by her husband's neglect. In Othello we have "*defeat* thy favours," meaning disfigure thy countenance.

[b] *Stale* is stalking-horse; thus, in Ben Jonson's Catiline—
"dull, stupid Lentulus,
My *stale*, with whom I *stalk*."

[c] In the first folio we have—
"Would that alone *a love* he would detain."
The obvious error, says Malone, was corrected in the second folio. Mr. Dyce has pointed out that the repetition of *alone* has a precedent in Lucrece:—
"But I alone, alone must sit and pine."
This emphasises the sentiment, but here the second *alone* perplexes the sense.

[d] *That others touch.* The Cambridge editors ingeniously suggest "*the tester's touch.*"

[e] This passage has been altered by Pope, Warburton, and Steevens, from the original: and it is so impossible to gain tolerable reading without changing the text, that we leave it as it is commonly received. In the first folio the reading is—
"I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; *yet* the gold bides still
That others touch; *and* often touching will
Where gold; and no man, that hath a name,
By falsohood and corruption doth it shame."

[a] The "serious hours" of Antipholus are his *private* hours, the "sauciness" of Dromio intrudes upon those hours, and deprives his master of his exclusive possession of them,—makes them "*a common*" property.

[b] *Insconce it*—defend it—fortify it.

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason?—
Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But, say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir; I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir, what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 't will be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time. There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?[a]

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig,[b] and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.[a]

Dro S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring;[b] the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, in no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 't would be a bald conclusion: But soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall[c]
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick
Should'st thou but hear I were licentious?

[a] In this, as in all Shakspere's early plays, and in his Poems, we have the professional jokes of the attorney's office in great abundance.

[b] *Periwig.* This, the word in the folio, is ordinarily printed *peruke*

[a] *Falsing*—the participle of the obsolete verb *to false.* Shakspere uses this verb once, viz. in Cymbeline, Act II., Scene III:—

"'T is gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth: yea, and makes
Diana's rangers *false* themselves."

In Chaucer (Rom. of the Rose), we have—

"They *falsen* ladies traitorously."

The verb is commonly used by Spenser,—as

"Thou *falsed* hast thy faith with perjury."

[b] *Tiring*—attiring. In the folio we have *trying*, an obvious typographical error, corrected by Pope. Mr. Collier, Mr. Dyce, and Mr. White, suggest *trimming.*

[c] *Fall* is here used as a verb active.

And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin of[a] my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the grime of lust:[b]
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live dis-stain'd,[c] thou, undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fye, brother! how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,[d]
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I, a vine;[a]
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle[b] moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure, uncertainly[c]
I'll entertain the offer'd[d] fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land;[1]—O, spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls,[e] and elvish[f] sprites;
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They 'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why, prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?

Ant. S. I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.

a *Of*—so the folio; Steevens unnecessarily substituted *off*.
b *Grime*—suggested by Warburton instead of *crime* in the folio.
c *Dis-stained* in the folio.
d *Exempt.* Johnson says the word here means *separated*. But surely Adriana intends to say that she must bear the wrong; that Antipholus, being her husband, is released, acquitted, *exempt*, from any consequences of this wrong.

a When Milton uses this classical image, in Paradise Lost,
"They led the vine
To wed the elm; she, spous'd, about him twines
Her marriageable arms,"
the annotators of our great epic poet naturally give us the parallel passages in Catullus, in Ovid, in Virgil, in Horace. Shakspere unquestionably had the image from the same sources. It appears to us that this line of Shakspere is neither a translation nor an imitation of any of the well-known classical passages; but a transfusion of the spirit of the ancient poets by one who was familiar with them.
b *Idle*—useless, fruitless,—as in "desarts *idle*." An *addle* egg is an *idle* egg. Shakspere plays upon the words in Troilus and Cressida: "If you love an *addle* egg as well as you love an *idle* head, you would eat chickens i' the shell."
c *Sure, uncertainty.*—We adopt the reading of the Cambridge Editors.
d *Offer'a*—in the first folio. *freed.*
e *Owls*—Theobald changed *owls* to *ouphes*, upon the plea that owls could not suck breath and pinch. Warburton maintains that the *owl* here is the *strix* of the ancients—the destroyer of the cradled infant—
"Nocte volant, puerosque petunt nutricis egentes,
Et vitiant cunis corpora rapta suis."
Ovid. Fasti, lib. vi.
f *Elvish* is wanting in the first folio, but is found in the second, misprinted "elves."

'T is so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks:
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.
Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping, or waking? mad, or well advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
I'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late. [*Exeunt.*

[Remains of Aqueduct at Ephesus.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

[1] SCENE II.—"*This is the fairy land.*"

IN the first act we have the following description of the unlawful arts of Ephesus :—

> "They say this town is full of cozenage;
> As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
> Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
> Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
> Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
> And many such like liberties of sin."

'T was observed by Capell that "the character given of Ephesus in this place is the very same that it had with the ancients, which may pass for some note of the poet's learning." It was scarcely necessary, however, for Shakspere to search for this ancient character of Ephesus in more recondite sources than the most interesting narrative of St. Paul's visit to the city, given in the 19th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. In the 13th verse we find mention of "certain of the vagabond Jews *exorcists;*" and in the 19th verse we are told that "many of them also which used *curious arts* brought their books together, and burned them before all men." The ancient proverbial term, *Ephesian Letters*, was used to express every kind of charm or spell.

[Syracuse.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Ephesus, DROMIO *of* Ephesus, ANGELO, *and* BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all.
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours:
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carcanet,[a]
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here 's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house:
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know:
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You are sad, signior Balthazar: 'Pray God, our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.

[a] *Carcanet*—a chain, or necklace. In Harrington's Orlando Furioso we have—
"About his neck a *carkaet* rich he ware."

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that 's nothing but words.

Bal Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest,
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft; my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen'!

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Mome,[a] malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch![b]
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? my master stays in the street.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho! open the door.

Dro. S. Right, sir, I 'll tell you when, an you 'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*Within.*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh;—
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that 's,—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you 'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. And you said, no.

Dro. E. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake.

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ake.

Ant. E. You 'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [*Within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. By my troth your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.[a]

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.

[a] *Mome.* It is difficult to attach a precise meaning to *mome.* Some say it is one who plays in a mummery, a buffoon. The derivation is French, and a modern French Dictionary explains it as a young thief, and says it is applied to the *gamins* of Paris.

[b] *Patch* is a pretender, a deceitful fellow, one who is *patched* up. *Patch*, as applied to a fool, has only a secondary meaning. Shakspere uses *patchery* in the sense of roguery: "Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery."—(Troilus and Cressida.)

[a] *Part with*—depart with.

Ant. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind.

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems, thou wantest breaking; Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in; Go, borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather; master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir, O let it not be so.

Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,[a]—Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.[b]
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession;
For ever housed, where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd. I will depart in quiet,

And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse;
Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle;—
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest, without desert,)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner. Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 't is made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;[a]
For there 's the house; that chain will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife,)
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expence. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Once this*—once for all.
[b] *To make* the door is still a provincial expression.

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter Luciana *and* Antipholus *of* Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?[b]
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness:
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: What need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'T is double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit,[c] that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve,
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.

[a] *Porpentine.* This word, which has the same meaning as Porcupine, is invariably used throughout the early editions of Shakspere. It was no doubt the familiar word in Shakspere's time, and ought not to be changed.

[b] *Ruinate*, instead of *ruinous*, is the reading of the folio. To make a rhyme to *ruinate*, Theobald inserted the word *hate*, in the second line—"Shall, Antipholus, *hate*,"—shall hate rot thy love-springs? The correction of *ruinate* to *ruinous*, suggested by Steevens, though not adopted by him, is much more satisfactory. It is to be observed that Antipho*lus* is the prevailing orthography of the folio, though in some places we have Antipho*lis*. *Love-springs* are the early *shoots* of love, as in the Venus and Adonis—

"This canker that eats up love's tender *spring*."

[c] *Compact of credit*—credulous.

Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
'T is holy sport, to be a little vain,[a]
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,)
Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister flood of tears;
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And, as a bed,[b] I'll take thee and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—
Let love,[c] being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated;[d] how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That 's my sister.

Ant. S. No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee;
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir, hold you still;
I 'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.
[*Exit* LUC.

Enter from the house of ANTIPHOLUS *of* Ephesus, DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir reverence:[a] I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she 's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she 'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face no-

[a] *Vain*—Johnson interprets this *light of tongue.*

[b] *Bed*—the first folio reads *bud.* The second folio, *bed.* "The golden hairs" which are "spread o'er the silent waves" will form the bed of the lover. Mr. Dyce would read—

"And as a *bride* I'll take thee."

[c] *Love* is here used as the queen of love. In the Venus and Adonis, Venus, speaking of herself, says—

"Love is a spirit, all compact with fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire."

[d] To *mate*—to *amate*—is to make senseless,—to stupify as in a dream. *Mætan* (A. S.) is to dream.

[a] See Illustrations to Romeo and Juliet, Act I. When anything offensive was spoken of, this form of apology was used

thing like so clean kept. For why? she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 't is in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir;—but her name and three quarters, that is an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip; she is spherical, like a globe. I could find out countries in her.[1]

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks. I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?[2]

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her hair.[3]

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?[4]

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore, I was assured[a] to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch:

And, I think, if my breast had not been made
of faith, and my heart of steel,
She had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and
made me turn i' the wheel.[b]

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently, post to the
road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'T is time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be
gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for
life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife.
[*Exit*

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit
here;
And therefore 't is high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself.
But, lest myself be guilty to[a] self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's
song.

Enter Angelo

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the
chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus
long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I should do with
this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made
it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it
not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times
you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money
now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you
well. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot
tell:

a *Assured*—affianced.

b We have printed these two lines as verse. The doggrel, like some of Swift's similar attempts, contains a superabundance of syllables; but we have little doubt that Dromio's description of the kitchen-maid was intended to conclude emphatically with rhyme.

a *Guilty to*—not *of*,—was the phraseology of Shakspere's time.

But this I think, there 's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I 'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out then straight away.

[*Exit.*

Sing, Siren.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

[1] SCENE II.—"*I could find out countries in her.*"

SHAKSPERE most probably had the idea from Rabelais, in the passage where Friar John maps out the head and chin of Panurge (L. 3. c. 28.) "Ta barbe par les distinctions du gris, du blanc, du tanné, et du noir, me semble une mappe-monde. Regarde ici. Voila Asie. Ici sont Tigris et Euphrates. Voila Africque. Ici est la montaigne de la Lune. Veois-tu les palus du Nil? Deça est Europe. Veois-tu Theleme? Ce touppet ici tout blanc, sont les monts Hyperborées."

[2] SCENE II.—"*Where Scotland?*"

In the 'Merchant of Venice,' where Portia describes her suitors to Nerissa, we have an allusion, —sarcastic although playful,—to the ancient contests of Scotland with England, and of the support which France generally rendered to the weaker side:

Ner. "What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another."

The word *Scottish* is found in the original quarto of this play, but in the folio of 1623 it is changed to *other*. Malone considers that the 'Merchant of Venice' being performed in the time of James, the allusion to Scotland was suppressed by the Master of the Revels; but that the more offensive allusion to the "barrenness" of Scotland, in the passage before us being retained in the original folio edition, is a proof that the 'Comedy of Errors' was not revived after the accession of the Scottish monarch to the English throne.

[3] SCENE II.—"*Making war against her hair.*"

It seems to be pretty generally agreed that this passage is an allusion to the war of the League. In the first folio we have the spelling *heire*, although in the second folio it was changed to *haire*. Upon the assassination of Henry III., in August, 1589, the great contest commenced between his *heir*, Henry of Navarre, and the Leaguers, who opposed his succession. In 1591 Elizabeth sent an armed force to the assistance of Henry. If the supposition that this allusion was meant by Shakspere be correct, the date of the play is pretty exactly determined; for the war of the League was in effect concluded by Henry's renunciation of the Protestant faith in 1593.

[4] SCENE II.—"*Where America, the Indies?*"

This is certainly one of the boldest anachronisms in Shakspere; for, although the period of the action of the 'Comedy of Errors' may include a range of four or five centuries, it must certainly be placed before the occupation of the city by the Mohammedans, and therefore some centuries before the discovery of America.

[Remains of the Gymnasium, Ephesus.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, *and an* Officer.

Mer. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you,
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I 'll attach you by this officer

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me[a] by Antipholus:
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o 'clock,
I shall receive the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Ephesus, *and* DROMIO *of* Ephesus.

Off. That labour may you save; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

[a] *Growing to me*—accruing to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope! [*Exit* DROMIO.

Ant. E. A man is well holp up that trusts to you.
I promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides I have some business in the town:
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there[a] as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

[a] *I will*, instead of *I shall*, is a Scotticism, says Douce (an Englishman); it is an Irishism, says Reed (a Scotsman); and an ancient Anglicism, says Malone (an Irishman).

Ang. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine:
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me; the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now;
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fye! now you run this humour out of breath:
Come, where 's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance:
Good sir, say, whe'r you 'll answer me, or no;
If not, I 'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! What should I answer you?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do; and charge you in the duke 's name, to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation:—
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:
But, sirrah, you shall buy the sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away: our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman? Why thou peevish[a] sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me, sir, for a rope's-end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That 's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it;
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave: be gone.
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt* Merchant, Angelo, Officer, *and* Ant. E.

Dro S. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.

[*Exit*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea, or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad or merrily?

[a] *Peevish*—silly. *Sheep* and *ship* were pronounced alike Thus Speed's jest in the Two Gentlemen of Verona—
"Twenty to one then he is *shipp'd* already,
And I have play'd the *sheep* in losing him."

What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First, he denied you had in him no right.[a]

Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my spite.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless every where;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical[b] in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:
Far from her nest the lapwing cries, away;[1]
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go: the desk, the purse; sweet now, make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse,—a fellow all in buff;[2]
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry foot well;[3]
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.[4]

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;
But is in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can I tell:
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at, [*Exit* Luciana.
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt:—
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?[a]

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain: do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 't is time that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes. If any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth, to season.
Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If he[b] be in debt, and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.
Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

[a] The modern construction would be, "He denied you had in him *a* right;" but this was Shakspere's phraseology, and that of his time.

[b] *Stigmatical*—branded in form—with a mark upon him.

[a] *Band*—bond.

[b] *He* is Malone's correction of the original *I*. Mr. Dyce adopts that of Rowe, "If a be."

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for:
What, have you got [rid of[a]] the picture of Old Adam new apparelled?

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-skin that was killed for the prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 't is a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob,[b] and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he, that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, 'God give you good rest!'

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions;
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes, that the wenches say, 'God damn me,' that 's as much as to say, 'God make me a light wench.' It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me? We 'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, so bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid thee,[a] fiend! what tell 'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I cónjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I 'll begone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.
Master, be wise; an' if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know.

[*Exeunt* ANT. S. *and* DRO. S.

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself:
A ring he hath of mine worthy forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,

[a] Theobald inserted *rid of;* and they appear necessary,—for the "fellow all in buff" was not with the Antipholus of Syracuse.

[b] *Fob* in the original. Mr. Halliwell suggests *sop.*

[a] *Avoid thee—then* in first folio; the fourth folio, *thou;* Mr. Dyce, *thee;* Mr. White, *thou.*

(Besides this present instance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now, to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away: This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Ephesus, *and an* Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away:
I 'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
And will not lightly trust the messenger:
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,[a]
I tell you, 't will sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO *of* Ephesus, *with a rope's end.*

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.
How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here 's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.[5]

Ant. E. But where 's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I 'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 't is for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it, when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat: and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *and the* Courtezan, *with* PINCH, *and others.*

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather to prophesy, like the parrot, 'Beware the rope's end.'

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats him.*

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his extasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

[a] This is ordinarily printed—
"And will not lightly trust the messenger,
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus."
As we print the passage, his wife will not lightly, easily, trust the messenger with the money; for it will sound harshly in her ears that her husband should be attached in Ephesus.

Ant. E. Din'd at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity, you did;—my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is 't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas! I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with those nails I 'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

[Pinch *and his* Assistants *bind* Ant. E. *and* Dro. E.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch More company; the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man! how pale and wan he looks!

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master; cry, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt* Pinch *and* Assistants, *with* Ant. E. *and* Dro. E.

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith. Do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day,
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now,)
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it:—
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is;
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse, *with his rapier drawn, and* DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords; let 's call more help,
To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they 'll kill us.

[*Exeunt* Officer, ADR. *and* LUC.

Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff[a] aboard.

[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Stuff*—baggage. "The king s stuff" is often mentioned in the orders issued for royal progresses.

RECENT NEW READING.

SC. II. p. 242.—"A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel."
"A devil in an everlasting garment hath him, *fell;*
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel,
Who has no touch of mercy, cannot feel."—*Collier.*

The additions are considered by Mr. Collier as valuable things that had been lost. We consider them as sentimental stuff, very much out of character—added in a more recent period than that of Shakspere, to make couplets.

['Far from her nest, the lapwing cries.']

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

[1] SCENE II.—"*Far from her nest, the lapwing cries, away.*"

THIS image was a favourite one with the Elizabethan writers. In Lily's Campaspe, 1584, we have, "You resemble the lapwing, who crieth most where her nest is not." Greene and Nash also have the same allusion, which Shakspere repeats in Measure for Measure :—

> "With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
> Tongue far from heart."

[2] SCENE II.—"*A fellow all in buff.*"

The prince asks Falstaff, "Is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?" The buff jerkin, according to Dromio's definition, is "an everlasting garment," worn by "a shoulder-clapper." The commentators have thrown away much research upon these passages. Steevens maintains that *everlasting* and *durance* were technical names for very strong and durable cloth; but there can be no doubt, we think, that the occupation of the bailiff being somewhat dangerous, in times when men were ready to resist the execution of the law with the sword and rapier, he was clothed with the ox-skin, the buff, which in warfare subsequently took the place of the heavier coat of mail. It is by no means clear, from the passage before us, that the bailiff did not even wear a sort of armour :—

> "One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel."

[3] SCENE II.—"*A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well.*"

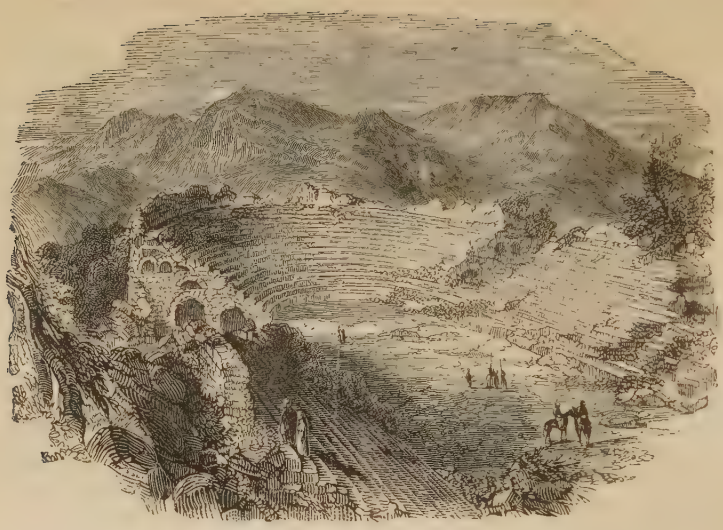
The hound that runs *counter* runs upon a false course; but the hound that draws *dry-foot* well, follows the game by the scent of the foot, as the blood-hound is said to do. The bailiff's dog-like attributes were not inconsistent; for he was a serjeant of the *counter prison*, and followed his game as Brainworm describes in 'Every Man in his Humour:' "Well, the truth is, my old master intends to follow my young master, *dry-foot*, over Moorfields to London this morning."

[4] SCENE II.—"*One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.*"

The arrest "before judgment" is that upon *mesne-process*, and Shakspere is here employing his legal knowledge. It appears that Hell was the name of a place of confinement under the Exchequer Chamber for the debtors of the Crown. It is described by that name in the Journals of the House of Commons on the occasion of the coronation of William and Mary.

[5] SCENE IV.—"*Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.*"

Dr. Gray has the following note on this passage: "If the honest countryman in the Isle of Axholm in Lincolnshire, where they grow little else but hemp, had been acquainted with Shakspere's Works, I should have imagined that he borrowed his jest from hence. At the beginning of the rebellion in 1641, a party of the parliament soldiers, seeing a man sowing somewhat, asked him what it was he was sowing, for they hoped to reap his crop. 'I am sowing of hemp, gentlemen,' (says he,) 'and I hope I have enough for you all.'"



[Remains of the Amphitheatre at Ephesus.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter Merchant *and* ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS *and* DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

Ang. 'T is so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I 'll speak to him.
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths, so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee:
Fye on thee, wretch! 't is pity, that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I 'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw*

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, *and others.*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad;
Some get within him,[a] take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house.[b]
This is some priory.—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt* ANT. S. *and* DRO. S. *to the Priory.*

[a] *Get within him.* Close with him.
[b] *Take a house.* Take *to* a house; take the shelter of a house.

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore came it that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what 's a fever but a fit of madness
Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,[a]
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient: for I will not let him stir,
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him. [*Exit* Abbess.

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I 'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,—
The place of death[b] and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

[a] Capell took an amusing method of correcting the supposed confusion in the sex of melancholy, reading thus:—
"But moody and dull melancholy, *kins-*
Woman to grim and comfortless despair."
This is as good as
"I studied in the *U-*
Niversity of Gottingen."

[b] *Place of death*—the original, *depth*.

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke, *attended;* Ægeon, *bare-headed; with the* Headsman *and other* Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,[a]
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my wars;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me;
I will determine this, before I stir.

[a] *Strong escape.* Escape effected by strength.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row,[a] and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire:
And ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:[b]
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scotch your face,[c] and to disfigure you:
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard with halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter Antipholus *and* Dromio *of* Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice!

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonoured me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

[a] *A-row—on row.* One after the other.
[b] It was the custom to shave, or crop, the heads of idiots. "*Crop*, the conjurer," was probably a nickname for the unhappy *natural*.
[c] *Scotch.* The folio *scorch.* Warburton made the correction, of which Steevens disapproved.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots[a] feasted in my house.
Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst thou so?
Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together: So befal my soul
As this is false he burdens me withal!
Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!
Ang. O perjur'd woman! they are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.
Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: In the street I met him;
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 't were, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd: then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames, and great indignities.
Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.
Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?
Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.
Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.
Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me;
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false you burden me withal.
Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been:
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly.
You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?
Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porpentine.
Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.
Ant. E. 'T is true, my liege, this ring I had of her.
Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?
Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.
Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbess hither;
I think, you are all mated, or stark mad.
[*Exit an* Attendant.
Æge Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word;
Haply, I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.
Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.
Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?
Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,

[a] A *harlot* was, originally, a *hireling*. Thus in Chaucer's 'Sompnoure's Tale:'—
"A sturdy *harlot* went hem ay behind,
That was hir hostes man."

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Æge. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Æge. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir? but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies you are now bound to believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err,)
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so;
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbess, *with* ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse, *and* DROMIO *of* Syracuse.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [*All gather to see him.*

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is genius to the other;
And so of these: Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master, who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty:
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That had'st a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia:
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up:
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum:
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right.
These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wrack at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No, I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I, yet she did call me so,
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother:—What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me

Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.
Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.
Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.
Dro. E. No, none by me.
Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these Errors are arose.
Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.
Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.
Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; and, till this present hour,
My heavy burden ne'er delivered:[a]
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and joy with me;
After so long grief, such festivity![a]
Duke. With all my heart I 'll gossip at this feast.
[*Exeunt* Duke, Abbess, Ægeon, Courtezan, Merchant, Angelo, *and* Attendants.
Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?
Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?
Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.
Ant. S. He speaks to me; I am your master, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we 'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.
[*Exeunt* Ant. S. *and* E., Adr. *and* Luc.
Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.
Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see, by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?
Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.
Dro. E. That 's a question: how shall we try it?
Dro. S. We will draw cuts for the senior: till then, lead thou first.
Dro. E. Nay, then thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let 's go hand in hand, not one before another. [*Exeunt.*

[a] The passage in the original stands thus:—
"*Thirty-three* years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons, *nor* till this present hour
My heavy burthen *are* delivered."
Theobald altered the number to *twenty-five*. The alterations of *and* for *nor*, and *ne'er* for *are*, we adopt from Mr. Dyce. Mr. White has "burthen *here* delivered," which, he says, removes the necessity of altering *nor* to *and*.

[a] *Festivity.* Johnson suggested this word instead of *nativity* in the original.

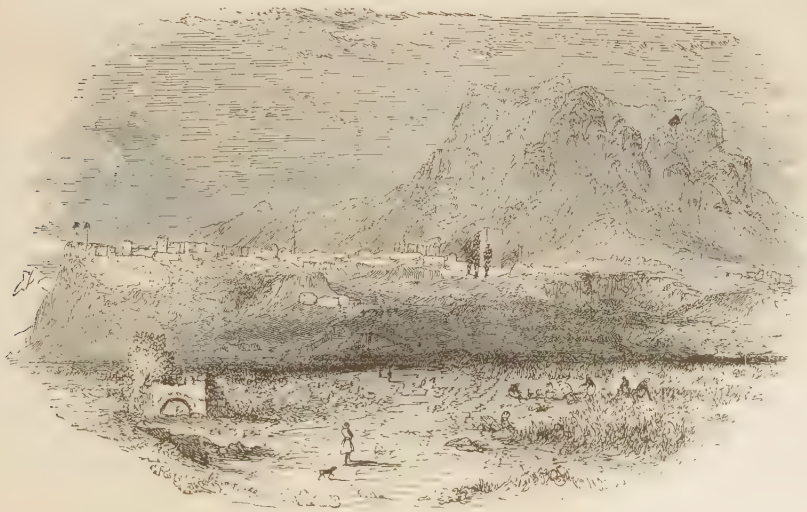


ILLUSTRATION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

The period of the action in this comedy being so necessarily undefined, we have preferred to select our Pictorial Illustrations from the most authentic representations of the existing remains of ancient Ephesus, and from views of the present state of that celebrated city, of Corinth, and of Syracuse. It may be convenient here to furnish a brief explanation of these Illustrations.

The Temple of Diana is thus described by Pococke :—

"The Temple of Diana is situated towards the south-west corner of the plain, having a lake on the west side, now become a morass, extending westward to the Cayster. This building and the courts about it were encompassed every way with a strong wall, that to the west of the lake and to the north was likewise the wall of the city; there is a double wall to the south. Within these walls were four courts: that is, one on every side of the temple, and on each side of the court to the west there was a large open portico, or colonnade, extending to the lake, on which arches of bricks were turned for a covering. The front of the temple was to the east. The temple was built on arches, to which there is a descent. I went a great way in, till I was stopped either by earth thrown down, or by the water. They consist of several narrow arches, one within another. It is probable they extended to the porticoes on each side of the western court, and served for foundations to those pillars. This being a morassy ground, made the expense of such a foundation so necessary; on which, it is said, as much was bestowed as on the fabric above ground. It is probable, also, that the shores [sewers] of the city passed this way into the lake. I saw a great number of pipes made of earthenware in these passages; but it may be questioned whether they were to convey the filth of the city under these passages, or the water from the lake to the basin which was to the east of the temple, or to any other part of the city. In the front of the temple there seems to have been a grand portico. Before this part there lay three pieces of red granite pillars, each being about fifteen feet long, and one of grey broken into two pieces; they were all three feet and a half in diameter. There are four pillars of the former sort in the mosque of St. John, at the village of Aiasalouck. I saw also a fine entablature; and on one of the columns in the mosque there is a most beautiful composite capital, which, without doubt, belonged to it. There are great remains of the pillars of the temple, which were built of large hewn stone, and probably cased with marble; but, from what I saw of one part, I had reason to conclude that arches of brick were turned on them, and that the whole temple, as well as these pillars, was incrusted with rich marbles. On the stonework of the middle grand apartment there are a great number of small holes, as if designed in order to fix the marble casing. It is probable that the statue of the great goddess Diana of the Ephesians was either in the grand middle compartment or opposite to it."

The engraving of the Temple restored is principally founded upon the descriptions of Pococke, who has given an imaginary ground-plan.

The 'Antiquities of Ionia,' published by the Dilettanti Society, and the 'Voyage Pittoresque de la Grèce,' of M. Choiseul Gouffier, have furnished the authorities for the other engravings of Ephesian remains.

Of the modern population of Ephesus the following striking description was furnished by Chandler sixty years ago. The place is now far more desolate and wretched :—

"The Ephesians are now a few Greek peasants, living in extreme wretchedness, dependence, and insensibility; the representatives of an illustrious people, and inhabiting the wreck of their greatness; some, the substructions of the glorious edifices which they raised; some, beneath the vaults of the Stadium, once the crowded scene of their diversions; and some, by the abrupt precipices in the sepulchres which received their ashes. We employed a couple of them to pile stones, to serve instead of a ladder at the arch of the Stadium, and to clear a pedestal of the portico by the theatre from rubbish. We had occasion for another to dig at the Corinthian temple; and, sending to the Stadium, the whole tribe, ten or twelve, followed; one

playing all the time on a rude lyre, and at times striking the sounding-board with the fingers of his left hand in concert with the strings. One of them had on a pair of sandals of goat-skin, laced with thongs, and not uncommon. After gratifying their curiosity, they returned back as they came, with their musician in front. Such are the present citizens of Ephesus, and such is the condition to which that renowned city has been gradually reduced. It was a ruinous place when the Emperor Justinian filled Constantinople with its statues, and raised the church of St. Sophia on its columns. Since then it has been almost quite exhausted. A herd of goats was driven to it for shelter from the sun at noon; and a noisy flight of crows from its marble quarries seemed to insult its silence. We heard the partridge call in the area of the theatre and of the Stadium. The glorious pomp of its heathen worship is no longer remembered; and Christianity, which was here nursed by apostles, and fostered by general councils, until it increased to fulness of stature, barely lingers on in an existence hardly visible."

[Thalia.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE

Coleridge has furnished the philosophy of all just criticism upon the Comedy of Errors in a note, which we shall copy entire from his Literary Remains :—

"The myriad-minded man, our, and all men's, Shakspere, has in this piece presented us with a legitimate farce in exactest consonance with the philosophical principles and character of farce, as distinguished from comedy and from entertainments. A proper farce is mainly distinguished from comedy by the license allowed, and even required, in the fable, in order to produce strange and laughable situations The story need not be probable. it is enough that it is possible. A comedy would scarcely allow even the two Antipholuses; because, although there have been instances of almost indistinguishable likeness in two persons, yet these are mere individual accidents, *casus ludentis naturæ*, and the *verum* will not excuse the *inverisimile*. But farce dares add the two Dromios, and is justified in so doing by the laws of its end and constitution. In a word, farces commence in a postulate, which must be granted."

This postulate granted it is impossible to imagine any dramatic action to be managed with more skill than that of the Comedy of Errors. Hazlitt has pronounced a censure upon the play which is in reality a commendation :—"The curiosity excited is certainly very considerable, though not of the most pleasing kind. We are teased as with a riddle, which, notwithstanding, we try to solve." To excite the curiosity, by presenting a riddle which we should try to solve, was precisely what Plautus and Shakspere intended to do. Our poet has made the riddle more complex by the introduction of the two Dromios, and has therefore increased the excitement of our curiosity. But whether this excitement be pleasing or annoying, and whether the riddle amuse or tease us, entirely depends upon the degree of attention which the reader or spectator of the farce is disposed to bestow upon it. Hazlitt adds, "In reading the play, from the sameness of the names of the two Antipholuses and the two Dromios, as well from their being constantly taken for each other by those who see them, it is difficult, without a painful effort of attention, to keep the characters distinct in the mind. And again, on the stage, either the complete similarity of their persons and dress must produce the same perplexity whenever they first enter, or the identity of appearance, which the story suppose, will be destroyed. We still, however, having a clue to the

difficulty, can tell which is which, merely from the contradictions which arise, as soon as the different parties begin to speak; and we are indemnified for the perplexity and blunders into which we are thrown, by seeing others thrown into greater and almost inextricable ones." Hazlitt has here, almost undesignedly, pointed out the source of the pleasure which, with an "effort of attention,"—not a "painful effort," we think,—a reader or spectator of the Comedy of Errors is sure to receive from this drama. We have "a clue to the difficulty;"—we know more than the actors in the drama;—we may be a little perplexed, but the deep perplexity of the characters is a constantly-increasing triumph to us. We have never seen the play; but one who has thus describes the effect:—"Until I saw it on the stage, (not mangled into an opera,) I had not imagined the extent of the mistakes, the drollery of them, their unabated continuance, till, at the end of the fourth act, they reached their climax with the assistance of Dr. Pinch, when the audience in their laughter rolled about like waves.*" Mr. Brown adds, with great truth, "To the strange contrast of grave astonishment among the actors, with their laughable situations in the eyes of the spectators, who are let into the secret, is to be ascribed the irresistible effect." The spectators, the readers, have the clue, are let into the secret, by the story of the first Scene. Nothing can be more beautifully managed, or is altogether more Shaksperian, than the narrative of Ægeon; and that narrative is so clear and so impressive, that the reader never forgets it amidst all the errors and perplexities which follow. The Duke who, like the reader or spectator, has heard the narrative, instantly sees the real state of things when the *dénouement* is approaching:—

"Why, here begins his morning story right."

The reader or spectator has seen it all along,—certainly by an effort of attention, for without the effort the characters would be confounded like the vain shadows of a morning dream;—and, having seen it, it is impossible, we think, that the constant readiness of the reader or spectator to solve the riddle should be other than pleasurable. It appears to us that every one of an *audience* of the Comedy of Errors, who keeps his eyes open, will, after he has become a little familiar with the persons of the two Antipholuses and the two Dromios, find out some clue by which he can detect a difference between each, even without "the practical contradictions which arise, as soon as the different parties begin to speak." Schlegel says, "In such pieces we must always pre-suppose, to give an appearance of truth to the senses at least, that the parts by which the misunderstandings are occasioned are played with masks; and this the poet, no doubt, observed." Whether masks, properly so called, were used in Shakspere's time in the representation of this play, we have some doubt. But, unquestionably, each pair of persons selected to play the twins must be of the same height,—with such general resemblances of the features as may be made to appear identical by the colour and false hair of the tiring-room,—and be dressed with apparently perfect similarity. But let every care be observed to make the deception perfect, and yet the observing spectator will detect a difference between each; some peculiarity of the voice, some "trick o' the eye," some dissimilarity in gait, some minute variation in dress. We once knew two adult twin-brothers who might have played the Dromios without the least aids from the arts of the theatre. They were each stout, their stature was the same, each had a sort of shuffle in his walk, the voice of each was rough and unmusical, and they each dressed without any manifest peculiarity. One of them had long been a resident in the country town where we lived within a few doors of him, and saw him daily; the other came from a distant county to stay with our neighbour. Great was the perplexity. It was perfectly impossible to distinguish between them, at first, when they were apart; and we well remember walking some distance with the stranger, mistaking him for his brother, and not discovering the mistake (which he humoured) till we saw his total ignorance of the locality. But after seeing this *Dromio erraticus* a few times the perplexity was at an end. There was a difference which was palpable, though not exactly to be defined. If the features were alike, their expression was somewhat varied; if their figures were the same, the one was somewhat more erect than the other; if their voices were similar, the one had a different mode of accentuation from the other; if they each wore a blue coat with brass buttons, the one was decidedly more slovenly than the other in his general appearance. If we had known them at all intimately, we probably should have ceased to think that the outward points of identity were even greater than the points of difference. We should have, moreover, learned the difference of their characters. It appears to us, then, that as this farce of real life was very soon at an end, when we had become a little

* Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems &c. By Charles Armitage Brown.

familiar with the peculiarities in the persons of these twin-brothers—so the spectator of the Comedy of Errors will very soon detect the differences of the Dromios and Antipholuses; and that, while his curiosity is kept alive by the effort of attention which is necessary for this detection, the riddle will not only not tease him, but its perpetual solution will afford him the utmost satisfaction.

But has not Shakspere himself furnished a clue to the understanding of the Errors, by his marvellous skill in the delineation of character? Some one has said that if our poet's dramas were printed without the names of the persons represented being attached to the individual speeches, we should know who is speaking by his wonderful discrimination in assigning to every character appropriate modes of thought and expression. It appears to us that this is unquestionably the case with the characters of each of the twin-brothers in the Comedy of Errors.

The Dromio of Syracuse is described by his master as

> "A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
> When I am dull with care and melancholy,
> Lightens my humour with his merry jests."

But the wandering Antipholus herein describes himself: he is a prey to "care and melancholy." He has a holy purpose to execute, which he has for years pursued without success:—

> "He that commends me to mine own content
> Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
> I to the world am like a drop of water
> That in the ocean seeks another drop."

Sedate, gentle, loving, the Antipholus of Syracuse is one of Shakspere's amiable creations. He beats his slave according to the custom of slave-beating; but he laughs with him and is kind to him almost at the same moment. He is an enthusiast, for he falls in love with Luciana in the midst of his perplexities, and his lips utter some of the most exquisite poetry:—

> "O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
> To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
> Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote:
> Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs."

But he is accustomed to habits of self-command, and he resolves to tear himself away even from the syren:—

> "But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
> I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song."

As his perplexities increase, he ceases to be angry with his slave:—

> "The fellow is distract and so am I;
> And here we wander in illusions:
> Some blessed power deliver us from hence."

Unlike the Menæchmus Sosicles of Plautus, he refuses to dine with the courtezan. He is firm yet courageous when assaulted by the Merchant. When the Errors are clearing up, he modestly adverts to his love for Luciana; and we feel that he will be happy.

Antipholus of Ephesus is decidedly inferior to his brother, in the quality of his intellect and the tone of his morals. He is scarcely justified in calling his wife "shrewish." Her fault is a too sensitive affection for him. Her feelings are most beautifully described in that address to her supposed husband:—

> "Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
> Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
> Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
> Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
> If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
> Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss."

The classical image of the elm and the vine would have been sufficient to express the feelings of a fond and confiding woman; the exquisite addition of the

> "Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss,"

conveys the prevailing uneasiness of a loving and doubting wife. Antipholus of Ephesus has somewhat hard measure dealt to him throughout the progress of the Errors;—but he deserves it. His

doors are shut against him, it is true;—in his impatience he would force his way into his house, against the remonstrances of the good Balthazar:

> "Your long experience of her wisdom,
> Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
> Plead on her part some cause to you unknown."

He departs, but not "in patience;"—he is content to dine from home, but not at "the Tiger." His resolve—

> "That chain will I bestow
> (Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)
> Upon mine hostess."—

would not have been made by his brother, in a similar situation. He has spited his wife; he has dined with the courtezan. But he is not satisfied:

> "Go thou
> And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
> Among my wife and her confederates."

We pity him not when he is arrested, nor when he receives the "rope's end" instead of his "ducats." His furious passion with his wife, and the foul names he bestows on her, are quite in character; and when he has

> "Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,"

we cannot have a suspicion that the doctor was practising on the right patient. In a word, we cannot doubt that, although the Antipholus of Ephesus may be a brave soldier, who took "deep scars" to save his prince's life,—and that he really has a right to consider himself much injured,—he is strikingly opposed to the Antipholus of Syracuse; that he is neither sedate, nor gentle, nor truly-loving;—that he has no habits of self-command;—that his temperament is sensual;—and that, although the riddle of his perplexity is solved, he will still find causes of unhappiness, and entertain

> "a huge infectious troop
> Of pale distemperatures."

The characters of the two Dromios are not so distinctly marked in their points of difference, at the first aspect. They each have their "merry jests;" they each bear a beating with wonderful good temper; they each cling faithfully to their master's interests. But there is certainly a marked difference in the quality of their mirth. The Dromio of Ephesus is precise and antithetical, striving to utter his jests with infinite gravity and discretion, and approaching a pun with a sly solemnity that is prodigiously diverting:—

> "The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
> The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell;
> My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
> She is so hot, because the meat is cold."

Again:—

> "I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
> Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
> But not a thousand marks between you both."

He is a formal humourist, and, we have no doubt, spoke with a drawling and monotonous accent, fit for his part in such a dialogue as this:—

> "*Ant. E.* Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?
> *Dro. E.* Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.
> *Ant. E.* And did not she herself revile me there?
> *Dro. E.* Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.
> *Ant. E.* Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?
> *Dro. E.* Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you."

On the contrary, the "merry jests" of Dromio of Syracuse all come from the outpouring of his gladsome heart. He is a creature of prodigious animal spirits, running over with fun and queer similitudes. He makes not the slightest attempt at arranging a joke, but utters what comes uppermost with irrepressible volubility. He is an untutored wit; and we have no doubt gave his tongue as active exercise by hurried pronunciation and variable emphasis, as could alone make his long descriptions endurable by his sensitive master. Look at the dialogue in the second Scene of Act II., where

Antipholus, after having repressed his jests, is drawn into a tilting-match of words with him, in which the merry slave has clearly the victory. Look, again, at his description of the "kitchen-wench,"—coarse, indeed, in parts, but altogether irresistibly droll. The twin-brother was quite incapable of such a flood of fun. Again, what a prodigality of wit is displayed in his description of the bailiff! His epithets are inexhaustible. Each of the Dromios is admirable in his way; but we think that he of Syracuse is as superior to the twin-slave of Ephesus as our old friend Launce is to Speed, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona. These distinctions between the Antipholuses and Dromios have not, as far as we know, been before pointed out;—but they certainly do exist, and appear to us to be defined by the great master of character with singular force as well as delicacy. Of course the characters of the twins could not be violently contrasted, for that would have destroyed the illusion. They must still

"Go hand in hand, not one before another."

[Noble Huntsmen.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of the Taming of the Shrew.

The Taming of the Shrew was first printed in the folio collection of Shakspere's Plays in 1623 But it is to be observed that, although this play had not been previously published, in the entry of the books of the Stationers' Company of the claim of the publishers of this first collected edition to "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, so many of the said copies *as are not formerly entered to other men*," the Taming of the Shrew is not recited in the list. In the books of the Stationers' Company we have the following entry, May 2, 1594:—'Peter Shorte. A plesant conceyted hystorie called the Tayminge of a Shrowe.' In the same year 'A plesant conceited Historie called the Taming of *a* Shrew,' was printed by Peter Short for Cuthbert Burbie. We shall have occasion to speak fully of this play, which unquestionably preceded Shakspere's 'Taming of *the* Shrew.' On the 22nd January, 1606, we find an entry to 'Mr. Ling, of 'Taminge of *a* Shrew.' In 1607, Nicholas Ling published a new edition of the play which was printed for 'Cuthbert Burbie' in 1594. On the 19th November, 1607, John Smythick (or Smethwick) entered Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, Love's Labour's Lost, and 'The Taminge of *a* Shrew.' Smethwick had become, by assignment, the proprietor of Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, and Love's Labour's Lost, which had previously been published by others; and he ultimately became a proprietor of the first folio. The entry of 1607 might possibly have secured his copyright in Shakspere's 'Taming of *the* Shrew,' to which it might have referred, as he enters three others of Shakspere's plays on the same day. But Ling, who *did* publish the old 'Taming of a Shrew,' also enters with it Love's Labour's Lost, and Romeo and Juliet, in 1606. The entry of John Smethwick, although not varying from the entry of the preceding year by Ling, of the title of the 'Taming of

a Shrew,' might, as we say, have referred to Shakspere's comedy; but it might also have referred to a transfer of the earlier comedy from Ling.

Malone originally assigned the Taming of the Shrew to as late a period as 1606. He was led to this determination by the entry at Stationers' Hall, by Smethwick, in 1607; by the fact that Meres does not mention this play as Shakspere's in his list of 1598; and that the line

"This is the way to kill a wife with kindness,"

may be taken to allude to the play of Thomas Heywood (of which the second edition appeared in 1607,) of 'A Woman Killed with Kindness.' Malone subsequently assigned this comedy to 1596. Mr. Collier says, 'Although it is not enumerated by Meres, in 1598, among the plays Shakespeare had then written, and although in Act IV. Sc. I. it contains an allusion to Heywood's 'Woman Killed with Kindness,'* which was not produced until after 1600, Malone finally fixed upon 1596 as the date when the Taming of the Shrew was produced. His earlier conjecture of 1606 *seems much more probable;* and his only reason for changing his mind was that the versification resembled the 'old comedies antecedent to the time' of Shakespeare, and in this notion he was certainly well-founded." † Malone's statement, with regard to the internal evidence of the date of this comedy, is somewhat fuller than Mr. Collier's quotation:—"I had supposed the piece now under consideration to have been written in the year 1606. On a more attentive perusal of it, and more experience in our author's style and manner, I am persuaded that it was one of his *very early productions,* and near, in point of time, to the Comedy of Errors, Love's Labour's Lost, and the Two Gentlemen of Verona. In the old comedies, antecedent to the time of our author's writing for the stage, (if indeed they deserve that name,) a kind of doggrel measure is often found, which, as I have already observed, Shakspeare adopted in some of those pieces which were undoubtedly among his early compositions: I mean his Errors, and Love's Labour's Lost. This kind of metre, being found also in the play before us, adds support to the supposition that it was one of his early productions." Mr. Collier, however, doubts whether the Taming of the Shrew can be treated altogether as one of Shakspere's performances:—"I am satisfied," he says, "that *more than one hand* (perhaps at distant dates) was concerned in it, and that Shakespeare had little to do with any of the scenes in which Katharine and Petruchio are not engaged." Farmer had previously expressed the same opinion, declaring the Induction to be in our poet's best manner, and a great part of the play in his worst, or even below it. To this Steevens replies:—"I know not to whom I could impute this comedy, if Shakspeare was not its author. I think his hand is visible in almost every scene, though perhaps not so evidently as in those which pass between Katharine and Petruchio." Mr. Collier judges that "the underplot much resembles the dramatic style of William Haughton, author of an extant comedy, called 'Englishmen for my Money,' which was produced prior to 1598."

It will be necessary for us, in the first instance, to take a connected view of the obligations of the writer of the 'Taming of *the* Shrew' to the older play which we have already mentioned; and this examination will dispose of that section of our Introductory Notice which we usually give under the head of 'Supposed Sources of the Plot.'

'The Taming of *a* Shrew,' first appeared in 1594, under the following title: 'A pleasant conceited Historie called the taming of a Shrew. As it was sundry times acted by the Right honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his servants. Printed at London by Peter Short, and are to be sold by Cuthbert Burbie, at his shop at the Royal Exchange, 1594.' ‡ The Comedy opens with an Induction, the characters of which are a Lord, Slie, a Tapster, Page, Players, and Huntsmen. The incidents are precisely the same as those of the play which we call Shakspere's. We have inserted, in the Illustration of the Induction, a specimen of the dialogue of this other play. There is this difference in the management of the character of Sly in the anonymous comedy, that, during the whole of the performance of the 'Taming of *a* Shrew,' he occasionally makes his remarks; and is finally carried back to the alehouse door in a state of sleep. In Shakspere we lose this most diverting personage before the end of the first Act. After our poet had fairly launched him in the Induction, and given a tone to his subsequent demeanour during the play, the performer of the character was perhaps

* We really doubt whether the line to which Mr. Collier refers can be called an allusion to the title of Heywood's play. It is only the repetition of a common expression, from which expression, we believe, Heywood's play took its title.

† History of Dramatic Poetry, p. 78.

‡ We copy this title from Mr. Collier's History of Dramatic Poetry. This edition was unknown to the commentators. That of 1606, which Steevens reprinted, has no material variations from this very rare copy.

allowed to continue the dialogue extemporally. We doubt, by the way, whether this would have been permitted after Shakspere had prescribed that the clowns should "speak no more than what is set down for them."

The scene of the old 'Taming of a Shrew' is laid at Athens; that of Shakspere's at Padua. The Athens of the one and the Padua of the other are resorts of learning; the old play opening thus,—

> "Welcome to Athens, my beloved friend,
> To Plato's school, and Aristotle's walks."

Alfonso, a merchant of Athens, (the Baptista of Shakspere,) has three daughters, Kate, Emelia, and Phylema. Aurelius, son of the duke of Cestus, (Sestos,) is enamoured of one, Polidor of another, and Ferando (the Petrucio of Shakspere) of Kate, the Shrew. The merchant hath sworn, before he will allow his two younger daughters to be addressed by suitors, that

> "His eldest daughter first shall be espous'd."

The wooing of the Kate of the old play by Ferando is exactly in the same spirit as the wooing by Petrucio; so is the marriage; so the lenten entertainment of the bride in Ferando's country-house; so the scene with the Tailor and Haberdasher; so the prostrate obedience of the tamed Shrew. The under-plot, however, is essentially different. The lovers of the younger sisters do not woo them in assumed characters; though a merchant is brought to personate the Duke of Cestus. The real duke arrives, as Vincentio arrives in our play, to discover the imposture; and his indignation occupies much of the latter part of the action, with sufficient tediousness. All parties are ultimately happy and pleased; and the comedy ends with the wager, as in Shakspere, about the obedience of the several wives, the Shrew pronouncing a homily upon the virtue and beauty of submission, which sounds much more hypocritical even than that of the Kate of our poet. We request our readers to turn to the specimens we have given, in the Illustrations to each Act, of the passages which are distinctly parallel to those of Shakspere. There cannot be a doubt that the anonymous author and Shakspere sometimes used the same images and forms of expression,—occasionally whole lines; the incidents of those scenes in which the process of taming the shrew is carried forward, are invariably the same. The audience would equally enjoy the surprise and self-satisfaction of the drunken man when he became a lord; equally relish the rough wooing of the master of "the taming school;" rejoice at the dignity of the more worthy gender when the poor woman was denied "beef and mustard;" and hold their sides with convulsive laughter, when the tailor was driven off with his gown and the haberdasher with his cap. Shakspere took these incidents as he found them; perhaps, for the purposes of the stage, he could not have improved them.

This undoubted resemblance involves some necessity for conjecture, with very little guide from evidence. The first and most obvious hypothesis is that 'The Taming of *a* Shrew' was an older play than Shakspere's, and that he borrowed from that comedy. The question then arises, who was its author?

In our Pictorial Edition of this play, published in October, 1839, we expressed an opinion that Robert Greene might have been the author of 'The Taming of *a* Shrew,' and that the charge supposed to be made by Greene against Shakspere in his 'Groat's-worth of Wit,' published after his death in 1592, of being "an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers," had reference to a plagiarism from some play more unequivocally belonging to Greene than the plays upon which it was held that 'Henry VI.' was founded. The whole of this question afterwards underwent a much fuller examination by us in our 'Essay on the Three Parts of Henry VI.' &c. in which our views were greatly modified with reference to the precise nature of Greene's complaint. But we may here, without anticipating that fuller discussion, refer only to the point of Greene's probable authorship of 'The Taming of *a* Shrew.'

The dramatic works of Greene, which have been collected as his, are only six in number; and one was written in connexion with Lodge. The 'Orlando Furioso' is known to have been his, by having been mentioned by a contemporary writer. This play, in its form of publication, appears to us to bear a striking resemblance to the 'Taming of a Shrew.' The title of the first edition is as follows: 'The Historie of Orlando Furioso, one of the twelve Pieres of France. As it was plaid before the Queenes Maiestie. London, Printed by John Danter for Cuthbert Burbie, and are to be sold at his Shop nere the Royal Exchange. 1594.' Compare this with the title of the 'Taming of a Shrew.' Each is 'a Historie;' each is without an author's name; each is pub-

lished by Cuthbert Burbie; each is published in the same year, 1594. Might not the recent death of Greene,—the reputation which he left behind him,—the unhappy circumstances attending his death, for he perished in extreme poverty,—and the remarkable controversy between Nash and Harvey, in 1592, "principally touching Robert Greene,"—have led the bookseller to procure and publish copies of these plays, if they were both written by him? It is impossible, we think, not to be struck with the striking resemblance of these anonymous performances, in the structure of the verse, the extravagant employment of mythological allusions, the laboured finery intermixed with feebleness, and the occasional outpouring of a rich and gorgeous fancy. In the comic parts, too, it appears to us that there is an equal similarity in the two plays—a mixture of the vapid and the coarse, which looks like the attempt of an educated man to lower himself to an uninformed audience. It is very difficult to establish these opinions without being tedious; but we may compare a detached passage or two:-

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

"*Orl.* Is not my love like those purple-colour'd swans,
That gallop by the coach of Cynthia?
Org. Yes, marry is she, my lord.
Orl. Is not her face silver'd like that milk-white shape,
When Jove came dancing down to Semele?
Org. It is, my lord.
Orl. Then go thy ways, and climb up to the clouds,
And tell Apollo, that Orlando sits
Making of verses for Angelica.
And if he do deny to send me down
The shirt which Deianira sent to Hercules,
To make me brave upon my wedding-day,
Tell him, I'll pass the Alps, and up to Meroe,
(I know he knows that watery lakish hill,)
And pull the harp out of the minstrel's hands,
And pawn it unto lovely Proserpine,
That she may fetch the fair Angelica."

TAMING OF A SHREW.

"*Fer.* Tush, Kate, these words add greater love in me,
And make me think thee fairer than before:
Sweet Kate, thou lovelier than Diana's purple robe.
Whiter than are the snowy Apennines,
Or icy hair that grows on Boreas' chin.
Father, I swear by Ibis' golden beak,
More fair and radiant is my bonny Kate,
Than silver Xanthus when he doth embrace
The ruddy Simois at Ida's feet;
And care not thou, sweet Kate, how I be clad;
Thou shalt have garments wrought of Median silk,
Enchas'd with precious jewels fetch'd from far
By Italian merchants, that with Russian stems
Plough up huge furrows in the terrene main."

Take a passage, also, of the prose, or comic, parts of the two plays, each evidently intended for the clowns:—

"*Tom.* Sirrah Ralph, an thou 'lt go with me, I 'll let thee see the bravest madman that ever thou sawest.
Ralph. Sirrah Tom, I believe it was he that was at our town o' Sunday: I 'll tell thee what he did, sirrah. He came to our house when all our folks were gone to church, and there was nobody at home but I, and I was turning of the spit, and he comes in and bade me fetch him some drink. Now, I went and fetched him some; and ere I came again, by my troth, he ran away with the roast meat, spit and all, and so we had nothing but porridge to dinner.
Tom. By my troth, that was brave; but, sirrah, he did so course the boys last Sunday; and if ye call him madman, he 'll run after you, and tickle your ribs so with flap of leather that he hath, as it passeth."

"*San.* Boy, oh disgrace to my person! Zounds, boy, of your face, you have many boys with such pickadenaunts, I am sure. Zounds, would you not have a bloody nose for this?
Boy. Come, come, I did but jest; where is that same piece of pie that I gave thee to keep?
San. The pie? Ay, you have more mind of your belly than to go see what your master does.
Boy. Tush, 't is no matter, man; I prithee give it me, I am very hungry I promise thee.
San. Why you may take it, and the devil burst you with it! one cannot save a bit after supper, but you are always ready to munch it up.
Boy. Why, come, man, we shall have good cheer anon at the bride-house, for your master's gone to church to be married already, as there 's such cheer as passeth.
San. O brave! I would I had eat no meet this week, for I have never a corner left in my belly."

'The Historie of Alphonsus, King of Aragon,'—one of the plays published with Greene's name, after his death,—furnished a passage or two which may be compared with the old 'Taming of a Shrew:'—

ALPHONSUS KING OF ARAGON.

Thou shalt ere long be monarch of the world.
All christen'd kings, with all your pagan dogs,
Shall bend their knees unto Iphigena.
The Indian soil shall be thine at command,
Where every step thou settest on the ground
Shall be received on the golden mines.
Rich Pactolus, that river of account,
Which doth descend from top of Tivole mount,
Shall be thine own, and all the world beside."

TAMING OF A SHREW.

—"When I cross'd the bubbling Canibey,
And sailed along the crystal Hellespont,
I fill'd my coffers of the wealthy mines;
Where I did cause millions of labouring Moors
To undermine the caverns of the earth,
To seek for strange and new-found precious stones,
And dive into the sea to gather pearl,
As fair as Juno offer'd Priam's son;
And you shall take your liberal choice of all."

"Go, pack thou hence unto the Stygian lake,
And make report unto thy traitorous sire,
How well thou hast enjoy'd the diadem,
Which he by treason set upon thy head;
And if he ask thee who did send thee down,
Alphonsus say, who now must wear thy crown.

* * * * *

What, is he gone? the devil break his neck!
The fiends of hell torment his traitorous corpse!
Is this the quittance of Belinus' grace,
Which he did show unto that thankless wretch,
That runagate, that rakehell, yea, that thief?"

"I swear by fair Cynthia's burning rays,
By Merops' head, and by seven-mouthed Nile,
Had I but known ere thou hadst wedded her,
Were in thy breast the world's immortal soul,
This angry sword should rip thy hateful chest,
And hew thee smaller than the Libyan sands.

* * * * *

That damned villain that hath deluded me,
Whom I did send for guide unto my son.
Oh that my furious force could cleave the earth,
That I might muster bands of hellish fiends,
To rack his heart and tear his impious soul!"

Malone has conjectured that Greene or Peele wrote this play; but he has also assigned it to Kyd, adopting Farmer's opinion. Upon the latter supposition, Mr. Collier observes that "there certainly is not anything like sufficient resemblance in point of style to warrant the belief." Greene possessed the readiest pen of all his contemporaries, and undoubtedly produced many more plays than the six which have come down to us as his.

So far did we express our original opinion that Greene was the author of 'The Taming of *a* Shrew.' But that opinion underwent some considerable change, from the just respect which we entertained for the critical sagacity and the diligence with which a correspondent in the United States attempted to show that Marlowe was the author of that play. We were of opinion that our correspondent had clearly made out that Marlowe has as good a title to the work as Greene—perhaps a better. Be it one or the other, they each belonged to the same school of poetry; Shakspere created a new school. But there are passages and incidents in 'The Taming of *a* Shrew' which are unlike Marlowe; such as the scenes with Sly; these are unlike Greene also: they are fused more readily into Shakspere's own materials, because they are natural. We now propose a second theory, altogether different from our previous notion, from that of our correspondent, and from that of any other writer. Was there not an older play than 'The Taming of *a* Shrew,' which furnished the main plot, some of the characters, and a small part of the dialogue, both to the author of 'The Taming of *a* Shrew,' and the author of 'The Taming of *the* Shrew?' This play we may believe, without any violation of fact or probability, to have been used as rude material for both authors to work upon. There was competiton between them; one produced a play for the Earl of Pembroke's servants—the other for the Lord Chamberlain's servants, out of some older play, much of which was probably improvisated by the Clowns, and whose main action, the discipline of the Shrew, would be irresistibly attractive to a rough audience, without the pompous declamation of the one remodeller, or the natural poetry and rich humour of the other. Whether the author or improver of the play printed in 1594 be Marlowe or Greene, there can be little question as to the characteristic superiority of Shakspere's work. His was, perhaps, a more careful re-modelling or re-creation. In 'The Taming of *a* Shrew' it is not difficult to detect, especially in Sly and Sander, coarser things than belong either to Greene or Marlowe.

But there is a third theory—that of Tieck—that 'The Taming of *a* Shrew' was a youthful work of Shakspere himself. We leave this for the investigation of our readers. To our minds the old play is totally different from the imagery and the versification of Shakspere.

We have to observe, in concluding this notice of the chronology of Shakspere's Taming of the Shrew, that the names of Petrucio and Licio are found in George Gascoigne's prose comedy, 'The Supposes,' which was first acted in 1566. Farmer considered that Shakspere borrowed from this source that part of the plot in which the Pedant personates Vincentio. Gascoigne's collected works were printed in 1587. We have also to mention, as we did in the Introductory Notice to Hamlet, that in Henslowe's accounts, found at Dulwich College, we have an entry on the 11th June, 1594, of the performance at the theatre at Newington Butts of 'the taminge of a shrewe. Malone considered this to be the old play. But it must be observed that the old play had been acted (as the title to the first edition expresses it, in that very year) by "the Earl of Pembroke, his servants." From the 3d June, 1594, Henslowe's accounts are headed as receipts at performances by "my lord admirell men and my lord chamberlen men." The "lord admirell" was the Earl of Nottingham; "the lord chamberlen men" were the players of Shakspere's own company; and their occupation of the theatre at Newington Butts was temporary, while the Globe Theatre was being erected. The Earl of Pembroke's servants were an entirely distinct company. This entry

of 'the taminge of a shrewe' immediately follows that of Hamlet; and we see nothing to shake our belief that both these were Shakspere's plays (Hamlet, of course, only the original sketch) performed by the Lord Chamberlain's servants.

Period of the Action, and Manners.

The Italy of Shakspere's own time is intended to be presented in this play. So thoroughly are the *manners* Italian, that a belief, and not an unreasonable one, has grown up, that Shakspere visited Italy before its composition. To a highly-valued friend, who had recently returned from Italy, we were much indebted for some interesting local illustrations, which greatly strengthen the conjecture that our poet had founded his accurate allusions in this play to Italian scenes and customs upon personal observation. These illustrations accompany Acts I., II., IV., and V., and are distinguished by the initial (M).

It is scarcely necessary for us here to add many remarks to these illustrations. Mr. Brown* has strenuously maintained the opinion that Shakspere did visit Italy, before the composition of the Taming of the Shrew, the Merchant of Venice, and Othello. Nothing was more common in the time of Elizabeth than such a journey; and to "swim in a gondola" was as familiar a thing then, to those of the upper ranks, as to eat an ice at Tortoni's now. Nor were the needier men of letters always debarred by their circumstances from acquiring that experience of Italian manners, which, while it enlarged their stores of knowledge, had not an equally favourable effect upon their morals. In 'The Repentance of Robert Greene,' which was published by Cuthbert Burby, in 1592, after Greene's death—which rare tract Mr. Dyce believes to be genuine—we have the following passage:—"For being at the University of Cambridge, I light amongst wags as bad as myself, with whom I consumed the flower of my youth, who drew me to travel into Italy and Spain, in which places I saw and practised such villainy as is abominable to declare." Shakspere, we now know, must have been comparatively wealthy before he was thirty, and fully able, as far as the expense was concerned, to have made the journey to Italy. He was acquainted, moreover, with "divers of worship," to whom his companionship in such a journey would have been a delight. That he took the journey is perhaps more than can be proved; that his description of Italian scenes and manners are more minute and accurate than if he had derived his information wholly from books, we have no doubt. This subject may, however, be better discussed when we have gone through all his Italian plays; and may more properly find a place in his Life.

* Shakspeare's Autobiographical Poems.

'King James I., and Attendants hawking.'

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Costume.

It is singular enough that the Induction to this comedy affords us the only opportunity of presenting our readers with the costume of England during the life of the Poet himself. Even in this instance the scene of the comedy itself lies in Padua and its neighbourhood; in illustration of the costume of which famous city we give the figure of a lady from the pages of J. Wiegel, and that of a Paduan bride, from Vecellio's work, so often quoted.* The principal characteristic of the latter is the hair hanging down the back in natural profusion; a fashion in bridal array very prevalent throughout Europe during the middle ages. The Induction, we repeat, enables us to introduce an English nobleman of Shakspere's day in his hunting garb, with his attendants, from 'The Noble Art of Venerie,' printed in 1611; an English lady of the same date, from a painting by Mark Gerrard; James the First, and attendants, hawking, from 'A Jewell for Gentrie,' 1614; and a country ale-wife, from Strutt's 'Dress and Habits,' the badges of whose calling were a white apron and a scarlet petticoat.

* The male costume of Padua, given by Vecellio, is only that of official personages: but the trunk-hose, long-bellied doublet, short cloak, precise ruff, and sugarloaf cap or high velvet bonnet, appear to have been worn throughout Lombardy and the northern Italian states at this period. *Vide* Merchant of Venice, Othello, &c.

[English Lady and Hostess.]

[Wincot.]

INDUCTION.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A Lord.
Christopher Sly, *a drunken Tinker.*
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants.

[1]SCENE I.—*Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

Enter Hostess *and* Sly.

Sly. I 'll pheese[a] you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y' are a baggage; the Slys[b] are no rogues: Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror.[c] Therefore, *paucas pallabris;*[d] let the world slide: *Sessa!*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst![a]

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, S. Jeronimy, —Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.[b]

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the thirdborough.[c] [*Exit.*

[a] *Pheese.* Johnson says, "To *pheese*, or *fease*, is to separate a twist into single threads." He derived this explanation of the word from Sir T. Smith, who, in his book 'De Sermone Anglico,' says, "To *feize* means *in fila deducere.*" Gifford affirms that it is a common word in the west of England, meaning to *beat*, to *chastise*, to *humble.* In the latter sense Shakspere uses it in Troilus and Cressida: "An he be proud with me, I 'll *pheese* his pride." Shakspere found the word in the old 'Taming of a Shrew.'

[b] *Slys.* This is ordinarily printed *Slies;* but such a change of the plural of a proper name is clearly wrong.

[c] The tinker was right in boasting of the antiquity of his family, though he has no precise recollection of the name of the Conqueror. *Sly* and *sleigh* are the same, corresponding with *sleight.* The *Slys* or *Sleighs* were skilful men—cunning of hand. We are informed that Sly was anciently a common name in Shakspere's own town.

[d] *Paucas pallabris—pocas pallabras—few words*, as they have it in Spain. *Sessa*, in the same way, is the *cessa* of the Spaniards—*be quiet.*

[a] *Burst*—broken. John of Gaunt "*burst* Shallow's head for crowding in among the marshal's men."

[b] This sentence is generally printed, "Go by, says Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed," &c. Theobald pointed out that in the old play of *Hieronymo* there is the expression "*Go by, go by;*" and that the speech of Sly was in ridicule of the passage. Mason, to confirm this, altered the "Go by S. Jeronimie" of the original copy to "Go by, *says* Jeronimy." The Cambridge editors suggest that the reading is "Go by, Jeronimy," the S. having been mistaken for a note of exclamation. It is usually printed as a note of interrogation.

[c] *Thirdborough.* In the original folio, this is, by mistake, printed *headborough*, by which the humour of Sly's answer is lost. The *thirdborough* was a petty constable; and, from the following passage in 'The Constable's Guide,' 1771, the name appears, in recent times, to have been peculiar to Warwickshire: "There are in several counties of this realm other officers; that is, by other titles but not much inferior to our constables; as, in Warwickshire, a *thirdborough.*"

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.

[*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*

Wind horns. Enter a LORD *from hunting, with his Train.*

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach[a] Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd;
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd Brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hun.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,[2]
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver bason,
Full of rose water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say,—Will 't please your lordship cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And, when he says he is—,[a] say, that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly,[b] gentle sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we 'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.

[*Some bear out* SLY. *A trumpet sounds.*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 't is that sounds:

[*Exit* Servant.

Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Serv. An it please your honour,
Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near:

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.

[a] *Brach.* In one instance (Lear, Act III. Sc. v.), Shakspere uses this word as indicating a dog of a particular species:—

"Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, *brach* or lym."

But he in other places employs it in the way indicated in an old book on sports,—'The Gentleman's Recreation.'—"A *brach* is a *mannerly-name* for all hound-bitches." We should have thought that the meaning of this passage could not have been mistaken. The lord is pointing out one of his pack—"Brach Merriman,"—adding, "the poor cur is *emboss'd*,"—that is, *swollen* by hard running. Ritson, however, would read—"*Bathe* Merriman,"—and Planner, "*Leech* Merriman."

[a] *And when he says he is—.* The dash is probably intended to indicate a *blank*. It is as if the lord had said, "And when he says he is *So and So*," when he tells his name. Steevens would read, "And when he says he's *poor*;" Johnson, "And when he says he's *Sly*."

[b] *Kindly*, naturally.

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 *Play.*[a] I think, 't was Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'T is very true;—thou didst it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1 *Play.* Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—
[*Exeunt* Servant *and* Players.
Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,
[*To a* Servant.
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say,—What is 't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her love?
And then, with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who, for this seven years, hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I 'll give thee more instructions.
[*Exit* Servant.
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I 'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.
[*Exeunt.*

[a] 1 *Play.* In the original this line is given to *Sincklo.* This was the name of a player of inferior parts in Shakspere's company. The same performer is also mentioned in the quarto edition of Henry IV., Part II., as also in Henry VI. *Soto* is the name of a character in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Woman Pleased;' but it is very questionable whether Shakspere alluded to this play.

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber in the* LORD'S *House.*

SLY *is discovered in a rich night-gown, with* Attendants; *some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter* LORD, *dressed like a servant.*

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 *Serv.* Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 *Serv.* Will 't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly. Call not me—honour, nor lordship: I never drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I 'll wear: for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What! would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath;[3] by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot,[4] if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the

lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught:[a] Here's——

1 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,
[*Music.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk: we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Serv.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds:
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream, or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christopher **Sly.**
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 *Serv.* Will 't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
[Servants *present an ewer, bason, and napkin.*
O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years? by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 *Serv.* O yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:[a]
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid;
Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, *as a lady, with* Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord. What is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?

[a] *Bestraught*, synonymous with *distraught*, distracted.

[a] At the *leet*, or *court-leet*, of a manor, the jury presented those who used false weights and measures; and, amongst others, those who, like the "fat alewife of Wincot," used jugs of irregular capacity instead of the *sealed* or licensed *quart*.

My men should call me lord; I am your goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well: What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again. I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet:
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will let them play: Is it not a commonty, a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord: it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't: Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger. [*They sit down.*

[Barton-on-the-Heath.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INDUCTION.

[1] SCENE 1.—"*Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*"

IN the old play of the 'Taming of a Shrew,' of which we have presented an analysis in the Introductory Notice, we find the outline of Shakspere's most spirited Induction. There are few things in our poet which more decidedly bear the stamp of his peculiar genius than this fragment of a comedy, if we may so call it; and his marvellous superiority over other writers is by nothing more distinctly exhibited than by a comparison of this with the parallel Induction in the old play. It must be observed, that this old play is by no means an ordinary performance. It is evidently the work of a very ambitious poet. The passage, for example, in which the lord directs his servants how to effect the transformation of Sly is by no means deficient in force or harmony. But compare it with the similar passage of Shakspere, beginning—

"Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man,"

and we at once see the power which he possessed of adorning and elevating all that he touched. It will be necessary for us to furnish several examples of the old play; and it will be more convenient, therefore, to the reader, if we give them in the Illustrations, instead of the Introductory Notice.

We first select the opening scene :—

Enter a TAPSTER, *beating out of his doors* SLIE, *drunken*

Tap. You whoreson drunken slave, you had best be gone
And empty your drunken paunch somewhere else,
For in this house thou shalt not rest to-night. [*Exit* TAPSTER
Slie. Tilly vally, by crisee, Tapster, I'll fese you anon.
Fill's the t' other pot, and all's paid for, look you.
I do drink it of mine own instigation: [*Omne bene.*
Here I'll lie a while: why, Tapster, I say,
Fill's a fresh cushen here:
Heigh ho, here's good warm lying. [*He falls asleep.*

Enter a Nobleman *and his* Men *from hunting*

Lord. Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
Longing to view Orion's drisling looks
Leaps from th' antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
And darksome night o'ershades the crystal heavens,
Here break we off our hunting for to-night.
Couple up the hounds, let us hie us home,
And bid the huntsman see them meated well,
For they have all deserv'd it well to-day.
But soft, what sleepy fellow is this lies here?
Or is he dead, see one what he doth lack?
Serv. My lord, 't is nothing but a drunken sleep
His head is too heavy for his body,
And he hath drunk so much that he can go no further.
Lord. Fye, how the slavish villain stinks of drink!
Ho, sirrah, arise. What! so sound asleep?
Go, take him up, and bear him to my house,
And bear him easily for fear he wake,
And in my fairest chamber make a fire,
And set a sumptuous banquet on the board,
And put my richest garments on his back,
Then set him at the table in a chair.
When that is done, against he shall awake,
Let heavenly music play about him still.
Go two of you away, and bear him hence.
And then I 'll tell you what I have devised;
But see in any case you wake him not. [*Exeunt two with* SLIE.
Now take my cloak, and give me one of yours.
All fellows now, and see you take me so:
For we will wait upon this drunken man,
To see his countenance when he doth awake,
And find himself clothed in such attire,
With heavenly music sounding in his ears,
And such a banquet set before his eyes,
The fellow sure will think he is in heaven:
But we will [be] about him when he wakes,
And see you call him lord at every word,
And offer thou him his horse to ride abroad,
And thou his hawks, and hounds to hunt the deer,
And I will ask what suits he means to wear,
And whatsoe'er he saith, see you do not laugh,
But still persuade him that he is a lord.

The players then enter, and *Sander*, a clown, is the principal speaker. The scene, when *Slie* awakes in his lordly guise, succeeds. Compare it with the rich poetry and the even richer humour of Sly (reminding us, as Hazlitt well observes, of Sancho Panza). The *Slie* of the old play is but a vulgar tinker, the lord and attendants somewhat fustian ranters :—

Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two others with SLIE *asleep in a chair, richly appareled, and the music playing.*

One. So, sirrah, now go call my lord,
And tell him that all things are ready as he will'd it.
Another. Set thou some wine upon the board,
And then I 'll go fetch my lord presently. [*Exit.*

Enter the Lord *and his* Men.

Lord. How now? what! is all things ready?
One. Yea, my lord.
Lord. Then sound the music, and I 'll wake him straight,
And see you do as erst I gave in charge.
My lord, my lord, he sleeps soundly, my lord.
Sly. Tapster, give 's a little small ale: heigh-ho.
Lord. Here's wine, my lord, the purest of the grape.
Sly. For which lord?
Lord. For your honour, my lord.
Sly. Who, I? Am I a lord? Jesus, what fine apparel have I got!
Lord. More richer far your honour hath to wear,
And if it please you I will fetch them straight.
Wil. And if your honour please to ride abroad,
I 'll fetch your lusty steeds more swift of pace
Than winged Pegasus in all his pride,
That ran so swiftly over Persian plains.
Tom. And if your honour please to hunt the deer,
Your hounds stand ready coupled at the door,
Who in running will o'ertake the roe,
And make the long-breath'd tiger broken-winded.
Sly. By the mass, I think I am a lord indeed.
What 's thy name?
Lord. Simon, an if it please your honour.
Sly. Sim, that's much to say Simion, or Simon,
Put forth thy hand and fill the pot.
Give me thy hand, Sim; am I a lord indeed?
Lord. Ay, my gracious lord, and your lovely lady
Long time hath mourned for your absence here,
And now with joy behold where she doth come
To gratulate your honour's safe return.

[2] SCENE I.—"*What think you, if he were convey'd to bed.*"

The story upon which this Induction is founded in all probability had an Eastern origin. 'The Sleeper Awakened,' of the Thousand and One Nights, is conjectured by Mr. Lane, in the notes to his admirable translation, not to be a genuine tale, its chief and best portion being "an historical anecdote related as a fact." Mr. Lane adds,—"The author by whom I have found the chief portion of this tale related as an historical anecdote is El-Ishakee, who finished his history shortly before the close of the reign of the 'Osmánlee Sultán Mustafa apparently in the year of the Flight 1032 (A.D. 1623). He does not mention his authority; and whether it is related by an older *historian*, I do not know; but perhaps it is founded upon fact."

Our readers will be gratified by a few extracts from Mr. Lane's version of the "historical anecdote," which he has blended with portions of the tale as given in the Breslau edition of the Thousand and One Nights. Abu-l-Ḥasan, who had spent one-half of his property amongst boon-companions, resolved to associate no longer with ungrateful familiars, but to entertain a stranger for one night only, and then afterwards to refuse to recognise him. In pursuance of this resolution he one night entertained the Khaleefeh.—"And they drank and caroused until midnight."

"After this, the Khaleefeh said to his host, O Abu-l-Ḥasan, is there any service that thou wouldst have performed, or any desire that thou wouldst have accomplished? And Abu-l-Ḥasan answered, In our neighbourhood is a mosque, to which belong an Imám and four sheykhs, and whenever they hear music or any sport they incite the Wálee against me, and impose fines upon me, and trouble my life, so that I suffer torment from them. If I had them in my power, therefore, I would give each of them a thousand lashes, that I might be relieved from their excessive annoyance.

"Er-Rasheed replied, May Allah grant thee the accomplishment of thy wish! And without his being aware of it, he put into a cup a lozenge of beni-

and handed it to him; and as soon as it had settled in his stomach, he fell asleep immediately. Er-Rasheed then arose and went to the door, where he found his young men waiting for him, and he ordered them to convey Abu-l-Ḥasan upon a mule, and returned to the palace; Abu-l-Ḥasan being intoxicated and insensible. And when the Khaleefeh had rested himself in the palace, he called for his Weezeer Jaafar, and 'Abd Allah the son of Ṭáhir, the Wálee of Baghdád, and certain of his chief attendants, and said to them all, In the morning, when ye see this young man (pointing to Abu-l-Ḥasan) seated on the royal couch, pay obedience to him, and salute him as Khaleefeh, and whatsoever he commandeth you, do it. Then going in to his female slaves, he directed them to wait upon Abu-l-Ḥasan, and to address him as Prince of the Faithful; after which he entered a private closet, and, having let down a curtain over the entrance, slept.

"So when Abu-l-Ḥasan awoke, he found himself upon the royal couch, with the attendants standing around, and kissing the ground before him; and a maid said to him, O our lord, it is the time for morning-prayer. Upon which he laughed, and, looking round about him, he beheld a pavilion whose walls were adorned with gold and ultramarine, and the roof bespotted with red gold, surrounded by chambers with curtains of embroidered silk hanging before their doors; and he saw vessels of gold and China-ware and crystal, and furniture and carpets spread, and lighted lamps, and female slaves and eunuchs, and other attendants; whereat he was perplexed in his mind, and said, By Allah, either I am dreaming, or this is Paradise, and the Abode of Peace. And he closed his eyes. So a eunuch said to him, O my lord, this is not thy usual custom, O Prince of the Faithful! And he was perplexed at his case, and put his head into his bosom, and then began to open his eyes by little and little, laughing, and saying, What is this state in which I find myself? And he bit his finger; and when he found that the bite pained him, he cried, Ah!—and was angry. Then raising his head, he called one of the female slaves, who answered him, At thy service, O Prince of the Faithful! And he said to her, What is thy name? She answered, Shejeret ed-Durr. And he said, Knowest thou in what place I am, and who I am?—Thou art the Prince of the Faithful, she answered, sitting in thy palace, upon the royal couch. He replied, I am perplexed at my case, my reason hath departed, and it seemeth that I am asleep; but what shall I say of my yesterday's guest? I imagine nothing but that he is a devil or an enchanter, who hath sported with my reason.

"All this time, the Khaleefeh was observing him, from a place where Abu-l-Ḥasan could not see him.—And Abu-l-Ḥasan looked towards the chief eunuch, and called to him. So he came, and kissed the ground before him, saying to him, Yes, O Prince of the Faithful. And Abu-l-Ḥasan said to him, Who is the Prince of the Faithful?—Thou, he answered. Abu-l-Ḥasan replied, Thou liest. And addressing another eunuch, he said to him, O my chief, as thou hopest for Allah's protection, tell me, am I the Prince of the Faithful?—Yea, by Allah, answered the eunuch: thou art at this present time the Prince of the Faithful, and the Khaleefeh of the Lord of all creatures. And Abu-l-Ḥasan, perplexed at all that he beheld, said, In one night do I become Prince of the Faithful? Was I not yesterday Abu-l-Ḥasan; and to-day am I Prince of the Faithful?—He remained perplexed and confounded until the morning, when a eunuch advanced to him and said to him, May Allah grant a happy morning to the Prince of the Faithful! And he handed to him a pair of shoes of gold-stuff, reticulated with precious stones and rubies; and Abu-l-Ḥasan took them, and after examining them a long time, put them into his sleeve. So the eunuch said to him, These are shoes, to walk in. And Abu-l-Ḥasan replied, Thou hast spoken truth. I put them into my sleeve but in my fear lest they should be soiled.—He therefore took them forth, and put them on his feet. And shortly after, the female slaves brought him a basin of gold and a ewer of silver, and poured the water upon his hands; and when he had performed the ablution, they spread for him a prayer-carpet; and he prayed; but knew not how to do so. He continued his inclinations and prostrations until he had performed twenty rek'ahs; meditating and saying within himself, By Allah, I am none other than the Prince of the Faithful, in truth; or else this is a dream, and all these things occur not in a dream. He therefore convinced himself and determined in his mind, that he was the Prince of the Faithful; and he pronounced the salutations, and finished his prayers. They then brought him a magnificent dress, and, looking at himself, as he sat upon the couch, he retracted, and said, All this is an illusion, and a machination of the Jánn.

"And while he was in this state, lo, one of the memlooks came in and said to him, O Prince of the Faithful, the chamberlain is at the door, requesting permission to enter.—Let him enter, replied Abu-l-Ḥasan. So he came in, and, having kissed the ground before him, said, Peace be on thee, O Prince of the Faithful! And Abu-l-Ḥasan rose, and descended from the couch to the floor; whereupon the chamberlain exclaimed, Allah! Allah! O Prince of the Faithful! Knowest thou not that all men are thy servants, and under thy authority, and that it is not proper for the Prince of the Faithful to rise to any one?—Abu-l-Ḥasan was then told that Jaafar el-Barmekee, and 'Abd Allah the son of Ṭáhir, and the chiefs of the memlooks, begged permission to enter. And he gave them permission. So they entered, and kissed the ground before him, each of them addressing him as Prince of the Faithful. And he was delighted at this, and returned their salutation; after which, he called the Wálee, who approached him, and said, At thy service, O Prince of the Faithful! And Abu-l Ḥasan said to him, Repair immediately to such a street, and give a hundred pieces of gold to the mother of Abu-l-Ḥasan the Wag, with my salutation: then take the Imám of the mosque, and the four sheykhs, inflict upon each of them a thousand lashes; and when thou hast done that, write a bond against them, confirmed by oath, that they shall not reside in the street, after thou shalt have paraded them through the city, mounted on beasts, with their faces to the tails, and hast proclaimed before them, This

is the recompense of those who annoy their neighbours!—And beware of neglecting that which I have commanded thee to do.—So the Wálee did as he was ordered. And when Abu-l-Hasan had exercised his authority until the close of the day, he looked towards the chamberlain and the rest of the attendants, and said to them, Depart.

"He then called for a eunuch who was near at hand, and said to him, I am hungry, and desire something to eat. And he replied, I hear and obey:—and led him by the hand into the eating-chamber, where the attendants placed before him a table of rich viands; and ten slave girls, high-bosomed virgins, stood behind his head. Abu-l-Hasan, looking at one of these, said to her, What is thy name? She answered Kádeeb el-Bán. And he said to her, O Kádeeb el-Bán, who am I?—Thou art the Prince of the Faithful, she answered. But he replied, Thou liest, by Allah, thou slut! Ye girls are laughing at me.—So she said, Fear Allah, O Prince of the Faithful: this is thy palace, and the female slaves are thine And upon this he said within himself, It is no great matter to be effected by God, to whom be ascribed might and glory! Then the slave-girls led him by the hand to the drinking-chamber, where he saw what astonished the mind; and he continued to say within himself, No doubt these are of the Ján, and this person who was my guest is one of the Kings of the Ján, who saw no way of requiting and compensating me for my kindness to him but by ordering his 'O'ns to address me as Prince of the Faithful. All these are of the Ján. May Allah then deliver me from them happily!—And while he was thus talking to himself, lo, one of the slave-girls filled for him a cup of wine; and he took it from her hand and drank it; after which, the slave-girls plied him with wine in abundance; and one of them threw into his cup a lozenge of benj; and when it had settled in his stomach, he fell down senseless.

"Er-Rasheed then gave orders to convey him to his house; and the servants did so, and laid him on his bed, still in a state of insensibility."

The parallel here ends between Abu-l-Hasan and Christopher Sly; and it is unnecessary for us to follow the fortunes of "the Wag."

The following story, which has been extracted by Malone from Goulart's 'Admirable and Memorable Histories,' translated by E. Grimestone, 1607, is to be found in Heuterus, Rerum Burgund. lib. iv. Malone thinks that it had appeared in English before the old 'Taming of a Shrew:'—

"Philip, called the Good, Duke of Burgundy, in the memory of our ancestors, being at Bruxelles with his Court, and walking one night after supper through the streets, accompanied with some of his favourites, he found lying upon the stones a certain artisan that was very drunk, and that slept soundly. It pleased the prince, in this artisan, to make trial of the vanity of our life, whereof he had before discoursed with his familiar friends. He, therefore, caused this sleeper to be taken up, and carried into his palace: he commands him to be laid in one of the richest beds; a rich night-cap to be given him; his foul shirt to be taken off, and to have another put on him of fine holland. When as this drunkard had digested his wine, and began to awake, behold there comes about his bed pages and grooms of the Duke's chamber, who draw the curtains, and make many courtesies, and, being bareheaded, ask him if it please him to rise, and what apparel it would please him to put on that day.—They bring him rich apparel. This new *Monsieur*, amazed at such courtesy, and doubting whether he dreamed or waked, suffered himself to be dressed, and led out of the chamber There came noblemen which saluted him with all honour, and conduct him to the mass, where with great ceremony they gave him the book of the Gospel, and Pixe to kiss, as they did usually to the Duke. From the mass, they bring him back unto the palace; he washes his hands, and sits down at the table well furnished. After dinner, the Great Chamberlain commands cards to be brought, with a great sum of money. This Duke in imagination plays with the chief of the court. Then they carry him to walk in the garden, and to hunt the hare, and to hawk. They bring him back unto the palace, where he sups in state. Candles being lighted, the musicians begin to play; and, the tables taken away, the gentlemen and gentlewomen fell to dancing. *Then they played a pleasant Comedy*, after which followed a banquet, whereat they had presently store of ipocras and precious wine, with all sorts of confitures, to this prince of the new impression, so as he was drunk, and fell soundly asleep. Thereupon the Duke commanded that he should be disrobed of all his rich attire. He was put into his old rags, and carried into the same place where he had been found the night before; where he spent that night. Being awake in the morning, he began to remember what had happened before;—he knew not whether it were true indeed, or a dream that had troubled his brain. But in the end, after many discourses, he concludes that all was but a dream that had happened unto him; and so entertained his wife, his children, and his neighbours, without any other apprehension."

[3] SCENE II.—"*Old Sly's son of Burton-heath.*"

Barton-on-the-Heath is a small village on the borders of Warwickshire and Oxfordshire. In Domesday-Book, according to Dugdale, it is written *Bertone*,—so that the *Burton* of the text may be correct. It consists of some twenty or thirty cottages, intermixed with a few small farm-houses, making together one short irregular street. The church is small, and peculiar in its architectural arrangements; an old mansion near it of the Elizabethan era is the rectory. The village is situated two miles from Long Compton on the road to Stratford from Oxford, and the approaches on all sides are by lonely lanes, and in its general aspect it is solitary and neglected. Of the "heath," however, from which it partly takes its name, no traces remain, the land being wholly enclosed.

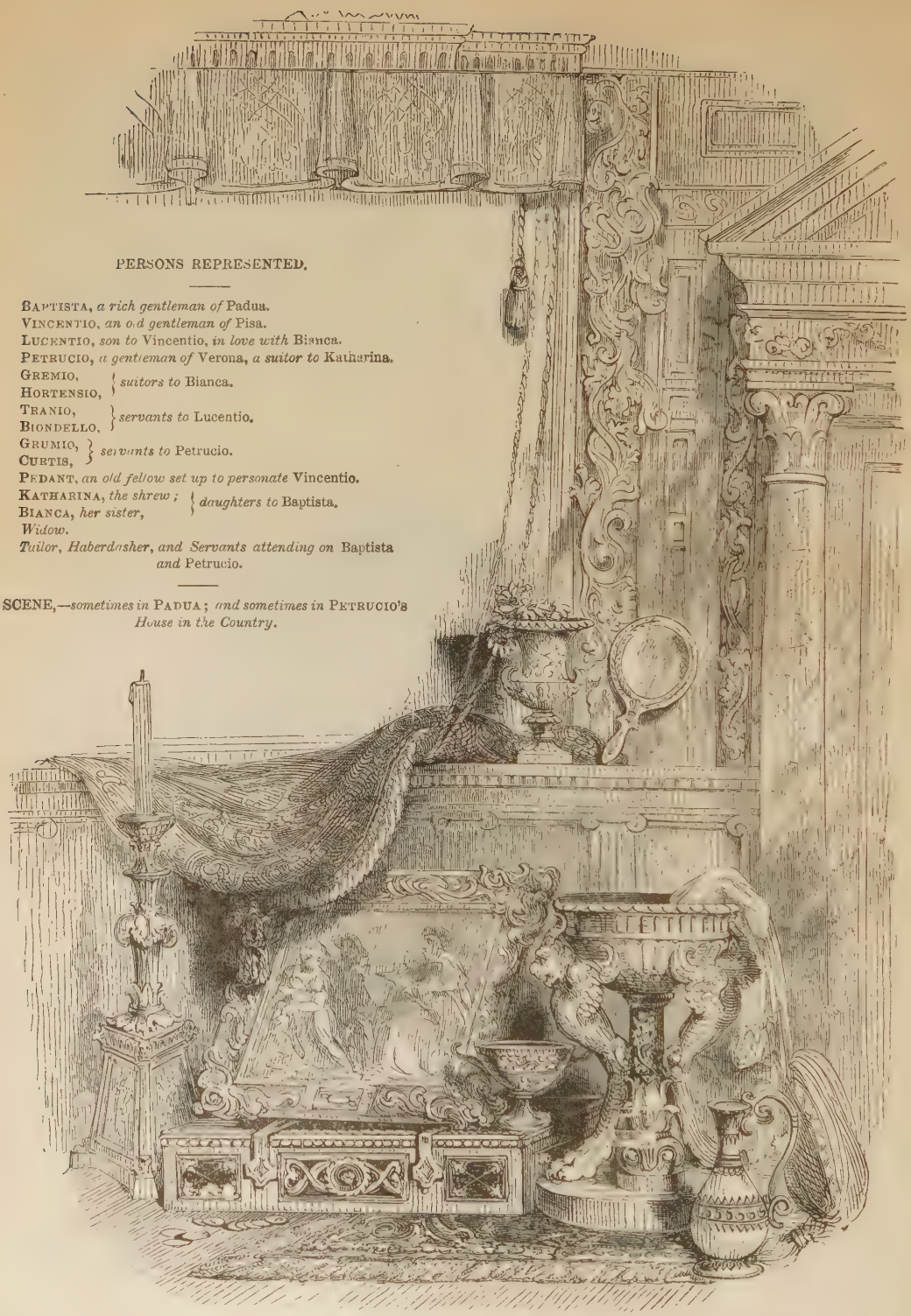
[4] SCENE II.—"*The fat ale-wife of Wincot.*"

Wincot is the name of a hamlet farm situated about four miles from Stratford on the road to Cheltenham. Wincot is a substantial stone build-

ing of the Elizabethan period, and was probably at its first erection a manorial residence, but at no period in the memory of the neighbourhood has it ever been used as an alehouse. The house of the "fat ale-wife of Wincot" is not therefore here to be found; but its site may perhaps be indicated by a few square patches of rank dark-coloured grass, which, at the distance of a quarter of a mile from the farm, and near the road-side, are all that remain to corroborate the memories of the villagers of Clifford, (the parish in which the hamlet stands,) who say that "a house once stood there." Wincot is a wild place, in which sword-dances are still prevalent, and annual fights continue to be held to adjust the quarrels of the year.

We believe, however, that in this passage, as in Henry IV., Part II., the place to which Shakspere alludes is the hamlet of *Wilmecote*, anciently Wylmyncote, about three miles to the north of Stratford, in the parish of Aston-Cantlow. Here lived Robert Arden, our poet's maternal grandfather; and his youngest daughter, the mother of Shakspere, inherited a house and lands here situate. It is most probable, therefore, that this hamlet, which Malone says (though he gives no authority) was also called *Wyncote*, was in Shakspere's thoughts. The matter is of little consequence here; and in our life of Shakspere we shall present a view of Wilmecote, a straggling village with a few old houses, amongst whose secluded fields our poet no doubt passed many of his boyish hours.

[Abu l-Hasan awakening in the Palace.]



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

BAPTISTA, *a rich gentleman of* Padua.
VINCENTIO, *an old gentleman of* Pisa.
LUCENTIO, *son to* Vincentio, *in love with* Bianca.
PETRUCIO, *a gentleman of* Verona, *a suitor to* Katharina.
GREMIO, HORTENSIO, } *suitors to* Bianca.
TRANIO, BIONDELLO, } *servants to* Lucentio.
GRUMIO, CURTIS, } *servants to* Petrucio.
PEDANT, *an old fellow set up to personate* Vincentio.
KATHARINA, *the shrew*; BIANCA, *her sister*, } *daughters to* Baptista.
Widow.
Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista *and* Petrucio.

SCENE,—*sometimes in* PADUA; *and sometimes in* PETRUCIO'S *House in the Country.*

[Town-house, Padua.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Padua. *A public Place.*

Enter LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,[1]
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;[2]
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My[a] trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:[b]
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let 's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,[a]
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Balk[b] logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.

[a] *My.* So the folio. The word has been changed by the modern editors to *most*.

[b] This passage has been a source of perplexity to the commentators; but it appears to us sufficiently clear: Pisa gave me my being, and also first gave my father being—that father was Vincentio, &c. It shall become Vincentio's son, that he may fulfil the hopes conceived of him, to deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds.

[a] *Checks.* Sir W. Blackstone proposes to read *ethicks*. In Ben Jonson's 'Silent Woman' we have "Aristotle's *ethicks*.' Aristotle's "checks" are his ethical principles, as opposed to the excitements of Ovid. (*White.*)

[b] *Balk.* This word of the original has been changed into *talk*, "corrected by Mr. Rowe." By this correction the meaning of the passage has been destroyed. Tranio draws a distinction between the dry and the agreeable of the liberal sciences. *Balk* logic—pass over logic—with your acquaintance, but practise rhetoric in your common *talk;—use* (in the legitimate sense of resorting to *frequently*) music and poetry to quicken you, but fall to mathematics and metaphysics as you find your inclination serves.

If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: What company is this?
Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter Baptista, Katharina, Bianca, Gremio, *and* Hortensio. Lucentio *and* Tranio *stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know:
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.
Gre. To cart her rather: She 's too rough for me:
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?
Kath. I pray you, sir, [*to* Bap.] is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?[a]
Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.
Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.
Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!
Gre. And me too, good Lord!
Tra Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward;
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.
Luc. But in the other's silence do I see
Maids' mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio.
Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl
Kath. A pretty peat;[b] 't is best
Put finger in the eye—an she knew why.

[a] Douce says that this expression seems to have been suggested by the chess term of *stale-mate.* Surely the occurrence of *mates* and *stale* in the same line does not warrant this assertion. A *stale* is a thing *stalled*—exposed for common sale. Baptista, somewhat coarsely, has offered Katharine to Gremio and Hortensio, "either of you;" and she is justly indignant at being set up for the bidding of these companions.

[b] *Peat*—pet—spoiled child.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look, and practise by myself.
Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak. [*Aside.*
Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.
Gre. Why, will you mew her,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?
Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit* Bianca.
And, for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning[a] men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And so farewell. Katharina you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*
Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too. May I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave! Ha! [*Exit.*
Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are so good here is none will hold you. Their love[b] is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out; our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell:—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him[c] to her father.
Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet

[a] *Cunning*—knowing—learned. *Cunning, conning,* was originally knowledge, skill; and is so used in our translation of the Bible. Shakspere, in general, uses *cunning* in the modern sense, as in Lear:—

"Time shall unfold what plaited *cunning* hides."

But in this play the adjective is used in two other instances in the same way as in the passage before us: (See Act II. Sc 1.)

"*Cunning* in music and the mathematics."

"*Cunning* in Greek, Latin, and other languages."

[b] *Their love.* Mason would read *our* love; Malone, *your* love. *Their* love, it appears to us, refers to the affection between Katharine and her father, who have been jarring throughout the scene. Baptista has resolved that Bianca shall not wed till he has found a husband for his elder daughter. Gremio and Hortensio, who aspire to Bianca, think that there is so little love between the Shrew and her father, that his resolve will change, while they blow their nails together—while they submit to some delay.

[c] *Wish him*—commend him.

never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil!

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool as to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained, till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. —Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt* Gremio *and* Hortensio.

Tra. [*Advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you,[a] nought remains but so,—
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward, this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.[3]

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her sister
Began to scold; and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 't is time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir: If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:—
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rids his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 't is plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible. For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?

[a] *If love have touch'd you.* Monck Mason, one of the most prosaic of the commentators, very gravely refers the exquisite word *touch'd* to the shoulder-clap of the bailiff:—"It is a common expression at this day to say, when a bailiff has arrested a man, that he has *touched* him on the shoulder." One would think it impossible for a reader of Shakspere to forget how favourite a word this is with him, and how beautifully he uses it, as he does a thousand other words, to convey, by a syllable or two, an idea which feebler writers would have elaborated into many lines. Who can remember

"One *touch* of nature makes the whole world kin,"

and not smile at Monck Mason with his bailiff!

Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?
Luc. Basta; content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces,
For man or master: then it follows thus;—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port,[a] and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'T is hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:[b]
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.
Tra. So had you need.
[*They exchange habits.*
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient;
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,
Although, I think, 't was in another sense,)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.
Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, t' achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?
Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?
Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news?
Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 't is no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life;
You understand me?
Bion. I, sir? ne'er a whit.
Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.
Bion. The better for him. 'Would I were so too!
Tra. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,—
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.
Luc Tranio, let's go:—
One thing more rests, that thyself execute;
To make one among these wooers: If thou ask me why,—
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.
[*Exeunt.*

(*The Presenters above speak.*)

1 *Serv.* My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.
Sly. Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely. Comes there any more of it?
Page. My lord, 't is but begun.
Sly. 'T is a very excellent piece of work, madam lady. 'Would 't were done!
[*They sit and mark.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Before* Hortensio's *House.*

Enter Petrucio[a] *and* Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.
Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.
Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I 'll knock your knave's pate.
Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

[a] *Port*—state, show. Thus, in the Merchant of Venice, Act III. Sc. ii.—

"And the magnificos of greatest *port*."

[b] *Colour'd hat and cloak.* Fashions have changed. Servants formerly wore clothes of sober hue—black or sad-colour; their masters bore about the hues of the rainbow in their doublets and mantles, and hats and feathers. Such gay vestments were called emphatically *coloured*.

[a] *Petrucio.* We have thought it right to spell this name correctly, as Gascoigne did, in his 'Supposes.' Shakspere most probably wrote the word with the *h*, that the actors might not blunder in the pronunciation. In the same way Decker wrote *Infeliche.* After two centuries of illumination, such a precaution as regards the theatre would not be wholly unnecessary; for when the proprietors of one of our great houses piratically seized upon Mr. Milman's beautiful tragedy of *Fazio*, the author was denied the poor privilege of having the name pronounced correctly.

Pet. Will it not be?
Faith, sirrah, an you 'll not knock, I 'll wring it;
I 'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.
[*He wrings* Grumio *by the ears.*
Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.
Pet. Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now? what 's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petrucio!—How do you all at Verona?
Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.
Hor. Alla nostra casa bene venuto,
Molto honorato signor mio Petrucio.
Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.
Gru. Nay, 't is no matter, what he 'leges[a] in Latin.[5]—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—Look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps (for aught I see,) two and thirty,—a pip out?
Whom, 'would to God, I had well knocked at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.
Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens!
Spake you not these words plain,—'Sirrah, knock me here,
Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?'
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?
Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.
Hor. Petrucio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant, Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?
Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.
Hor. Petrucio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I 'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou 'rt too much my friend,
And I 'll not wish thee to her.
Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petrucio's wife,
(As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,[6]
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me. Were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas;[7]
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.
Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby;[a] or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.
Hor. Petrucio, since we are stept thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petrucio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is faults enough,)
Is,—that she is intolerable curst,
And shrewd, and froward: so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.
Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect:
Tell me her father's name, and 't is enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.
Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.
Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well:
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;

[a] *'Leges*—alleges.

[a] *Aglet-baby. Aglet* is *aiguillette*—a point. The *baby* was a small carving on the point which carried the lace.

And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that 's nothing; an he begin once, he 'll rail in his rope-tricks.[a] I 'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat:[b] you know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petrucio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petrucio do me grace;
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music[c], to instruct Bianca:
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

Enter Gremio; *with him* Lucentio *disguised, with books under his arm.*

Gru. Here 's no knavery! See; to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you: Who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio; 't is the rival of my love:—Petrucio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous! [*They retire*

Gre. O, very well: I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir; I 'll have them very fairly bound
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me:—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I 'll mend it with a largess:—Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I 'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio!

Gre. And you 're well met, signior Hortensio. Trow you,
Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry
And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'T is well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove:

Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [*Aside.*

Hor. Gremio, 't is now no time to vent our love;
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I 'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well:—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

[a] *Rope-tricks.* Sir T. Hanmer would read *rhetoric!* In Romeo and Juliet, we have *ropery.*

[b] Steevens cannot understand this: "This animal is remarkable for the keenness of its sight." Johnson thus assists him: "He shall swell up her eyes with blows, till she seem to peep with a contracted pupil, like a cat in the dark." Grumio was not a person to be very correct in his similes. If Shakspere had anywhere made a clown say, "as sick as a horse," we should have been informed by the commentators that horses, being temperate animals, are not subject to sickness, and yet this simile is daily used by persons of Grumio's character

[c] *Well seen in music*—well versed. Thus, in Spenser, (Fairy Queen, b. iv., c. 2,)—

"Well *seen* in every science that mote be."

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?
Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.
Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange:
But if you have a stomach, to 't o' God's name;
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But, will you woo this wild cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her. [*Aside.*
Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives not half so great a blow to hear,[a]
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.[b]
Gru. For he fears none. [*Aside.*
Gre. Hortensio, hark!
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.
Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.
Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.
Gru. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner. [*Aside.*

Enter Tranio, *bravely apparelled; and* Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?
Bion. He that has the two fair daughters:—is 't he you mean?[c]
Tra. Even he, Biondello.
Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to- —
Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir. What have you to do?
Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.
Tra. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let's away.
Luc. Well begun, Tranio [*Aside.*
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;—
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?
Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?
Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.
Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But so is not she.
Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?
Gre. For this reason, if you 'll know,
That she 's the choice love of signior Gremio.
Hor. That she 's the chosen of signior Hortensio.
Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.
Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.
Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he 'll prove a jade.
Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?
Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?
Tra. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two;
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.
Pet. Sir, sir, the first 's for me; let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.
Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth;—
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,

[a] *To hear.* So the folio. The ordinary reading (Hanmer's) is *to the ear.* This is, perhaps, to be preferred.

[b] *Fear boys with bugs*—frighten boys with hobgoblins. Douce has given us a curious passage from Mathew's Bible, Psalm xci. v. 5; "Thou shalt not nede to be afraied for any *bugs* by night." The English name of the *punaise* was not applied till late in the seventeenth century, and is evidently metaphorical.

[c] This line, upon a suggestion of Tyrwhitt, has been usually given to Gremio. It seems quite unnecessary to disturb the original copy.

Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me among the rest;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat,—
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,[a]
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's begone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so;—
Petrucio, I shall be your *ben venuto.* [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Contrive this afternoon.*—wear away the afternoon. It is here used in the original Latin sense, as in Terence. "Totum hunc *contrivi* diem."

[Ladies of Padua.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

[1] SCENE I.—" *Fair Padua, nursery of arts.*"

DURING the ages when books were scarce and seminaries of learning few, men of accomplishment in literature, science, and art, crowded into cities which were graced by universities. Nothing could be more natural and probable than that a tutor, like Licio, should repair to Padua from Mantua;

" His name is Licio, born in Mantua;"

or a student, like Lucentio, from Pisa,

" As he that leaves
shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep;"

or "a pedant," (Act IV. Sc. II.) turning aside from the road to Rome and Tripoli, to spend "a week or two" in the great "nursery of arts" of the Italian peninsula. The university of Padua was in all its glory in Shakspere's day; and it is difficult to those who have explored the city to resist the persuasion that the poet himself had been one of the travellers who had come from afar to look upon its seats of learning, if not to partake of its "ingenious studies." There is a pure Paduan atmosphere hanging about this play; and the visitor of to-day sees other Lucentios and Tranios in the knots of students who meet and accost in the "public places," and the servants who buy in the market; while there may be many an accomplished Bianca among the citizens' daughters who take their walks along the arcades of the venerable streets. Influences of learning, love, and mirth, are still abroad in the place, breathing as they do from the play.

The university of Padua was founded by Frederick Barbarossa, early in the thirteenth century, and was, for several hundred years, a favourite resort of learned men. Among other great personages, Petrarch, Galileo, and Christopher Columbus studied there. The number of students was once (we believe in Shakspere's age) eighteen thousand. Now that universities have multiplied, none are so thronged; but that of Padua still numbers from fifteen hundred to twenty-three hundred. Most of the educated youth of Lombardy pursue their studies there, and numbers from a greater distance. "The mathematics" are still a favourite branch of learning, with some "Greek, Latin, and other languages;" also natural philosophy and medicine. History and morals, and consequently politics, seem to be discouraged, if not omitted. The aspect of the university of Padua is now somewhat forlorn, though its halls are respectably tenanted by students. Its mouldering courts and dim staircases are thickly hung with the heraldic blazonry of the pious benefactors of the institution. The number of these coats-of-arms is so vast as to convey a strong impression of what the splendour of this seat of learning must once have been.—(M.)

[2] SCENE I.—"*fruitful Lombardy,*
The pleasant garden of great Italy."

The rich plain of Lombardy is still like "a pleasant garden," and appears as if it must ever continue to be so, sheltered as it is by the vast barrier of the Alps, and fertilized by the streams which descend from their glaciers. From the walls of the Lombard cities, which are usually reared on rising grounds, the prospects are enchanting, presenting a fertile expanse, rarely disfigured by fences intersected by the great Via Æmilia—one long avenue of mulberry trees; gleaming here and there with transparent lakes, and adorned with scattered towns, villas, and churches, rising from among the vines. Corn, oil, and wine, are everywhere ripening together; and not a speck of barrenness is visible, from the northern Alps and eastern Adriatic, to the unobstructed southern horizon, where the plain melts away in sunshine.—(M.)

[3] SCENE I.—" *O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,*
Such as the daughter of Agenor had," &c.

There are in this play a few delicate touches of mythological images, as in the passage before us. But the old 'Taming of a Shrew' is crammed full of the learning of a university student, paraded with an ostentation totally inconsistent with dramatic propriety. The classical allusions introduced by Shakspere in this and other comedies are just such as a gentleman might use without pedantry. But the following passage from the old play (and there are many of a similar character) is as far removed from the language of nature as it is from that of high scholarship. It is nothing beyond a school-boy's exercise:—

" *Philema.* Not for great Neptune, no, nor Jove himself
Will Philema leave Aurelius' love:
Could he instal me empress of the world,
Or make me queen and guidress of the heaven,
Yet would I not exchange my love for his:
Thy company is poor Philema's heaven,
And without thee heaven were hell to me.

Emelia. And should my love, as erst did Hercules,
Attempt the burning vaults of hell,
I would, with piteous looks and pleasing words,
As once did Orpheus with his harmony,
And ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Entreat grim Pluto, and of him obtain
That thou might'st go, and safe return again.
Thilema. And should my love, as erst Leander did,
Attempt to swim the boiling Hellespont
For Hero's love, no towers of brass should hold,
But I would follow thee through those raging floods,
With locks disshever'd, and my breast all bare:
With bended knees upon Abidae's shore,
I would, with smoky sighs and brinish tears,
Importune Neptune and the watery gods,
To send a guard of silver-scaled dolphins,
With sounding Tritons, to be our convoy,
And to transport us safe unto the shore,
Whilst I would hang about thy lovely neck,
Redoubling kiss on kiss upon thy cheeks,
And with our pastime still the swelling waves.
Eme. Should Polidor, as Achilles did,
Only employ himself to follow arms,
Like to the warlike Amazonian queen,
Penthesilea, Hector's paramour,
Who foil'd the bloody Pyrrhus, murd'rous Greek,
I'll thrust myself amongst the thickest throngs,
And with my utmost force assist my love."

[4] SCENE I.—"*The presenters above speak.*"

In the second scene of the Induction, the original stage-direction is "Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants," &c. In the same way, in the parting scene of Romeo and Juliet, we have a similar direction,—"Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft." In the Illustrations of the third Act of Romeo and Juliet will be given a description and representation of the construction of the balcony, or upper stage, of our old theatres, to which these directions refer.

[5] SCENE II.—"*Nay, 't is no matter, what he 'leges in Latin.*"

"Petrucio," says Steevens, "has been just speaking Italian to Hortensio, which Grumio mistakes for the other language." Monck Mason has a delicious remark on this:—"Mr Steevens appears to have been a little absent when he wrote his note. He forgot that Italian was Grumio's native language, and that therefore he could not possibly mistake it for Latin." To this Steevens rejoins, "I was well aware that Italian was Grumio's native language, but was not, nor am now, certain of our author's attention to this circumstance, because his Italians necessarily speak English throughout the play, with the exception of a few colloquial sentences." But if our author did attend "to this circumstance," he could not have made Grumio blunder more naturally. The "Italians *necessarily* speak English throughout the play;"—and when they speak "a few colloquial sentences" of Italian, they speak them as an Englishman would speak that or any other foreign language. To make the citizens and scholars of Padua speak English at all is—to test poetry by laws which do not apply to it—a violation of propriety. But that violation admitted, the mistake of Grumio is perfectly in keeping.

[6] SCENE II.—"*Be she as foul as was Florentius' love.*"

In Gower, 'De Confessione Amantis,' we have the description of a deformed hag whom *Florent*, a young knight, had bound himself to marry, provided she gave him the key to a riddle, upon the solution of which his life depended.

[7] SCENE II.—"*Were she as rough*
As are the swelling Adriatic seas."

The Adriatic, though well land-locked, and in summer often as still as a mirror, is subject to severe and sudden storms. Shakspere, we have no doubt, found the image in Horace, Ode ix. Book iii. of whose odes there was no translation in the sixteenth century. Herrick has a neat translation of the ode, 'Donec gratus eram tibi,' which thus concludes:

"*Rough as the Adriatic sea*, yet I
Will live with thee, or else for thee will die."

Pisa.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in* Baptista's *House.*

Enter KATHARINA *and* BIANCA.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: But for these other gawds,[a]
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest: Is 't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while:
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. [*Strikes her.*

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?
Bianca stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her
For shame, thou hilding,[a] of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd. [*Flies after* BIANCA.

Bap. What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in. [*Exit* BIANCA.

Kath. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband,
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.[b]

[a] *Gawds.*—The original reads *goods.* The correction was made by Theobald.

[a] *Hilding*—a mean-spirited person. See note on Henry IV. Part II. Act I. Sc. I. Capulet applies the term to Juliet (Romeo and Juliet, Act III. Sc. V.)

[b] A proverbial expression, applied to the ill-used class of old maids

Talk not to me. I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge.
[*Exit* Katharina.

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, *with* Lucentio *in the habit of a mean man;* Petrucio, *with* Hortensio *as a musician; and* Tranio, *with* Biondello *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
[*Presenting* Hortensio.
Cunning in music, and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him or else you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he for your good sake:
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petrucio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petrucio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare![a] you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar, [*presenting* Lucentio] that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, [*to* Tranio] methinks, you walk like a stranger. May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me
In the preferment of the eldest sister:
This liberty is all that I request,—
That upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:[1]
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa: by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.
Take you [*to* Hor.] the lute, and you [*to* Luc.] the set of books,
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead
These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors; bid them use them well.
[*Exit* Servant, *with* Hortensio, Lucentio, *and* Biondello.
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Baccare—a word once in common use, meaning *go back*. "*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow," was a proverbial expression before the time of Shakspere. It occurs in 'Ralph Roister Doister;' and John Heywood gives it in his 'Proverbes,' (1516). *Back* is Anglo-Saxon, in the usual sense of the word; and *are*, *ar*, or *aer*, is an ancient word common to the Greek and Gothic language, meaning to *go*.

We shall be able to furnish our readers with a more complete exposition of the elements of this word *baccare*, when we have occasion to speak of *aroint* in Macbeth.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.[a]
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me,—If I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands:
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood,[b]—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is,—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, *with his head broken.*

Bap. How now, my friend? why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,[c]
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
'Frets, call you these?' quoth she: 'I'll fume with them:'
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She 's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petrucio, will you go with us:
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,—
[*Exeunt* Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, *and* Hortensio.
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:[a]
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks
As though she bid me stay by her a week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married:—
But here she comes; and now, Petrucio, speak.

Enter Katharina.

Good-morrow, Kate; for that 's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;
They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates; and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,

[a] The burthen of an old ballad called 'The Ingenious Braggadocio,' was

"And I cannot come every day to woo."

[b] *Her widowhood. Widowhood* must here mean, not the condition of a widow, but the property to which the widow would be entitled. Petrucio would assure Katharine of a widow's full provision in all his "lands and leases." He would not "bar dower,"—by fine and recovery.

[c] See Hamlet, Act III. Sc. II.

[a] Shakspere had a portion of this beautiful image from the old play:—

"As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew."

Milton has transferred the idea of our poet to his L'Allegro:—

"There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew.'

(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.
Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.
Pet. Why, what 's a moveable?
Kath. A joint-stool.
Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.
Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.
Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.
Kath. No such jade as you, if me you mean.
Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee:
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—
Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.
Pet. Should be? should[9] buz![a]
Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?
Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.
Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.
Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.
Kath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whose tongue?
Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.
Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
Kath. That I 'll try. [*Striking him.*
Pet. I swear I 'll cuff you, if you strike again.
Kath. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.
Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.
Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?
Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.[b]
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.
Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.
Pet. Why, here 's no crab; and therefore look not sour.
Kath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then show it me.
Kath. Had I a glass, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.
Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
Kath. Yet you are withered.
Pet. 'T is with cares.
Kath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so.
Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit. I find you passing gentle.
'T was told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,
Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue,
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.
Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.
Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.
Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Kath. Yes; keep you warm.
Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:

[a] This is ordinarily printed
"Should be? Should buz."
We follow the original, which is clearly right. *Buz* is an interjection of ridicule, as in Hamlet:—
"*Pol.* The actors are come hither, my lord.
Ham. Buz, buz!"

[b] *Craven.*—A *craven* cock, and a *craven* knight, were each contemptible. The knight who had *craven*, or craved, life from an antagonist, was branded with the name which he had uttered in preferring safety to honour. The terms of chivalry and cock-fighting were synonymous in the feudal times, as those of the cock-pit and the boxing-ring are equivalent now. *To show a white feather* is now a term of pugilism, derived from the ruffled plumes of the frightened bird.

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,)
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate:
And bring you from a wild Kate[a] to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter Baptista, Gremio, *and* Tranio.

Bap. Now, Signior Petrucio: How speed you with my daughter?
Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.
Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps?
Kath. Call you me daughter? now I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic,
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, 't is thus,—yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy:
For she 's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel;
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.
Kath. I 'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.
Gre. Hark, Petrucio! she says she 'll see thee hang'd first.
Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!
Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself;
If she and I be pleas'd, what 's that to you?
'T is bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 't is incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.

[a] *Kate* in the first folio, *Kat* in the second.

O, you are novices! 't is a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:[3]
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharine shall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petrucio! 't is a match.
Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:
We will have rings, and things, and fine array:
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.
[*Exeunt* Petrucio *and* Katharina *severally*.
Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?
Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.
Tra. 'T was a commodity lay fretting by you;
'T will bring you gain, or perish on the seas.
Bap The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.
Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.
Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.
Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back; 't is age that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this strife:
'T is deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have my Bianca's love.
Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,[a]
Costly apparel, tents and canopies,

[a] *Counterpoints* and *counterpanes* are the same. These coverlets were composed of counter panes or points, of various colours, contrasting with each other.

Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That, only, came well in. Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir, and only son;
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
What! have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.[a]
What! have I chok'd you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 't is known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,[b]
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have.
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

[a] Gremio's land was not worth "two thousand ducats by the year;" but he made up the deficiency by "an argosy." Du Cange says that *argosy* is derived from *Argo*, the fabulous name of the first ship.

[b] *Galliass*—galley, galleon, galleot, were vessels of burthen, navigated both with sails and oars.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise. Gremio is outvied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where 's her dower?

Tra. That 's but a cavil: he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd:—On Sunday next you know
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both.
[*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not;
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.
[*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.[a]
'T is in my head to do my master good:—
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father call'd—suppos'd Vincentio,
And that 's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
[*Exit.*

[a] *Card of ten*—a proverbial expression, as old as Skelton:—
"First pick a quarrel, and fall out with him then,
And so outface him with *a card of ten.*"

RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. I. p. 296.—"She is not hot, but temperate as the *morn.*"

"She is not hot, but temperate as the *moon.*"—*Collier.*

Mr. Collier says *moon*, "in reference to the chaste coldness of the moon, was doubtless the true word." But if authority were necessary for the retention of *moon* in connection with *temperate*, Shakspere might furnish it:—

"Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus."

'TROILUS AND CRESSIDA' Act I. Sc. III.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

[1] SCENE I.—"*And this small packet of Greek and Latin books.*"

IT is not to be supposed that the daughters of Baptista were more learned than other ladies of their city and their time.

Under the walls of universities, then the only centres of intellectual light, knowledge was shed abroad like sunshine at noon, and was naturally more or less enjoyed by all. At the time when Shakspere and the university of Padua flourished, the higher classes of women were not deemed unfitted for a learned education. Queen Elizabeth, Lady Jane Grey, the daughters of Sir Thomas More, and others, will at once occur to the reader's recollection in proof of this. "Greek, Latin, and other languages," "the mathematics," and "to read philosophy," then came as naturally as "music" within the scope of female education. Any association of pedantry with the training of the young ladies of this play is in the prejudices of the reader, not in the mind of the poet.—(M.)

[2] SCENE I.—"*Good morrow, Kate.*"

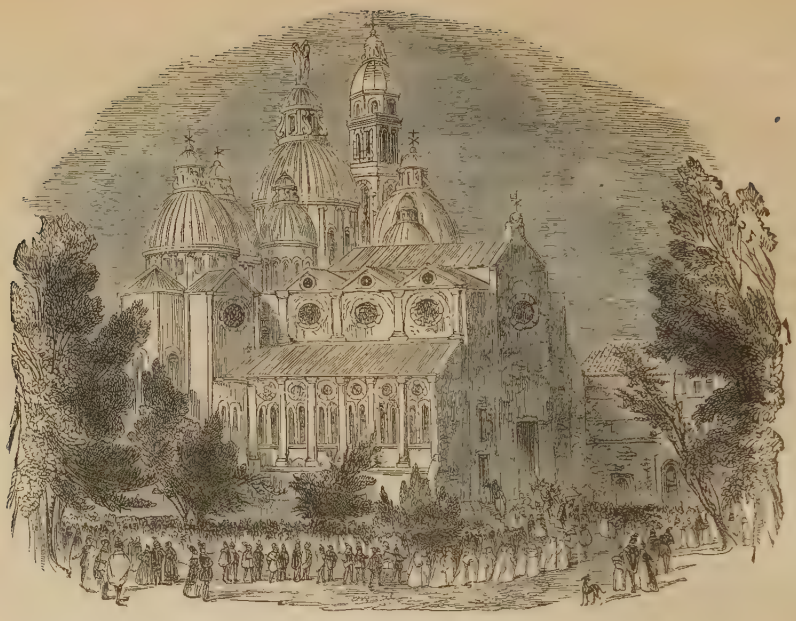
The first scene between Petrucio and Kate is founded upon a similar scene in 'The Taming of a Shrew.' Our readers may amuse themselves by a comparison of Shakspere and his predecessor:—

"*Alf.* Ha, Kate, come hither, wench, and list to me:
Use this gentleman friendly as thou canst.
Fer. Twenty good-morrows to my lovely Kate.
Kate. You jest, I am sure; is she yours already?
Fer. I tell thee, Kate, I know thou lov'st me well.
Kate. The devil you do! who told you so?
Fer. My mind, sweet Kate, doth say I am the man,
Must wed, and bed, and marry bonny Kate.
Kate. Was ever seen so gross an ass as this?
Fer. Ay, to stand so long, and never get a kiss.
Kate. Hands off, I say, and get you from this place;
Or I will set my ten commandments in your face.
Fer. I prithee do, Kate; they say thou art a shrew,
And I like thee the better, for I would have thee so.
Kate. Let go my hand for fear it reach your ear.
Fer. No, Kate, this hand is mine, and I thy love.
Kate. I' faith, sir, no, the woodcock wants his tail.
Fer But yet his bill will serve if the other fail.
Alf. How now, Ferando? what, my daughter?
Fer. She's willing, sir, and loves me as her life.
Kate. 'T is for your skin, then, but not to be your wife.
Alf. Come hither, Kate, and let me give thy hand
To him that I have chosen for thy love,
And thou to-morrow shalt be wed to him.
Kate. Why, father, what do you mean to do with me,
To give me thus unto this brainsick man,
That in his mood cares not to murder me?
[*She turns aside and speaks*
And yet I will consent and marry him,
(For I, methinks, have liv'd too long a maid,)
And match him too, or else his manhood's good.
Alf. Give me thy hand; Ferando loves thee well,
And will with wealth and ease maintain thy state
Here, Ferando, take her for thy wife,
And Sunday next shall be our wedding-day.
Fer. Why so, did I not tell thee I should be the man?
Father, I leave my lovely Kate with you,
Provide yourselves against our marriage-day,
For I must hie me to my country house
In haste, to see provision may be made
To entertain my Kate when she doth come.
Alf. Do so; come, Kate, why dost thou look
So sad? Be merry, wench, thy wedding-day's at hand;
Son, fare you well, and see you keep your promise.
[*Exit* ALFONSO *and* KATE.'

[3] SCENE I.—"*I will unto Venice,*
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day."
. . . . . .
"*My house within the city*
Is richly furnished with plate and gold," &c.

If Shakspere had not seen the interior of Italian houses when he wrote this play, he must have possessed some effectual means of knowing and realising in his imagination the particulars of such an interior. Every educated man might be aware that the extensive commerce of Venice must bring within the reach of the neighbouring cities a multitude of articles of foreign production and taste. But there is a particularity in his mention of these articles, which strongly indicates the experience of an eye-witness. The "cypress chests," and "ivory coffers," rich in antique carving, are still existing, with some remnants of "Tyrian tapestry," to carry back the imagination of the traveller to the days of the glory of the republic. The "plate and gold" are, for the most part, gone, to supply the needs of the impoverished aristocracy, who (to their credit) will part with everything sooner than their pictures. The "tents and canopies," and "Turkey cushions 'bossed with pearl," now no longer seen, were appropriate to the days when Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea were dependences of Venice, scattering their productions through the eastern cities of Italy, and actually establishing many of their customs in the singular capital of the Venetian dominion. After Venice, Padua was naturally first served with importations of luxury.

Venice was, and is still, remarkable for its jewellery, especially its fine works in gold. "Venice gold" was wrought into "valance"—tapestry—by the needle, and was used for every variety of ornament, from chains as fine as if made of woven hair, to the most massive form in which gold can be worn. At the present day, the traveller who walks round the Piazza of St. Mark's is surprised at the large proportion of jewellers' shops, and at the variety and elegance of the ornaments they contain,—the shell necklaces, the jewelled rings and tiaras, and the profusion of gold chains —(M.)



[Church of St. Giustinia, Padua.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Baptista's *House.*

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, *and* BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?
Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.
Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.
Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I 'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.
Hor. You 'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?
[*To* BIANCA.—HORTENSIO *retires.*
Luc. That will be never;—tune your instrument.
Bian. Where left we last?
Luc. Here, madam:—
Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.
Bian. Conster them.
Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.
Hor. Madam, my instrument 's in tune.
[*Returning*
Bian. Let 's hear;— [HORTENSIO *plays.*
O fye! the treble jars.
Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.
Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not; *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*,

LUCENTIO AND BIANCA.

Bianca. "Where left we last?
Lucentio. Here, Madam:—
Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.
Bianca. Construe them.
Lucentio. Hac ibat, as I told you before.—*Simois,* I am Lucentio,—*Hic est,* son unto Vincentio of Pisa.—*Sigeia tellus,* disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat,* and that Lucentio that comes a wooing.—*Priama,* is my man Tranio,—*regia,* bearing my port,—*celsa senis,* that we might beguile the old pantaloon."

Taming of the Shrew. Act iii., sc, 1.

take heed he hear us not ;—*regia*, presume not;
celsa senis, despair not.
Hor. Madam, 't is now in tune.
Luc. All but the base.
Hor. The base is right; 't is the base knave that jars.
How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule, I 'll watch you better yet,
Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.
Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.
Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.
Hor. You may go walk, [*to* Lucentio] and give me leave awhile;
My lessons make no music in three parts.
Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,[a]
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside.*
Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.
Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.
Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.
Bian. [*Reads.*] Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord,*
A re, *to plead Hortensio's passion;*
B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*
C fa ut, *that loves with all affection:*
D sol re, *one cliff, two notes have I;*
E la mi, *show pity, or I die.*[1]
Call you this gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.[b]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.
Bian. Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must be gone.
[*Exeunt* Bianca *and* Serv.
Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*
Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list: If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Before* Baptista's *House.*

Enter Baptista, Tranio, Katharina, Bianca, Lucentio, *and* Attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, [*to* Tranio] this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petrucio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?
Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He 'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite them, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—'Lo, there is mad Petrucio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.'
Tra. Patience good Katharine, and Baptista too;
Upon my life, Petrucio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he 's honest.
Kath. 'Would Katharine had never seen him, though!
[*Exit, weeping, followed by* Bianca, *and others.*
Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

a *But I be deceiv'd*—unless I be deceived.
b The original reads,—
"To *charge* true rules for *old* inventions."
These alterations, which were made by the Editor of the second folio, and by Theobald, are not violent, and belong to the class of typographical corrections.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news,[a] and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petrucio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what:—To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petrucio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points:[b] His horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions,[c] full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er legg'd before; and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure,[d] which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.[2]

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, Sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock[e] on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* pricked in 't for a feather:[f] a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'T is some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petrucio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petrucio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that 's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who 's at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. . . And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparel'd
As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:
First we were sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fye! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears, 't is time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I 'll visit her.

Bap. But thus I trust, you will not marry her

[a] *Old news*—rare news. The words, however, are not in the original, being added by Rowe. But they are necessary for the context.

[b] *Two broken points.* Johnson says, "How a sword should have two broken points I cannot tell." The *points* were amongst the most costly and elegant parts of the dress of Elizabeth's time; and to have *two broken* was certainly indicative of more than ordinary slovenliness.

[c] *Fashions*—the farcins, or farcy. In Greene's 'Looking-glass for London and England,' we have mentioned, amongst the "outward diseases" of a horse, "the spavin, splent, ringbone, windgall, and *fashion*."

[d] *Velure*—velvet.

[e] *Stock*—stocking.

[f] *The humour of forty fancies* was, it is conjectured by Warburton, a slight collection of ballads, or short poems, which Petrucio's lackey pricked in his hat for a feather.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words;
To me she 's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'T were well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Exeunt* Petrucio, Grumio, *and* Biondello.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I 'll after him, and see the event of this.
[*Exit.*

Tra. But, sir, to love[a] concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: Which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we 'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'T were good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
I 'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We 'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 't is a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 't is impossible.

Gre. Why he 's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she 's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! she 's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I 'll tell you, sir Lucentio; When the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
'Ay, by gogs-wouns,' quoth he; and swore so loud
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest;
'Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.'

Tra. What said the wench, when he arose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd, and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—'A health,' quoth he,[3] as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm:—Quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason,—
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before.
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.
[*Music.*

Enter Petrucio, Katharina, Bianca, Baptista, Hortensio, Grumio, *and Train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is 't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:[4]
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

[a] *To love.*—The word *to* is omitted in the folio. Malone added *her* as well as *to*, which appears unnecessary.

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.
Pet. Grumio, my horse.[a]
Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses.
Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I 'll not be gone, till I please myself:
'T is like, you 'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.
Pet. O Kate, content thee; prithee be not angry.
Kath. I will be angry. What hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet: he shall stay my leisure.
Gre. Ay, marry, sir: now it begins to work.
Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.
Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command:
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I 'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate;
I 'll buckler thee against a million.
[*Exeunt* Petrucio, Katharina, *and* Grumio.
Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.
Gre. Went they not quickly I should die with laughing.
Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!
Luc. Mistress, what 's your opinion of your sister?
Bian. That, being mad herself, she 's madly mated.
Gre I warrant him, Petrucio is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets at the feast;
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.
Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?
Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let 's go. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Horse* is here used in the plural.

[Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Gamut I am, the ground of all accord,*" &c.

GAMUT, or, more correctly, *Gammut*, is, in the sense here intended, the lowest note of the musical scale, established in the eleventh century by a Benedictine monk, Guido, of Arezzo in Tuscany. To this sound (G, the first line in the base,) he gave the name of the third letter in the Greek alphabet, Γ (*Gamma*), cutting off the final vowel, and affixing the syllable *ut*. This, and the other syllables, *re, mi, fa*, &c., names assigned by Guido to the notes of the diatonic scale, were suggested to him by the following verses, which form the first stanza of a hymn, by Paulus Diaconus, to St. John the Baptist :—

> *Ut* queant laxis *re*sonare fibris,
> *Mi*ra gestorum *fa*muli tuorum
> *Sol*ve polluti *la*bii reatum,
> Sancte Joannes!

The tune to which this hymn was anciently sung in the Catholic church, ascends by the Diatonic intervals G, A, B, C, D, and E, at the syllables here printed in italics.

[2] SCENE II.—"*His horse hipped,*" &c.

Shakspere describes the imperfections and unsoundness of a horse with as much precision as if he had been bred in a farrier's shop. In the same way, in the Venus and Adonis, he is equally circumstantial in summing up the qualities of a noble courser :—

> "Round hoof'd, short jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
> Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostrils wide,
> High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
> Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide."

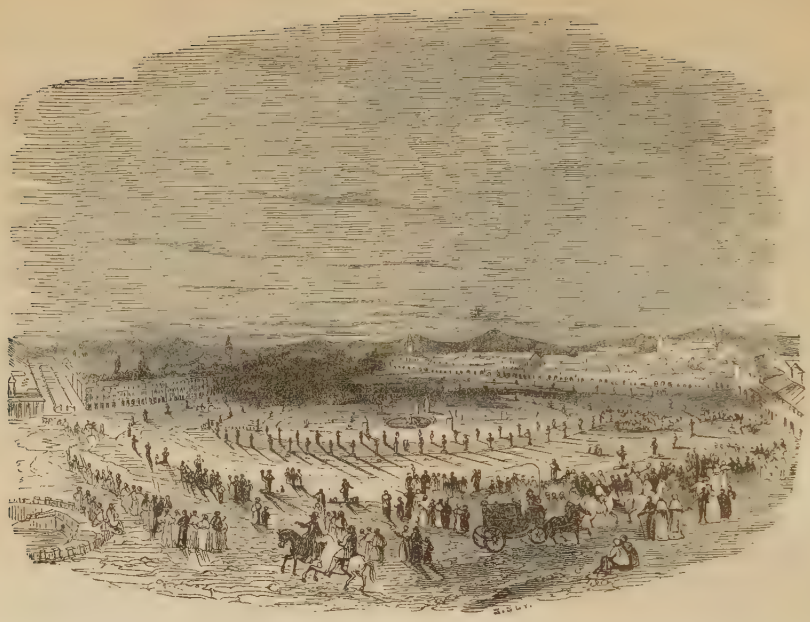
[3] SCENE II.—"*A health, quoth he.*"

It was the universal custom, in our poet's time, at the marriage of the humblest as well as the highest, for a *bride-cup*, sometimes called "a *knitting-cup*" to be quaffed in church. At the marriage of Philip and Mary, in Winchester cathedral, in 1554, this part of the ceremony is thus described :—"The trumpets sounded, and they both returned to their traverses in the quire, and there remained until mass was done; at which time *wine and sops* were hallow'd and delivered to them both" (*Leland's Collectanea*). In Laneham's Letter (1575), describing the entertainments at Kenilworth, we have an account of a real rustic wedding, in which there was borne before the bride, "The bride-cup, formed of a sweet sucket barrel, a fair-turned post set to it, all seemingly besilvered and parcel-gilt." Laneham adds that "the busy flies flocked about the bride-cup for the sweetness of the sucket that it savoured on."

[4] SCENE II.—"*I must away to-day,*" &c.

We subjoin the parallel scene in the other play :—

> *Fer.* Father, farewell, my Kate and I must home.
> Sirrah, go make ready my horse presently.
> *Alf.* Your horse! what, son, I hope you do but jest,
> I am sure you will not go so suddenly.
> *Kate.* Let him go or tarry, I am resolved to stay,
> And not to travel on my wedding-day.
> *Fer.* Tut, Kate, I tell thee we must needs go home.
> Villain, hast thou saddled my horse?
> *San.* Which horse—your curtall?
> *Fer.* Zounds! you slave, stand you prating here!
> Saddle the bay gelding for your mistress.
> *Kate.* Not for me, for I will not go.
> *San.* The ostler will not let me have him; you owe tenpence
> For his meat, and sixpence for stuffing my mistress' saddle.
> *Fer.* Here, villain, go pay him straight.
> *San.* Shall I give them another peck of lavender?
> *Fer.* Out, slave! and bring them presently to the door.
> *Alf.* Why, son, I hope at least you 'll dine with us.
> *San.* I pray you, master, let 's stay till dinner be done.
> *Fer.* Zounds, villain, art thou here yet? [*Exit* SANDER
> Come, Kate, our dinner is provided at home.
> *Kate.* But not for me, for here I mean to dine:
> I 'll have my will in this as well as you;
> Though you in madding mood would leave your friends,
> Despite of you I 'll tarry with them still.
> *Fer.* Ay, Kate, so thou shalt, but at some other time:
> When as thy sisters here shall be espoused,
> Then thou and I will keep our wedding-day
> In better sort than now we can provide;
> For here I promise thee before them all,
> We will ere long return to them again.
> Come, Kate, stand not on terms, we will away;
> This is my day, to-morrow thou shalt rule,
> And I will do whatever thou command'st.
> Gentlemen, farewell, we 'll take our leaves,
> It will be late before that we come home.
> [*Exeunt* FERANDO *and* KATE.



[Prato della Valle, Padua.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in* Petrucio's *Country House.*

Enter GRUMIO.

Gru. Fye, fye, on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed?[a] was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice:[1] If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

[a] *Rayed*—covered with mire—sullied. As in Spenser (Fairy Queen, b. VI. c. 5):—

"From his soft eyes the tears he wiped away
And from his face the filth that did it *ray*."

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself,[a] fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand,) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

[a] *Myself.* Some would read *thyself*, because Curtis says, "I am no beast" But Grumio, calling himself a beast, has also called Curtis *fellow*—hence the offence

Curt. There 's fire ready; And, therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, *Jack, boy! ho, boy!*[2] and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of conycatching.

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where 's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without,[a] the carpets laid,[b] and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready. And, therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt. And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let 's ha 't, good Grumio

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Striking him.*

Curt. This 'tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 't is called, a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gru. What 's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:—But had'st thou not crossed me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemoiled;[c] how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed, that never pray'd before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

[a] *Jacks* were leathern drinking vessels—*jills*, cups or measures of metal The leathern jugs were to be kept clean within—the pewter ones bright without. But Grumio is quibbling upon the application of *Jills* to maids, and *Jacks* to men.

[b] *Carpets laid*—to cover the tables. The floors were strewed with rushes.

[c] *Bemoiled*—bemired.

Gru. Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest. Let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit:[a] let them curtsey with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready: how near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not,—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter Petrucio *and* Katharina.

Pet. Where be these knaves?[3] What, no man at door,
To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse?
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

[a] *Indifferent knit.* Malone conjectures that parti-coloured garters are here meant.

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.
Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.— [*Exeunt some of the* Servants.
Where is the life that late I led—[a] [*Sings.*
Where are those——Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud![b]

Re-enter Servants, *with Supper.*

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?
It was the friar of orders grey, [*Sings.*
As he forth walked on his way:[4]—
Out, out you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.— [*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate:—Some water here; what, ho!
Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither: [*Exit* Servant.
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water? [*A bason is presented to him.*
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:— [Servant *lets the ewer fall.*
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? [*Strikes him.*
Kath. Patience, I pray you; 't was a fault unwilling
Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?—
What is this? mutton?
1 *Serv.* Ay.
Pet. Who brought it?
1 *Serv.* I.
Pet. 'T is burnt; and so is all the meat:
What dogs are these?—Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all: [*Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.*
You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.
Kat. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.
Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 't were that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we 'll fast for company:
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber: [*Exeunt* Petrucio, Katharina, *and* Curtis.
Nath. [*Advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the like?
Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter Curtis.

Gru. Where is he?
Curt. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her:
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Petrucio.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 't is my hope to end successfully:
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty:
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,[a]
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault

[a] In 'A Handeful of Pleasant Delites,' 1584, this is the title of a "new Sonet."
[b] Malone thinks these words are meant to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued.

[a] *To man my haggard*—to tame my wild hawk.

I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour:
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 't is charity to show. *Exit.*

SCENE II.—Padua. *Before* Baptista's *House.*

Enter Tranio *and* Hortensio.

Tra. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.
Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They stand aside.*

Enter Bianca *and* Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?
Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.
Luc. I read that I profess, the art to love.
Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!
Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart. [*They retire.*
Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.
Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:
Know, sir, that I am called Hortensio.
Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear Bianca, and her love for ever.
Hor. See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.
Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat:
Fye on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.
Hor. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite forsworn!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow
Ere three days pass; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard:
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.
[*Exit* Hortensio.—Lucentio *and* Bianca *advance.*
Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.
Bian. Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me?
Tra. Mistress, we have.
Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.
Tra. I' faith, he 'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.
Bian. God give him joy!
Tra. Ay, and he 'll tame her.
Bian. He says so, Tranio.
Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.
Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?
Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petrucio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello, *running.*

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I 'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient engle[a] coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

[a] *Engle.* The original copy, as well as modern editions, read *angel.* But Theobald and others suggested that the word should be *engle,*—a gull. Tranio intends to deceive the Pedant, "if he be credulous." Ben Jonson several times uses *enghle* in this sense; and Gifford has no doubt that the same word is meant in the passage before us. Mr. Dyce somewhat inclines to the original reading of *angel,* citing a passage from Cotgrave's Dictionary, "*Angelot à la grosse escaille, an old angel,* and by metaphor, a fellow of the old, sound, honest, and worthie stamp." Tranio requires a respectable looking man to pass for Vincentio.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?
Bion. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.
Luc. And what of him, Tranio?
Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[*Exeunt* Lucentio *and* Bianca.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!
Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?
Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;
But then up farther; and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.
Tra. What countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of Mantua.
Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.
Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?
Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.
Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?
Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.
Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one. [*Aside.*
Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd.
Look, that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city.
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.
Ped. O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.
Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Petrucio's *House.*

Enter Katharina *and* Grumio.

Gru. No, no; forsooth, I dare not, for my life.[a]
Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,[a]
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.
I prithee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.
Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?
Kath. 'Tis passing good; I prithee let me have it.
Gru. I fear, it is too choleric a meat:
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?
Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

[a] This line was omitted in *every* edition of Shakspere of the present century, when our 'Pictorial' was originally published. We had taken some pains to trace the origin of this typographical blunder, and found that the line was first left out in Reed's edition of 1803. This, being the standard edition, has furnished the text of every succeeding one. In the same manner, of the well-known lines in Hamlet—

> "Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
> And each particular hair to stand on end,
> Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

the middle line is omitted in Reed's edition, and the blunder is copied in Chalmers'. No book was more incorrectly printed than the booksellers' stereotype edition of Shakspere in one volume. In this very play we had *abroad* for aboard—*too* for to—*forward* for froward—besides errors of punctuation in abundance. And yet the typographical errors of the first folio, printed from a manuscript, are always visited by some commentators with the severest reprehension.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 't is choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?
Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.
Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petrucio, *with a dish of meat; and* Hortensio.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?[a]
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?
Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
[*Sets the dish on a table.*
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof:
Here, take away this dish.
Kath. I pray you, let it stand.
Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
Kath. I thank you, sir.
Hor. Signior Petrucio, fye! you are to blame!
Come, mistress Kate, I 'll bear you company.
Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me. [*Aside.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace;—And now my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house;
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;[b]
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling[a] treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;[6]

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?
Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer,
A velvet dish;—fye, fye! 't is lewd and filthy:
Why, 't is a cockle, or a walnutshell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.
Kath. I 'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.
Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.
Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*
Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break;
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.
Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard coffin,[b] a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.
Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.
Pet. Thy gown? why, ay.—Come, tailor, let us see 't.
O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here!
What 's this? a sleeve? 't is like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple tart?
Here 's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:

[a] *All amort*—dispirited. The expression is common in the old dramatists.

[b] *Things.* Johnson says, "Though *things* is a poor word, yet I have no better; and perhaps the author had not another that would rhyme." It is marvellous that the lexicographer did not see how characteristic the word is of Petrucio's bold and half-satirical humour. He has used it before:—

"We will have rings and *things*, and fine array."

[a] *Ruffling.* Pope changed this to *rustling.* The word was familiar to the Elizabethan literature. In Lyly's 'Euphues' we have, "Shall I *ruffle* in new devices, with chains, with bracelets, with rings, with robes?" In Ben Jonson's 'Cynthia's Revels,' we find, "Lady, I cannot *ruffle* it in red and yellow."

[b] *Custard-coffin.* The crust of a pie was called the coffin

Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown. [*Aside.*

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I 'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,
Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceived; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced[a] many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved[b] many men; brave not me. I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

[a] *Faced*—made facings.
[b] *Braved*—made fine. In the old stage directions the word is commonly used in this sense. In this play we find, "Enter Tranio, *brave*."

Gru. The note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:*

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a small compassed cape;*

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. *With a trunk sleeve;*

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again: and that I 'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in place where thou should'st know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me

Gru. You are i' the right, sir; 't is for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what 's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fye, fye, fye!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid:— [*Aside.*
Go, take it hence; begone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I 'll pay thee for thy gown tomorrow.
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away, I say; commend me to thy master.
[*Exit* Tailor.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 't is the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:
And therefore, frolic; we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's see; I think, 't is now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 't is almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let 't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Padua. *Before* Baptista's *House.*

Enter Tranio, *and the* Pedant *dressed like* Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the house. Please it you, that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'T is well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: But, sir, here comes your boy;
'T were good he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you;
Imagine 't were the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou 'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.

Enter Baptista *and* Lucentio.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met:—
Sir, [*to the* Pedant]
This is the gentleman I told you of:
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!
Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and,—if you pleas'd to like
No worse than I, sir—upon some agreement,
Me shall you find ready and willing[a]
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious[b] I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say;—
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:[c]
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best,
We be affied; and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hark'ning still;
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We 'll pass the business privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning,
You 're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well: Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;

[a] We print this line as in the old copy. It was changed by Hanmer to—

"Me shall you find *most* ready and *most* willing."

In this play we have many examples of short lines; and certainly Shakspere would not have resorted to these feeble expletives to make out ten syllables.

[b] *Curious*—scrupulous.

[c] Again, we print this line as in the folio. Hanmer changed it to—

"The match is made, and all is *fully* done."

And, if you will, tell what hath happened:
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife!

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer;
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* Tranio, Pedant, *and* Baptista.

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell: expect[a] they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: Take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solùm:* to the church;—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

[*Going.*

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest to be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her.

[*Exit.*

[a] *Expect.* This is generally printed *except.* Biondello means to say, believe—think—they are busied, &c.

SCENE V.—*A public Road.*

Enter Petrucio, Katharina, *and* Hortensio.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon![7]

Kath. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house:
Go one, and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore cross'd and cross'd: nothing but cross'd!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.

Hor. Petrucio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But soft; what company is coming here?

Enter Vincentio, *in a travelling dress.*

Good morrow, gentle mistress: Where away?

[*To* Vincentio.

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks?
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

[a] The repetition by Katharine, "I know it is *the moon,* is most characteristic of her humbled deportment. Steevens strikes out "*the moon,*" with, "the old copy *redundantly* reads," &c.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away; or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate? I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That everything I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
My name is called Vincentio: my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father;
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married: Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* Petrucio, Katharina, *and* Vincentio.

Hor. Well, Petrucio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit*

[Scene V.—'A public road.']

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

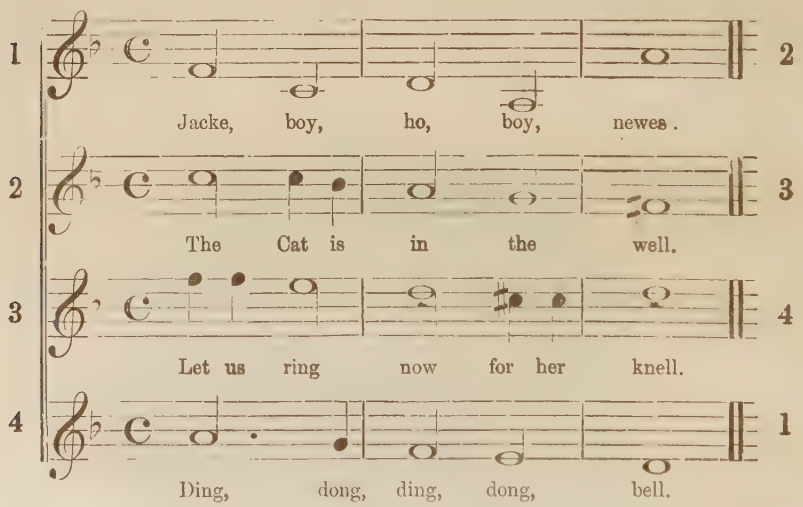
[1] SCENE I.—"Curt. *Who is that calls so coldly?*
Gru. *A piece of ice?*"

AT Venice, surrounded by the sea, the temperature is rarely below 6° Reaumur—18° Fahrenheit; but the cold is much greater on the mainland, even at its nearest points; and at Padua, from which Petrucio's country-house was obviously not very distant, it is frequently so extreme as to justify all Grumio's lamentations. During a considerable period of last winter, nearly 200 men were daily employed in breaking up the ice on the Brenta for the passage of boats to Venice; and piles of ice, of great height, might be seen till spring.—(M.)

[2] SCENE I.—"*Jack, boy! ho, boy!*"

The first words of a *Round* for four voices, printed, in 1609, in a musical work, now become exceedingly rare, entitled '*Pammelia, Musickes Miscellanie; or Mixed Varietie of Pleasant Roundelayes and delightful Catches,*' *&c.*

Malone gives a rather inaccurate copy of this, and in the enigmatic form which it takes in *Pammelia,* without seeming to be aware that it is printed in that work, for he cites Sir John Hawkins as his authority, in whose 'History of Music,' however, it not only does not appear, but is not even alluded to. We here insert it as it would have been shaped by the composer himself in the present day, merely changing the tenor clef into the treble, and adding, as the correction of what most likely is a clerical error, a sharp to the c in the third staff.



[3] SCENE I.—"*Where be these knaves,*" *&c.*

This scene is one of the most spirited and characteristic in the play; and we see a joyous, revelling spirit shining through Petrucio's affected violence. The *Ferando* of the old 'Taming of a Shrew' is a coarse bully, without the fine animal spirits and the real self-command of our Petrucio. The following is the parallel scene in that play; and it is remarkable how closely Shakspere copies the incidents:—

Enter FERANDO *and* KATE.

Fer. Now, welcome, Kate. Where's these villains
Here? What, not supper yet upon the board,
Nor table spread, nor nothing done at all?
Where's that villain that I sent before?
San. Now, *adsum*, sir.

Fer. Come hither, you villain, I'll cut your nose.
You rogue, help me off with my boots; will 't please
You to lay the cloth? Zounds! the villain
Hurts my foot. pull easily, I say, yet again!
[*He beats them all.*
[*They cover the board, and fetch in the meat.*
Zounds, burnt and scorch'd! Who dress'd this meat?
Wil. Forsooth, John Cook.
[*He throws down the table, and meat, and all, and beats them all.*
Fer. Go, you villains, bring me such meat!
Out of my sight, I say, and bear it hence:
Come, Kate, we'll have other meat provided.
Is there a fire in my chamber, sir?
San. Ay, forsooth. [*Exeunt* FERANDO *and* KATE.
[*Manent* Serving-men, *and eat up all the meat.*
Tom. Zounds! I think of my conscience my master's mad since he was married.
Wil. I laughed, what a box he gave Sander for pulling off his boots.

Enter FERANDO *again.*

San. I hurt his foot for the nonce, man.
Fer. Did you so, you damned villain?
[*He beats them all out again.*
This humour must I hold me to awhile,
To bridle and hold back my headstrong wife,
With curbs of hunger, ease, and want of sleep.
Nor sleep, nor meat, shall she enjoy to-night.
I'll mew her up as men do mew their hawks,
And make her gently come unto the lure.
Were she as stubborn, or as full of strength,
As was the Thracian horse Alcides tamed,
That king Egeus fed with flesh of men,
Yet would I pull her down, and make her come,
As hungry hawks do fly unto their lure. [*Exit.*

[4] SCENE I.—"*It was the friar of orders grey,*" *&c.*

Percy's poem, 'The Friar of Orders Grey,' which is partly made up of fragments of ballads found in Shakspere, begins thus:—

"It was a friar of orders grey
Walk'd forth to tell his beads."

[5] SCENE III.—"*No, no; forsooth, I dare not for my life.*"

We subjoin the parallel scene from the other play:—

Enter SANDER *and his* Mistress.

San. Come, mistress.
Kate. Sander, I prithee help me to some meat,
I am so faint that I can scarcely stand.
San. Ay, marry, mistress, but you know my master has given me a charge that you must eat nothing, but that which he himself giveth you.
Kate. Why, man, thy master needs never know it.
San. You say true, indeed. Why look you, mistress, what say you to a piece of beef and mustard now?
Kate. Why, I say 'tis excellent meat; canst thou help me to some?
San. Ay, I could help you to some, but that I doubt the mustard is too choleric for you. But what say you to a sheep's head and garlic?
Kate. Why, anything, I care not what it be.
San. Ay, but the garlic I doubt will make your breath stink, and then my master will curse me for letting you eat it. But what say you to a fat capon?
Kate. That's meat for a king, sweet Sander, help me to some of it.
San. Nay, by'r lady! then 't is too dear for us; we must not meddle with the king's meat.
Kate. Out, villain! dost thou mock me?
Take that for thy sauciness. [*She beats him.*

Grey has been hastily betrayed into a remark upon this scene in Shakspere, which is singularly opposed to his usual accuracy:—"This seems to be borrowed from Cervantes' account of Sancho Panza's treatment by his physician, when sham governor of the island of Barataria." The first part of 'Don Quixote' was not published till 1605; and the scene is found in the old 'Taming of *a* Shrew,' which was published in 1594.

[6] SCENE III.—"*Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments,*" *&c.*

The resemblance of this scene to the scene in the other play, in which the Shrew is tried to the utmost by her husband's interference with her dress, is closer than in almost any other part. The "face not me," and "brave not me," of Grumio, are literally the same jokes. In the speech of Petrucio, after the tailor is driven out, we have three lines which are the same, with the slightest alteration:—

"Come, Kate, we now will go see thy father's house,
Even in these honest, mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be rich, our garments plain."

And yet the differences in spirit and taste are as remarkable as the resemblances.

Enter FERANDO *and* KATE, *and* SANDER.

San. Master, the haberdasher has brought my mistress home her cap here.
Fer. Come hither, sirrah: what have you there?
Haberdasher. A velvet cap, sir, an it please you.
Fer. Who spoke for it? didst thou, Kate?
Kate. What if I did? Come hither, sirrah, give me the cap; I'll see if it will fit me. [*She sets it on her head.*
Fer. O monstrous! why, it becomes thee not:
Let me see it, Kate. Here, sirrah, take it hence,
This cap is out of fashion quite.
Kate. The fashion is good enough: belike you mean to make a fool of me.
Fer. Why, true, he means to make a fool of thee
To have thee put on such a curtail'd cap.
Sirrah, begone with it.

Enter the Tailor *with a Gown.*

San. Here is the tailor, too, with my mistress' gown.
Fer. Let me see it, tailor: what, with cuts and jags?
Zounds, thou villain, thou hast spoiled the gown!
Tailor. Why, sir, I made it as your man gave me direction. You may read the note here.
Fer. Come hither, sirrah. Tailor, read the note.
Tailor. Item, a fair round compassed cape.
San. Ay, that's true.
Tailor. And a large trunk sleeve.
San. That's a lie, master, I said two trunk sleeves
Fer. Well, sir, go forward.
Tailor. Item, a loose-bodied gown.
San. Master, if ever I said loose bodied gown, sew me in a seam, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread.
Tailor. I made it as the note bade me.
San. I say the note lies in his throat, and thou too an thou sayest it.
Tailor. Nay, nay, ne'er be so hot, sirrah, for I fear you not.

San. Dost thou hear, Tailor, thou hast braved many men: brave not me. Thou hast faced many men—

Tailor. Well, sir?

San. Face not me: I'll neither be faced nor braved at thy hands, I can tell thee.

Kate. Come, come, I like the fashion of it well enough;
Here's more ado than needs; I'll have it, ay,
And if you do not like it, hide your eyes;
I think I shall have nothing by your will.

7 SCENE V.—*"Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!" &c.*

We trespass once more upon the indulgence of our readers while we give the parallel scene from the other play. The incidents are the same in both.

Fer. Come, Kate, the moon shines clear to-night, methinks.

Kate. The moon? why, husband, you are deceiv'd,
It is the sun.

Fer. Yet again, come back again, it shall be
The moon ere we come at your father's.

Kate. Why, I'll say as you say; it is the moon.

Fer. Jesus, save the glorious moon!

Kate. Jesus, save the glorious moon!

Fer. I am glad, Kate, your stomach is come down;
I know it well thou know'st it is the sun,
But I did try to see if thou wouldst speak.
And cross me now as thou hast done before;
And trust me, Kate, hadst thou not named the moon,
We had gone back again as sure as death.
But soft, who's this that's coming here?

Enter the Duke *of* CESTUS, *alone*

Duke. Thus all alone from Cestus am I come,
And left my princely court and noble train,
To come to Athens, and in this disguise,
To see what course my son Aurelius takes.
But stay, here's some, it may be, travels thither;
Good sir, can you direct me the way to Athens?

Fer. [*speaks to the old man.*] Fair, lovely maiden, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
Than precious sardonix or purple rocks
Of amethysts or glittering hyacinth,
More amiable far than is the plain,
Where glittering Cepherus in silver bowers
Gazeth upon the Giant, Andromede
Sweet Kate, entertain this lovely woman.

Duke. I think the man is mad; he calls me a woman.

Kate. Fair, lovely lady, bright and crystalline,
Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird,
As glorious as the morning washed with dew,
Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams
And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks,
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
Lest that thy beauty make this stately town
Inhabitable like the burning zone,
Through sweet reflections of thy lovely face.

[Gymnasium, Padua

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Padua. *Before* Lucentio's *House.*

Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA: GREMIO *walking on the other side.*

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO, BIANCA, *and* BIONDELLO.

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, *and* Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house,
My father's bears more toward the market place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go;
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.
[*Knocks.*

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

Enter PEDANT *above at a window.*

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa, and is here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [*To* VINCEN.] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church to-

gether; God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? Now, we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp.

[*Seeing* Biondello.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? Yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is 't so, indeed? [*Beats* Biondello.

Bion. Help, help, help! here 's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

[*Exit from the window.*

Pet. Prithee, Kate, let 's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant *below;* Baptista, Tranio, *and* Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir? —O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat![a]—O, I am undone, I am undone! While I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now? what 's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what cerns[b] it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.[1]

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! His name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name: O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son, Lucentio.

Tra. Call forth an officer: [*Enter one with an* Officer.] Carry this mad knave to the gaol:—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap Talk not, signior Gremio. I say he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catched in this business. I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard: to the gaol with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd. O monstrous villain!

Re-enter Biondello, *with* Lucentio *and* Bianca.

Bion. O, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[Biondello, Tranio, *and* Pedant *run out.*

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*

Bap. How hast thou offended?
Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here 's Lucentio,
Right son unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here 's packing with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bian love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the t
And happily I have arrived at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss:
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my s

[a] *Copatain-hat*—high-crowned hat. *Cop* is the top. The copatain-hat was probably that described by Stubbe's, 'Anatomie of Abuses,' 1595:—"Sometimes they use them sharp on the crown, pearking up like the spear or shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yard above the crown of their heads."

[b] *Cerns.* So the original. It means, and is usually printed, *concerns.* Perhaps Tranio uses the word as an abbreviation; for we know no instance in which *cern* (cernere), is used without a prefix, such as *con, dis, de*

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? [*To* Lucentio.] Have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you: go to:
But I will in, to be revenged for this villany.
[*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt* Luc. *and* Bian.

Gre. My cake is dough:[a] But I'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast.
[*Exit.*

Petrucio *and* Katharina *advance.*

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir; God forbid:—but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then, let's home again:—Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Lucentio's *House.*

A banquet set out. Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, *the* Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petrucio, Katharina, Hortensio, *and* Widow. Tranio, Biondello, Grumio, *and others, attending.*

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree;
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine:
Brother Petrucio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house.
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer: Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.
[*They sit at table.*

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat.

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petrucio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me if I be afeard.[a]

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense;
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:—
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.
[*Drinks to* Hortensio.

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt? an hasty witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.

[a] *My cake is dough.* This proverbial expression is used in Howel's Letters, to express the disappointment of the heir-presumptive of France when Louis XIV. was born: "So that now Monsieur's *cake is dough.*"

[a] The use of *fear* in the active and passive sense is here exemplified.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two.[5]
Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow:—
You are welcome all.
[*Exeunt* BIANCA, KATHARINA, *and* Widow.
Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.
Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his grey-hound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.
Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.
Tra. 'T is well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;
'T is thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. O ho, Petrucio, Tranio hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.
Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?
Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'T is ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petrucio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I say—no: and therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hor. Content: What is the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match; 't is done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?
Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.
Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
Pet. I hope, better.
Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BIONDELLO.
Pet. O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now where's my wife?
Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come; she bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say I command her come to me.
[*Exit* GRUMIO.
Hor. I know her answer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!
Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?
Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?
Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit* KATHARINA.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and rignt supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.
Bap. Now fair befal thee, good Petrucio!

[5] *Bitter.* The original reads *better.* We adopt the correction of Capell.

The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns!
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, *with* BIANCA *and* Widow.

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[KATHARINA *pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fye! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fye, fye! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,[2]
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil, and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But now, I see our lances are but straws;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;
And place your hands below your husbands' foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease!

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'T is a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed:
We three are married, but you two are sped.
'T was I won the wager, though you hit the white;[a] [*To* LUCENTIO.
And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt* PETRUCIO *and* KATH.

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.[b]

Luc. 'T is a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Hit the white*—a term in archery.

[b] *Shrew.* It would appear from this couplet, and another in this scene, where *shrew* rhymes to *woe*, that *shrow* was the old pronunciation.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

[1] SCENE I.—"*A sail-maker in Bergamo.*"

IT seems rather odd to select sail-making as the occupation of a resident in a town so far from the sea as Bergamo. It is possible, however, that the sails required for the navigation of the Lakes Lecco and Garda might have been made in the intermediate town of Bergamo. I looked through the place for a sail-maker; but the nearest approach I could find to one was a maker of awnings, &c.—(M.)

[2] SCENE II.—"*A woman moved is like a fountain troubled.*"

The fountain is the favourite of the many ornaments of the court of an Italian palazzo. It is important for its utility during the heats of summer; and such arts are lavished upon this species of erection as make it commonly a very beautiful object. It is worth the trouble of ascending a campanile in an Italian city in summer, merely to look down into the shady courts of the surrounding houses, where, if such houses be of the better sort, the fountains in the centre of the courts may be seen brimming and spouting, so as to refresh the gazer through the imagination. The birds that come to the basin to drink, and the servants of the house to draw water, form pictures which are a perpetual gratification to the eye. The clearness of the pool is the first requisite to the enjoyment of the fountain, without which, however elegant may be its form, it is "ill-seeming—bereft of beauty."—(M.)

[3] SCENE II.—"*Exeunt.*"

Shakspere's play terminates without disposing of Christopher Sly. The actors probably dealt with him as they pleased after his most characteristic speech at the end of the second scene of Act I. The old 'Taming of a Shrew' concludes as follows:—

Then enter two bearing of SLIE *in his own apparel again, and leave him where they found him, and then go out: then enters the* TAPSTER.

Tap. Now that the darksome night is overpast,
And dawning day appears in crystal sky,
Now must I haste abroad: but soft, who's this?
What, Slie? O wondrous! hath he lain here all night?
I'll wake him; I think he's starved by this,
But that his belly was so stuff'd with ale.
What, now, Slie, awake, for shame.

Slie. Sim, give's some more wine: what, all the players gone? Am not I a lord?

Tap. A lord with a murrain: come, art thou drunken still?

Slie. Who's this? Tapster! O Lord, sirrah, I have had the bravest dream to-night that ever thou heardst in all thy life.

Tap. Yea, marry, but you had best get you home,
For your wife will curse you for dreaming here to-night.

Slie. Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew;
I dreamt upon it all this night till now,
And thou hast waked me out of the best dream
That ever I had in my life: but I'll to my wife presently,
And tame her too if she anger me.

Tap. Nay, tarry, Slie, for I'll go home with thee,
And hear the rest that thou hast dreamt to-night.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Sly at the Alehouse door.]

[Itinerant Players in a Country Hall.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

THIS play was produced in a "taming" age. Men tamed each other by the axe and the fagot; parents tamed their children by the rod and the ferrule, as they stood or knelt in trembling silence before those who had given them life; and, although England was then called the "paradise of women," and, as opposed to the treatment of horses, they were treated "obsequiously," husbands thought that "taming," after the manner of Petrucio, by oaths and starvation, was a commendable fashion. Fletcher was somewhat heretical upon this point; for he wrote a play called 'The Tamer Tamed; or the Taming of the Tamer,' in which Petrucio, having married a second wife, was subjected to the same process by which he conquered "Katharine the curst." The discipline appeared to be considered necessary for more than a century afterwards; for we find in the 'Tatler' a story told as new and original, of a gentleman in Lincolnshire who had four daughters, one of whom was of "so imperious a temper (usually called a high spirit), that it continually made great uneasiness in the family," but who was entirely reclaimed by the Petrucio recipe of "taking a woman down in her wedding shoes."

We are—the happier our fortune—living in an age when this practice of Petrucio is not universally considered orthodox; and we owe a great deal to him who has exhibited the secrets of the "taming school" with so much spirit in this comedy, for the better belief of our age, that violence is not to be subdued by violence. It was *he* who said, when the satirist cried out—

> "Give me leave
> To speak my mind, and I will through and through
> Cleanse the foul body of the infected world"—

It was *he* who said, in his own proper spirit of gentleness and truth,

> "Fie on thee, I can tell what thou would'st do—
> "Most mischievous foul sin in chiding sin."

It was *he* who found "a soul of goodness in things evil,"—who taught us, in the same delicious reflection of his own nature, the real secret of conquering opposition:—

> "Your *gentleness* shall force,
> More than your force move us to gentleness."*

Pardon be for him, if, treading in the footsteps of a predecessor whose sympathies with the peaceful and the beautiful were immeasurably inferior to his own, and sacrificing something to the popular appetite, he should have made the husband of a froward woman "kill her in her own humour," and bring her upon her knees to the abject obedience of a revolted, but penitent slave:—

> "A foul contending rebel,
> And graceless traitor to her loving lord."

Pardon for *him?* If there be one reader of Shakspere, and especially if that reader be a female, who cherishes *unmixed* indignation when Petrucio, in his triumph, exclaims—

> "He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
> Now let him speak,"—

we would say,—the indignation which you feel, and in which thousands sympathise, belongs to the age in which you live; but the principle of justice, and of justice to women above all, from which it springs, has been established, more than by any other lessons of human origin, by him who has now moved your anger. It is to him that woman owes, more than to any other human authority, the popular elevation of the feminine character, by the most matchless delineations of its purity, its faith, its disinterestedness, its tenderness, its heroism, its union of intellect and sensibility. It is he that, as long as the power of influencing mankind by high thoughts, clothed in the most exquisite language, shall endure, will preserve the ideal elevation of women pure and unassailable from the attacks of coarseness or libertinism,—ay, and even from the degradation of the example of the crafty and worldly-minded of their own sex;—for it is he that has delineated the ingenuous and trusting Imogen, the guileless Perdita, the impassioned Juliet, the heart-stricken but loving Desdemona, the generous and courageous Portia, the unconquerable Isabella, the playful Rosalind, the world-unknowing Miranda. Shakspere may have exhibited one froward woman wrongly tamed; but who can estimate the number of those from whom his all-penetrating influence has averted the curse of being froward?

If Shakspere requires any apology for the Taming of the Shrew, it is for having adopted the subject at all,—not for his treatment of it. The Kate that he found ready to his hand was a thoroughly unfeminine person, coarse and obstreperous, without the humour which shines through the violence of his Katharine. He describes his Shrew

> "Young and beauteous;
> Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman."

She has "a scolding tongue," "her only fault." Her temper, as Shakspere has delineated it, is the result of her pride and her love of domination. She is captious to her father; she tyrannizes over her younger sister; she is jealous of the attractions of that sister's gentleness. This is a temper that perhaps could not be subdued by kindness, except after Petrucio's fashion of "killing a wife with kindness." At any rate, it could not be so subdued, except by a long course of patient discipline, quite incompatible with the hurried movement of a dramatic action. In the scene where Katharine strikes Bianca her temper has been exhibited at the worst. It is bad enough; but not quite so bad as appears from the following description of a French commentator:—"Catherine bat sa sœur par fantaisie et pour passer le temps, malgré les prières et les larmes de Bianca, qui ne se défend que par la douceur. Baptista accourt, et met Bianca en sureté dans sa chambre. Catherine sort, enragée de n'avoir plus personne à battre."† It is in her worst humour that Petrucio woos her; and surely nothing can be more animated than the wooing:—

> "For you are call'd plain Kate,
> And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
> But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
> Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
> For dainties are all cates; and therefore, Kate,
> Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—

* As You Like It.

† Paul Duport, Essais Litteraires, tom. ii. p. 2[illegible].

Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife."

Mr. Brown* has very judiciously pointed out the conduct of this scene, as an example of Shakspere's intimate knowledge of Italian manners. The conclusion of it is in reality a betrothment; of which circumstance no indication is given in the older play. The imperturbable spirit of Petrucio, and the daring mixture of reality and jest in his deportment subdued Katharine at the first interview:—

"Setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife;—your dowry 'greed on;
And will you, nill you, I will marry you."

Katharine denounces him as,—

"A madcap ruffian, and a swearing Jack;"

Petrucio heeds it not:—

"We have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day."

Katharine rejoinds,—

"I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first;"

but, nevertheless, the betrothment proceeds:—

"Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:—
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands,
God send you joy, Petrucio! 't is a match.
Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses."

"Father and wife," says Petrucio. The betrothment is complete; and Katharine acknowledges it when Petrucio does not come to his appointment:—

"Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say—Lo! there is mad Petrucio's wife.
If it would please him come and marry her."

The "taming" has begun; her pride is touched in a right direction. But Petrucio *does* come. What passes in the church is matter of description, but the description is Shakspere all over. When we compare the freedom and facility which our poet has thrown into these scenes, with the drawling course of his predecessor, we are amazed that any one should have a difficulty in distinctly tracing his "fine Roman hand." Nor are the scenes of the under-plot in our opinion less certainly his. Who but Shakspere could have written these lines?—

"Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her."

Compare this exquisite simplicity, this tender and unpretending harmony, with the bombastic images, and the formal rhythm, of the old play; the following passage for example:—

"Come fair Emelia, my lovely love,
Brighter than the burnish'd palace of the Sun,
The eyesight of the glorious firmament,
In whose bright looks sparkles the radiant fire
Wily Prometheus slily stole from Jove."

And who but Shakspere could have created Grumio out of the stupid *Sander* of his predecessor? That

"Ancient, trusty, pleasant, servant Grumio,"

is one of those incomparable characters who drove the old clowns and fools off the stage, and trampled their wooden daggers and coxcombs for ever under foot. He is one of that numerous train that Shakspere called up, of whom Shadwell said, that "they had more wit than any of the wits and critics of his time." When Grumio comes with Petrucio to wed, he says not a word; but who has not pictured him "with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other—a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian foot-boy or a gentleman's lackey?" We imagine him, like Sancho or Ralpho, somewhat under-sized. His profound remark, "considering the weather, a taller man than I would take cold," is indicative equally of his stature and and his wit. His scene with Curtis, in the fourth Act, is almost as good as Launce and Touchstone.

* Shakspeare's Autobiographical Poems.

But we are digressing from Petrucio, the soul of this drama. Hazlitt's character of him is very just:—"Petrucio is a madman in his senses; a very honest fellow, who hardly speaks a word of truth, and succeeds in all his tricks and impostures. He acts his assumed character to the life, with the most fantastical extravagance, with complete presence of mind, with untired animal spirits, and without a particle of ill humour from beginning to end." The great skill which Shakspere has shown in the management of this comedy, is established in the conviction that he produces all along that Petrucio's character is *assumed*. Whatever he may say, whatever he may do, we are satisfied that he has a real fund of good humour at the bottom of all the outbreaks of his inordinate self-will. We know that if he succeeds in subduing the violence of his wife by a much higher extravagance of violence, he will be prepared not only to return her affection, but to evoke it, in all the strength and purity of woman's love, out of the pride and obstinacy in which it has been buried. His concluding line,

"Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate,"

is an earnest of his happiness.

Of the 'Induction' we scarcely know how to speak without appearing hyperbolical in our praise. It is to us one of the most precious gems in Shakspere's casket. The elegance, the truth, the high poetry, the consummate humour, of this fragment, are so remarkable, that if we apply ourselves to compare it carefully, with the earlier Induction upon which Shakspere formed it, and with the best of the dramatic poetry of his contemporaries, we shall in some degree obtain a conception, not only of the qualities in which he equalled and excelled the highest things of other men, and in which he could be measured with them,—but of those wonderful endowments in which he differed from all other men, and to which no standard of comparison can be applied. Schlegel says, "The last half of this prelude, that in which the tinker in his new state again drinks himself out of his senses, and is transformed in his sleep into his former condition, from some accident or other is lost." We doubt whether it was ever produced; and whether Shakspere did not exhibit his usual judgment in letting the curtain drop upon honest Christopher, when his wish was accomplished at the close of the comedy which he had expressed very early in its progress:—

"'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; 'Would 't were done!"

Had Shakspere brought him again upon the scene, in all the richness of his first exhibition, perhaps the impatience of the audience would never have allowed them to sit through the lessons of "the taming-school." We have had farces enough *founded* upon the legend of Christopher Sly, but no one has ventured to *continue* him. Neither this fragment, nor that of 'Cambuscan bold,' could be made perfect, unless we could

"Call up him that left half-told
The story."

['The pleasant garden of great Italy.']

['Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword.']

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream was first printed in 1600. In that year there appeared two editions of the play;—the one published by Thomas Fisher, a bookseller; the other by James Roberts, a printer. The differences between these two editions are very slight. Steevens, in his collection of twenty plays, has reprinted that by Roberts, giving the variations of the edition by Fisher. It is difficult to say whether both of these were printed with the consent of the author, or whether one was genuine and the other pirated. If the entries at Stationers' Hall may be taken as evidence of a proprietary right, the edition by Fisher is the genuine one, "A booke called A Mydsomer Nyghte Dreame" having been entered by him Oct. 8, 1600. One thing is perfectly clear to us—that the original of these editions, whichever it might be, was printed from a genuine copy, and carefully superintended through the press. The text appears to us as perfect as it is possible to be, considering the state of typography in that day. There is one remarkable evidence of this. The prologue to the interlude of the Clowns, in the fifth act, is purposely made inaccurate in its punctuation throughout. The speaker "does not stand upon points." It was impossible to have effected the object better than by the punctuation of Roberts' edition; and this is precisely one of those matters of nicety in which a printer would have failed, unless he had followed an extremely clear copy, or his proofs had been corrected by an author or an editor. The play was not reprinted after 1600, till it was collected into the folio of 1623; and the text in that edition differs in very few instances, and those very slight ones, from that of the preceding quartos.

Malone has assigned the composition of A Midsummer-Night's Dream to the year 1594. We are not disposed to object to this,—indeed we are inclined to believe that he has pretty exactly indicated the precise year, as far as it can be proved by one or two allusions which the play contains. But we entirely object to the reasons upon which Malone attempts to show that it was one of our author's "*earliest* attempts in comedy." He derives the proof of this from "the poetry of this piece, glowing with all the warmth of a youthful and lively imagination, the many scenes which it contains of almost continual rhyme, the poverty of the fable, and want of discrimination among the higher personages." Malone would place A Midsummer-Night's Dream in the same rank as The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Love's Labour's Lost, and The Comedy of Errors; and he supposes all of them written within a year or two of each other. We have no objection to believe that our poet wrote A Midsummer-Night's Dream when he was thirty years of age, that is in 1594. But it so far exceeds the three other comedies in all the higher attributes of poetry, that we cannot avoid repeating here the opinion which we have so often expressed, that he had written these for the stage before his twenty-fifth year, when he was a considerable share holder in the Blackfriars' company, some of them, perhaps, as early as 1585, at which period the vulgar tradition assigns to Shakspere—a husband, a father, and a man conscious of the possession of the very highest order of talent—the dignified office of holding horses at the theatre door. The year 1594 is, as nearly as possible, the period where we would place A Midsummer-Night's Dream, with reference to our strong belief that Shakspere's earliest plays must be assigned to the commencement of his dramatic career; and that two or three even of his great works had then been given to the world in an unformed shape, subsequently worked up to completeness and perfection.

But it appears to us a misapplication of the received meaning of words, to talk of "the warmth of a youthful and lively imagination" with reference to A Midsummer-Night's Dream, and the Shakspere of thirty. We can understand these terms to apply to the unpruned luxuriance of the Venus and Adonis; but the poetry of this piece—the almost continual rhyme—and even the poverty of the fable, are to us evidences of the very highest art having obtained a perfect mastery of its materials after years of patient study. Of all the dramas of Shakspere there is none more entirely harmonious than A Midsummer-Night's Dream. All the incidents, all the characters, are in perfect subordination to the will of the poet. "Throughout the whole piece," says Malone, "the more exalted characters are subservient to the interests of those beneath them." Precisely so. An unpractised author—one who had not in command "a youthful and lively imagination"—when he had got hold of the Theseus and Hippolyta of the heroic ages, would have made them ultra-heroical. They would have commanded events, instead of moving with the supernatural influence around them in perfect harmony and proportion. "Theseus, the associate of Hercules, is not engaged in any adventure worthy of his rank or reputation, nor is he in reality an agent throughout the play." Precisely so. An immature poet, again, if the marvellous creation of Oberon and Titania and Puck could have entered into such a mind, would have laboured to make the power of the fairies produce some strange and striking events. But the exquisite beauty of Shakspere's conception is, that, under the supernatural influence, "the human mortals" move precisely according to their respective natures and habits. Demetrius and Lysander are impatient and revengeful;—Helena is dignified and affectionate, with a spice of female error;—Hermia is somewhat vain and shrewish. And then Bottom! Who but the most skilful artist could have given us such a character? Of him Malone says, "Shakspeare would naturally copy those manners first, with which he was first acquainted. The ambition of a theatrical candidate for applause he has happily ridiculed in Bottom the weaver." A theatrical candidate for applause! Why, Bottom the weaver is the representative of the whole human race. His confidence in his own power is equally profound, whether he exclaims, "Let me play the lion too;" or whether he sings alone, "that they shall hear I am not afraid;" or whether, conscious that he is surrounded with spirits, he cries out, with his voice of authority, "Where's Peas-blossom?" In every situation Bottom is the same,—the same personification of that self-love which the simple cannot conceal, and the wise can with difficulty suppress. Malone thus concludes his analysis of the internal evidence of the chronology of A Midsummer-Night's Dream:—"That a drama, of which the principal personages are thus insignificant, and the fable thus meagre and uninteresting, was one of our author's earliest compositions, does not, therefore, seem a very improbable conjecture; nor are the beauties with which it is embellished inconsistent with this supposition" The beauties with which it is embellished include, of course, the whole rhythmical structure of the versification. The poet has here put forth all his strength. We venture to offer an opinion that if any single composition were required to exhibit the power of the English language for purposes of poetry, that composition would be the Midsummer-Night's Dream. This wonderful model which, at the time it appeared, must have been the commencement of a great poetical revolution,—and which has never ceased to influence our higher poetry, from Fletcher to Shelley—was, according to Malone, the work of "the genius of Shakspeare, even *in its minority*."

Mr. Hallam has, as might be expected, taken a much more correct view of this question than Malone. He places A Midsummer-Night's Dream *among* the early plays; but having mentioned The Comedy of Errors, The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Love's Labour's Lost, and The Taming of the Shrew, he adds, "its superiority to those we have already mentioned affords some presumption that it was written after them." *

A Midsummer-Night's Dream is mentioned by Francis Meres in 1598. The date of the first publication of the play, therefore, in 1600, does not tend to fix its chronology. Nor is it very material to ascertain whether it preceded 1598 by three, or four, or five years. The state of the weather in 1593 and 1594, when England was visited with peculiarly ungenial seasons, may have suggested Titania's beautiful description in Act II. Scene II. (See Illustrations.) The allusion of two lines in Act IV. is by no means so clear:—

> "The thrice three muses mourning for the death
> Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary."

This passage was once thought to allude to the death of Spenser. But the misfortunes and the death of Spenser did not take place till 1599. Even if the allusion were inserted between the first

* Literature of Europe, vol. ii., p. 387.

production of the piece, and its publication in 1600, it is difficult to understand how an elegy on the great poet could have been called—

"Some satire keen and critical."

T. Warton suggested "that Shakspeare here, perhaps, alluded to Spenser's poem, entitled 'The Tears of the Muses, on the Neglect and Contempt of Learning.' This piece first appeared in quarto, with others, 1591." We greatly doubt the propriety of this conjecture, which Malone has adopted. Spenser's poem is certainly a satire in one sense of the word; for it makes the Muses lament that all the glorious productions of men that proceeded from their influence had vanished from the earth. All that—

"——was wont to work delight
Through the divine infusion of their skill,
And all that els seemd fair and fresh in sight,
So made by nature for to serve their will,
Was turned now to dismall heavinesse,
Was turned now to dreadful uglinesse."

Clio complains that mighty peers "only boast of arms and ancestry;" Melpomene that "all man's life me seems a tragedy;" Thalia is "made the servant of the many;" Euterpe weeps that "now no pastoral is to be heard;" and so on. These laments do not seem to be identical with the

"mourning for the *death*
Of *learning*, late deceas'd in *beggary*."

These expressions are too precise and limited to refer to the tears of the Muses for the decay of knowledge and art. We cannot divest ourselves of the belief that some real person, and some real death, was alluded to. May we hazard a conjecture?—Greene, a man of learning, and one whom Shakspere in the generosity of his nature might wish to point at kindly, died in 1592, in a condition that might truly be called beggary. But how was his death, any more than that of Spenser, to be the occasion of "some satire keen and critical?" Every student of our literary history will remember the famous controversy of Nash and Gabriel Harvey, which was begun by Harvey's publication, in 1592, of 'Four Letters, and certain Sonnets, especially touching Robert Greene, and other parties by him abused.' Robert Greene was dead; but Harvey came forward, in revenge of an incautious attack of the unhappy poet, to satirize him in his grave—to hold up his vices and his misfortunes to the public scorn—to be "keen and critical" upon "learning, late deceas'd in beggary." The conjecture which we offer may have little weight, and the point is certainly of very small consequence.

COSTUME.

FOR the costume of the Greeks in the heroical ages we must look to the frieze of the Parthenon. It has been justly remarked ('Elgin Marbles,' p. 165), that we are not to consider the figures of the Parthenon frieze as affording us "a close representation of the national costume," harmony of

composition having been the principal object of the sculptors. But, nevertheless, although not one figure in all the groups may be represented as fully attired according to the custom of the country, nearly all the component parts of the ancient Greek dress are to be found in the frieze. Horsemen are certainly represented with no garment but the chlamys, according to the practice of the sculptors of that age; but the tunic which was worn beneath it is seen upon others, as well as the cothurnus, or buskin, and the petasus, or Thessalian hat, which all together completed the male attire of that period. On other figures may be observed the Greek crested helmet and cuirass; the closer skull-cap, made of leather, and the large circular shield, &c. The Greeks of the heroic ages wore the sword under the left arm-pit, so that the pommel touched the nipple of the breast. It hung almost horizontally in a belt which passed over the right shoulder. It was straight, intended for cutting and thrusting, with a leaf-shaped blade, and not above twenty inches long. It had no guard, but a cross bar, which, with the scabbard, was beautifully ornamented. The hilts of the Greek swords were sometimes of ivory and gold. The Greek bow was made of two long goat's horns fastened into a handle. The original bow-strings were thongs of leather, but afterwards horse-hair was substituted. The knocks were generally of gold, whilst metal and silver also ornamented the bows on other parts. The arrow-heads were sometimes pyramidal, and the

shafts were furnished with feathers. They were carried in quivers, which, with the bow, was slung behind the shoulders. Some of these were square, others round, with covers to protect the arrows from dust and rain. Several which appear on fictile vases seem to have been lined with skins. The spear was generally of ash, with a leaf-shaped head of metal, and furnished with a pointed ferule at the butt, with which it was stuck in the ground—a method used, according to Homer, when the troops rested on their arms, or slept upon their shields. The hunting-spear (in Xenophon and Pollux) had two salient parts, sometimes three crescents, to prevent the advance of the wounded animal. On the coins of Ætolia is an undoubted hunting-spear.

The female dress consisted of the long sleeveless tunic (stola or calasiris), or a tunic with shoulder-flaps almost to the elbow, and fastened by one or more buttons down the arm (axillaris). Both descriptions hung in folds to the feet, which were protected by a very simple sandal (solea or crepida). Over the tunic was worn the peplum, a square cloth or veil fastened to the shoulders and hanging over the bosom as low as the zone (tænia or strophium), which confined the tunic just beneath the bust. Athenian women of high rank wore hair-pins (one ornamented with a cicada, or grasshopper, is engraved in Hope's 'Costume of the Ancients,' plate 138), ribands or fillets, wreaths of flowers, &c. The hair of both sexes was worn in long, formal ringlets, either of a flat and zigzagged or of a round and corkscrew shape.

The lower orders of Greeks were clad in a short tunic of coarse materials, over which slaves wore a sort of leathern jacket, called diphthera: slaves were also distinguished from freemen by their hair being closely shorn

The Amazons are generally represented on the Etruscan vases in short embroidered tunics with sleeves to the wrist, (the peculiar distinction of Asiatic or barbaric nations,) pantaloons, ornamented with stars and flowers to correspond with the tunic, the chlamys, or short military cloak, and the Phrygian cap or bonnet. Hippolyta is seen so attired on horseback contending with Theseus. Vide Hope's 'Costumes.'

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THESEUS, *Duke of* Athens.
EGEUS, *father to* Hermia.
LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, } *in love with* Hermia.
PHILOSTRATE, *master of the revels to* Theseus.
QUINCE, *the carpenter.*
SNUG *the joiner.*
BOTTOM, *the weaver.*
FLUTE, *the bellows-mender.*
SNOUT, *the tinker.*
STARVELING, *the tailor.*

HIPPOLYTA, *Queen of the* Amazons, *betrothed to* Theseus.
HERMIA, *daughter to* Egeus, *in love with* Lysander.
HELENA, *in love with* Demetrius.

OBERON, *king of the fairies.*
TITANIA, *queen of the fairies.*
PUCK, *or* Robin-goodfellow, *a fairy.*
PEAS-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED, } *fairies.*
Pyramus, Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, Lion, } *characters in the* Interlude *performed by the* Clowns.

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants on Theseus *and* Hippolyta.

SCENE,—ATHENS, *and a Wood not far from it.*

['And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie.']

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Room in the Palace of* Theseus.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *and* Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent[a] in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
[*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,[1]
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.[a]

[a] *New bent.* The two quartos of 1600, and the folio of 1623, read "*now* bent." *New* was supplied by Rowe. We believe that *now* was the original word, but used in the sense of *new*, both the words having an etymological affinity. In the same manner, we have, in All's Well that Ends Well, Act II. Sc. III.—

"—— whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the *now* born brief."

This, in many editions, has been changed to "*new*-born brief;" certainly without necessity. In the present case, the corrected reading must, we apprehend, be received; for *now* could not be restored without producing an ambiguity.

[a] See Two Gentlemen of Verona, Illustrations of Act V.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, *and* Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke![a]

The. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius: My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.—
Stand forth, Lysander:—and, my gracious duke,
This man[b] hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats; messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness:—And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law,
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? Be advis'd, fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is:
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your grace that I may know
The worst that may befal me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthly happier[a] is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship,[b] whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.[c]

The. Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon,
(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship,)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else, to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

[a] *Our renowned duke.* In a note upon the first chapter of the first book of Chronicles, where we find a list of "*the dukes of Edom*," the editor of the Pictorial Bible says, "Duke is rather an awkward title to assign to the chiefs of Edom. The original word is *aluph*, which would perhaps be best rendered by the general and indefinite title 'prince.'" At the time of the translation of the Bible *duke* was used in this general and indefinite sense. The word, as pointed out by Gibbon, was a corruption of the Latin *dux*, which was indiscriminately applied to any military chief. Chaucer has *duke* Theseus,—Gower, *duke* Spartacus,—Stonyhurst, *duke* Æneas. The "awkward title" was a word in general use; and therefore Steevens is not justified in calling it "a misapplication of a modern title."

[b] *This man.* So the old copies. In modern editions *man* is omitted; and the emphatic repetition of Egeus is in consequence destroyed.

[a] *Earthly happier*—more happy in an earthly sense. The reading of all the old copies is *earthlier happy*, and this has been generally followed, although Pope and Johnson proposed *earlier happy*, and Steevens *earthly happy*. We have no doubt that Capell's reading, which we have adopted, is the true one; and that the old reading arose out of one of the commonest of typographical errors. The orthography of the folio is *earthlier happie*;—if the comparative had not been used, it would have been *earthlie happie*; and it is easy to see, therefore, that the *r* has been transposed.

[b] *Lordship*—authority. The word *dominion* in our present translation of the Bible (Romans, ch. vi.) is *lordship* in Wickliffe's translation.

[c] This is one of those elliptical expressions which frequently occur in our poet. The editor of the second folio, who was not scrupulous in adapting Shakspere's language to the changes of a quarter of a century, printed the lines—

"Unto his lordship, *to* whose unwish'd yoke," &c.

The *to* must be understood after *sovereignty*. In the same manner, the particle *on* must be understood in a passage in Cymbeline:—

"Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her and hers,)
Have laid most heavy hand." (*on.*)

The same elliptical construction occurs in Othello's speech to the Senate:—

"What conjurations and what mighty magic
I won his daughter." (*with.*)

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia:—And, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.
Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: Do you marry him.
Ege. Scornful Lysander! true he hath my love;
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.
Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I 'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted[a] and inconstant man.
The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate,)
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come, my Hippolyta: What cheer, my love?
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.
Ege. With duty and desire, we follow you.
[*Exeunt* THES. HIP. EGE. DEM. *and train.*
Lys. How now, my love? why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?
Her. Belike for want of rain; which I could well
Beteem[b] them from the tempest of mine eyes.
Lys. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,[2]
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But, either it was different in blood;—
Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low![c]
Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;—
Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!
Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;[a]—
Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!
Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary[b] as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied[c] night,
That, in a spleen,[d] unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.
Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross;
As due to love as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's[e] followers.
Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child;
From Athens is her house remov'd[f] seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;

[a] *Spotted*—stained, impure; the opposite of *spotless*.
[b] *Beteem*—pour forth.
[c] The quartos and the folio, read—

"O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to *love*."

Theobald altered *love* to *low*; and the antithesis, which is kept up through the subsequent lines, justifies the change:—*high—low; old—young.*

[a] *Friends*—so the quartos. In the folio we find—

"Or else it stood upon the choice of *merit*."

The alteration in the folio was certainly not an accidental one; but we hesitate to adopt the reading, the meaning of which is more recondite than that of *friends*. The "choice of merit" is opposed to the "sympathy in choice;"—the merit of the suitor recommends itself to "another's eye," but not to the person beloved.

[b] *Momentary.* So the folio of 1623; the quartos read *momentany*, which Johnson says is the old and proper word. *Momentany* has certainly a more antique sound than *momentary*; but they were each indifferently used by the writers of Shakspere's time. We prefer the reading of the folio, because *momentary* occurs in four other passages in our poet's dramas; and this is a solitary example of the use of *momentany*, and that only in the quartos. The reading of the folio is invariably *momentary*.

[c] *Collied*—black, smutted. This is a word still in use in the Staffordshire collieries. Shakspere found it there, and transplanted it into the region of poetry.

[d] *In a spleen*—in a sudden fit of passion or caprice.

[e] *Fancy's followers*—the followers of Love. *Fancy* is here used in the same sense as in the exquisite song in the Merchant of Venice:—

"Tell me where is *fancy* bred."

The word is repeated with the same meaning three times in this play: in Act II. Sc. II.—

"In maiden meditation, *fancy*-free;"—

in Act III. Sc. II.—

"All *fancy*-sick she is, and pale of cheer;"—

and in Act IV. Sc. I.,

"Fair Helena in *fancy* following me."

[f] *Remov'd*—the reading of the folio. In the quartos we find *remote*. The reading of the folio is supported by several parallel passages; as in Hamlet,—

"It wafts you to a more *removed* ground;"

and in As You Like It—"Your accent is somewhat finer than you could purchase in so *removed* a dwelling."

And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us: If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,[3]
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love: Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair:[a] O happy fair!
Your eyes are load-stars;[4] and your tongue's sweet air
More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching; O, were favour[b] so,
Your's would I catch,[c] fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O, that my prayers could such affection move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena is no fault of mine.[a]

Hel. None. But your beauty; would that fault were mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens like a paradise to me:
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.[b]
Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
Keep word, Lysander: We must starve our sight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

[*Exit* HERMIA.

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

[*Exit* LYSANDER.

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.

[a] *Fair*—used as a substantive for *beauty*. As in the Comedy of Errors,—

"My decayed *fair*
A sunny look of his would soon repair."

This is the reading of the quartos. In the folio we have "*you* fair."

[b] *Favour*—features—appearance—outward qualities. In Cymbeline we find—

"I have surely seen him;
His *favour* is familiar to me,"

in Measure for Measure, "Surely, sir, a good *favour* you have;" and in Hamlet, "Tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this *favour* she must come."

[c] *Your's would I catch.* The reading of all the old editions is, *Your words I catch.* The substitution was made by Hanmer. We leave the text as in most modern editions; but if the passage be pointed thus, we have an intelligible meaning in the original text:—

"Sickness is catching; O, were favour so,
(Your words I catch, fair Hermia,) ere I go,
My ear should catch your voice," &c.

It is in the repetition of the word *fair* that Helena catches the words of Hermia; but she would also catch her voice, her intonation, and her expression, as well as her words.

[a] This is the reading of the quarto printed by Fisher. That by Roberts, and the folio, read,—

"His folly, Helena, is *none* of mine."

[b] In the original editions we have the following reading:—

"And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms, of their counsel *swell'd*,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet,
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes
To seek new friends and *strange companions.*"

It will be observed that the whole scene is in rhyme; and the introduction, therefore, of four lines of blank verse has a harsh effect. The emendations were made by Theobald; and they are certainly ingenious and unforced. *Companies* for *companions* has an example in Henry V.:—

"His *companies* unlettered, rude, and shallow."

Things base and vild,[a] holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy love is perjur'd every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in a Cottage.*

Enter Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, Quince, *and* Starveling.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.[b]

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you,[c] and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll: Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

[a] *Vild*—vile. The word repeatedly occurs in Shakspere, as in Spenser; and when it does so occur we are scarcely justified in substituting the *vile* of the modern editors.

[b] *Scrip*—script—a written paper. Bills of exchange are called by Locke "*scrips* of paper;" and the term is still known upon the Stock Exchange.

[c] Bottom and Sly both speak of a theatrical representation as they would of a piece of cloth or a pair of shoes. Sly says of the play, "'Tis a very excellent piece of work."

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

'The raging rocks,
'And shivering shocks,
'Shall break the locks
'Of prison gates:
'And Phibbus' car
'Shall shine from far,
'And make and mar
'The foolish fates.'

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles' vein,[a] a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask,[5] and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby, too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—'Thisne, Thisne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!'

Quin. No, no, you must play Pyramus; and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father;—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that

[a] *Ercles*—Hercules—was one of the roaring heroes of the rude drama which preceded Shakspere. In Greene's 'Groat's-worth of Wit,' (1592,) a player says, "The twelve labours of Hercules have I terribly thundered on the stage."

they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-coloured beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there we will rehearse: for if we meet in the city we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties,[a] such as our play wants. I pray you fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough. Hold, or cut bow-strings.[b]

[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Properties.* The technicalities of the theatre are very unchanging. The person who has charge of the wooden swords, and pasteboard shields, and other trumpery required for the business of the stage, is still called the *property-man.* In the 'Antipodes,' by R. Brome, 1640, (quoted by Mr. Collier,) we have the following ludicrous account of the "properties," which form as curious an assemblage as in Hogarth's Strollers:—

"He has got into our tiring-house amongst us,
And ta'en a strict survey of all our properties;
Our statues and our images of gods,
Our planets and our constellations,
Our giants, monsters, furies, beasts, and bugbears,
Our helmets, shields and vizors, hairs and beards,
Our pasteboard marchpanes, and our wooden pies."

[b] Capell says, this is a proverbial expression derived from the days of archery:—"When a party was made at butts, assurance of meeting was given in the words of that phrase."

['I will roar you an't were any nightingale.']

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword.*"

THE very ingenious writer of 'A Letter on Shakspeare's Authorship of The Two Noble Kinsmen,' (1833,) remarks, that "the characters in A Midsummer-Night's Dream are classical, but the costume is strictly Gothic, and shows that it was through the medium of romance that he drew the knowledge of them." It was in Chaucer's Knight's Tale that our poet found the Duke of Athens, and Hippolyta, and Philostrate; in the same way that the author of 'The Two Noble Kinsmen,' and subsequently Dryden, found there the story of Palamon and Arcite. Hercules and Theseus have been called by Godwin, "the knight-errants of antiquity;" * and truly the mode in which the fabulous histories of the ancient world blended themselves with the literature of the chivalrous ages fully justifies this seemingly anomalous designation. It is not difficult to trace Shakspere in passages of the Knight's Tale. The opening lines of that beautiful poem offer an example :—

"Whilom, as olde stories tellen us,
Ther was a duk that highte Theseus.
Of Athenes he was lord and governour,
And in his time swiche a conquerour,
That greter was ther non under the sonne.
Ful many a riche contree had he wonne.
What with his wisdom and his chevalrie,
He conquerd all the regne of Feminie,
That whilom was ycleped Scythia;
And wedded the fresshe quene Ipolita,
And brought hire home with him to his contree
With mochel glorie and gret solempnitee,
And eke hire yonge suster Emelie.
And thus with victorie and with melodie
Let I this worthy duk to Athenes ride,
And all his host, in armes him beside.
And certes, if it n' ere to long to here,
I wolde have tolde you fully the manere,
How wonnen was the regne of Feminie,
By Theseus, and by his chevalrie:
And of the grete bataille for the none
Betwix Athenes and the Amasones:
And how asseged was Ipolita
The faire hardy quene of Scythia;
And of the feste, that was at hire wedding,
And of the temple at hire home coming.
But all this thing I moste as now forbere
I have, God wot, a large field to ere."

* Life of Chaucer, vol. i. p. 30

[2] SCENE I.—"*Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,*" &c.

The passage in Paradise Lost, in which Milton has imitated this famous passage of Shakspere, is conceived in a very different spirit. Lysander and Hermia lament over the evils by which

"—— true lovers have been ever cross'd,"

as "an edict in destiny," to which they must both submit with patience and mutual forbearance. The Adam of Milton reproaches Eve with the

"——innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snares,"

as a trial of which lordly man has alone a right to complain:

"——for either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse, or if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound."
(*Par. Lost*, book x. v. 895.)

Adam had certainly cause to be angry when he uttered these reproaches; and therefore Milton has dramatically forgotten that man is not the only sufferer in such "disturbances on earth."

[3] SCENE I.—"*To do observance to a morn of May.*

The very expression, "*to do observance,*" in connexion with the rites of May, occurs twice in Chaucer's Knight's Tale:—

"Thus passeth yere by yere, and day by day,
Till it fell ones in a morwe of May
That Emelie, that fayrer was to sene
Than is the lilie upon his stalke grene,
And fresher than the May with floures newe,
(For with the rose colour strof hire hewe;
I n'ot which was the finer of hem two,)
Er it was day, as she was wont to do,
She was arisen, and all redy dight,
For May wol have no slogardie a-night.
The seson pricketh every gentil herte,
And maketh him out of his slepe to sterte,
And sayth, arise, and *do thin observance.*"

Again:—

> "Arcite, that is in the court real
> With Theseus the squier principal,
> Is risen, and loketh on the mery day
> And for *to don his observance to May.*"

The "observance," in the days of Chaucer, as in those of Shakspere, was a tribute from the city and the town to the freshness of a beautiful world; and our ancestors, as Stow has described, went out "into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds praising God in their kind." Stubbs, however, in his 'Anatomie of Abuses,' first printed in 1585—at the very period when Shakspere was laying up in his native fields those stores of high and pleasant thoughts which show his love for the country and for country delights—has, while he describes the "observance" of May, denounced it as being under the superintendence of "Sathan." This passage of the inflexible Puritan is curious and interesting:—

"Against May, Whitsunday, or some other time of the year, every parish, town, and village assemble themselves together, both men, women, and children, old and young, even all indifferently; and either going all together, or dividing themselves into companies, they go some to the woods and groves, some to the hills and mountains, some to one place, some to another, where they spend all the night in pleasant pastimes, and in the morning they return, bringing with them birch boughs, and branches of trees, to deck their assemblies withal. And no marvel, for there is a great lord present amongst them, as superintendent and lord over their pastimes and sports, namely Sathan, Prince of Hell. But their chiefest jewel they bring from thence is their Maypole, which they bring home with great veneration, as thus: they have twenty or forty yoke of oxen, every ox having a sweet nosegay of flowers tied on the tip of his horns, and these oxen draw home this Maypole (this stinking idol rather), which is covered all over with flowers and herbs, bound round about with strings, from the top to the bottom, and sometime painted with variable colours, with two or three hundred men, women, and children, following it with great devotion. And thus being reared up, with handkerchiefs, and flags streaming on the top, they strew the ground about it, bind green boughs and arbours hard by it; and then fall they to banquet and feast, to leap and dance about it, as the heathen people did at the dedication of their idols, whereof this is a perfect pattern, or rather the thing itself."

The old spirit of joy was not put down when Herrick wrote sixty years afterwards—the spirit in which Chaucer sung—

> "O Maye, with all thy floures and thy grene,
> Right welcome be thou, faire freshe Maye!"

The spirit, indeed, was too deeply implanted in "Merry England" to be easily put down; and the young, at any rate, were for the most part ready to exclaim with Herrick,—

> "Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
> And take the harmless folly of the time."

[Bringing in the May-pole.]

SCENE I.—"*Your eyes are load-stars.*"

The *load-star* is the north-star, by which sailors steered their course in the early days of navigation. Chaucer used the term in this sense; and Spenser also :—

> "Like as a ship who, *load-star* suddenly
> Cover'd with clouds, her pilot hath dismay'd."

It was under this guiding star that danger was avoided, and the haven reached. Thus, Sidney in his 'Arcadia,' says, "Be not, most excellent lady —you, that nature has made to be the *load-star* of comfort – be not the rock of shipwreck." The *load-star* of Shakspere and the *cynosure* of Milton are the same in their metaphorical use :—

> "Towers and battlements it sees
> Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
> Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
> The *cynosure* of neighb'ring eyes."—*L'Allegro.*

In the 'Spanish Tragedy' we have the same application of the image :

> "Led by the *load-star* of her heavenly looks."

SCENE II.—"*You shall play it in a mask.*"

Coryat, describing the theatres of Venice in 1608, writes,"—I observed certain things that I never saw before; for I saw women act,—a thing that I never saw before." Prynne, in his Histrio-Mastix, (1633,) after denouncing women-actors in the most furious terms, speaks of them as recently introduced upon the English stage :—"as they have now their female-players in Italy, and other foreign parts; and as they had such *French women-actors* in a play not long since personated in Blackfriars play-house, to which there was great resort." In a note he explains "not long since" as "Michaelmas Term, 1629." We therefore can have no doubt that in Shakspere's time the parts of women were personated by men and boys; and, indeed, Prynne denounces this as a more pernicious custom than the acting of women. The objection of Flute that he had "a beard coming," was doubtless a common objection; and the remedy was equally common—"You shall play it in a mask." Quince, instructing his

> "Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,"

reminds us of the celebrated picture, found at Pompeii, of the Choragus giving directions to the actors. The travestie would probably have been as just two thousand years ago as in the days of Shakspere.

[Choragus instructing the Actors.]

[Scenes I and II.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Wood near* Athens.

Enter a Fairy *on one side, and* PUCK *on the other.*

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,[1]
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs[a] upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners[a] be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob[b] of spirits, I'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night;
Take heed, the queen come not within his sight.

[a] *Orbs.* The *fairy rings*, as they are popularly called; which, however explained by philosophy, will always have a poetical charm connected with the beautiful superstition that the night-tripping fairies have, on these verdant circles, danced their merry roundels It was Puck's office to *dew* these orbs, which had been parched under the fairy-feet in the moonlight revels.

[a] *Pensioners.* These courtiers, whom Mrs Quickly put above earls, (Merry Wives of Windsor, Act II. Sc. II.,) were Queen Elizabeth's favourite attendants. They were the handsomest men of the first families,—tall, as the cowslip was to the fairy, and shining in their spotted gold coats like that flower under an April sun.

[b] *Lob*—looby, lubber, lubbard.

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling: [a]
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do square; [b] that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: [2] are you not he,
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern; [c]
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm; [d]
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale,
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And *tailor* cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room, Faery, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress:—Would that he were gone!

a *Changeling*—a child procured in exchange.

b *Square*—to quarrel. It is difficult to understand how *to square*, which, in the ordinary sense, is to agree, should mean *to disagree*. And yet there is no doubt that the word was used in this sense. Holinshed has "Falling *at square* with her husband." In Much Ado about Nothing, Beatrice says, "Is there no young *squarer* now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?" Mr. Richardson, after explaining the usual meaning of this verb, adds, "*To square* is also, consequently, to broaden; to set out broadly, in a position or attitude of offence or defence—(*se quarrer*)." The word is thus used in the language of pugilism. There is more of our old dialect in *flash* terms than is generally supposed.

c *Quern*—a handmill; from the Anglo Saxon, *cwyrn*.

d *Barm*—yeast. Holland, in his translation of Pliny, speaks of "the froth, or *barm*, that riseth from these ales or beers."

SCENE II.—*Enter* Oberon, *on one side, with his train, and* Titania, *on the other, with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.[3]

Tita. What, jealous Oberon? Fairies, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady: But I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn,[4] and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Æglé break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,[a]
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain,[b] or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore, the winds, piping to us in vain,[5]
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Have every pelting [c] river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents: [d]
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,

a *Middle summers spring.* The *spring* is the beginning—as the *spring of the day*, a common expression in our early writers. The *middle summer* is the *midsummer*.

b *Paved fountain*—a fountain, or clear stream, rushing over pebbles—certainly not an artificially paved fountain, as Johnson has supposed. The *paved fountain* is contrasted with the *rushy brook*. The epithet *paved* is used in the same sense as in the "pearl-paved ford" of Drayton, the "pebble-paved channel" of Marlow, and the "coral-paven bed" of Milton.

c *Pelting*—petty, contemptible. See note on "pelting farm," in Richard II., Act. II Sc. I.

d *Continents*—banks. A *continent* is that which contains

And crows are fatted with the murrion flock,
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud; [6]
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable;
The human mortals[a] want; their winter here,[b]
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:—
Therefore, the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyems' thin and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: The spring, the summer,
The childing[c] autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,
By their increase,[d] now knows not which is which:
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then: it lies in you:
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.[e]

Tita. Set your heart at rest,
The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a vot'ress of my order.
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind:
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
Following (her womb then rich with my young squire,)
Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy:
And, for her sake, I will not part with him

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy[a] kingdom. Fairies away:
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.
[*Exeunt* Titania *and her train.*

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st[7]
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, (but thou could'st not,)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd:[b] a certain aim he took

[a] *Human mortals.* This beautiful expression has been supposed to indicate the difference between mankind and fairy-kind in the following manner—that they were each mortal, but that the less spiritual beings were distinguished as human. Upon this assertion of Steevens, Ritson and Reed enter into fierce controversy. Chapman, in his Homer, has an inversion of the phrase, "mortal humans;" and we suppose that, in the same way, whether Titania were, or were not, subject to death, she employed the language of poetry in speaking of "human mortals," without reference to the conditions of fairy existence.

[b] *Their winter here.* The emendation proposed by Theobald, *their winter cheer*, is very plausible. The original reading is—

"The humane mortals want their winter *heere.*"

Johnson says *here* means, in this country, and their *winter* signifies their winter evening sports. The ingenious author of a pamphlet, 'Explanations and Emendations,' &c. (Edinburgh, 1814,) would read—

"The human mortals want; their winter here,
No night is now with hymn or carol blest."

The writer does not support his emendation by any argument; but we believe that he is right. The swollen rivers have rotted the corn, the fold stands empty, the flocks are murrain, the sports of summer are at an end, the human mortals *want*. This is the climax. Their winter is *here*—is come—although the season is the latter summer, or autumn; and in consequence the hymns and carols which gladdened the nights of a seasonable winter are wanting to this premature one. The "*therefore*," which follows, introduces another clause in the catalogue of evils produced by the "brawls" of Oberon and Titania: as in the case of the preceding use of the same emphatic word in two instances:—

"*Therefore*, the winds, piping to us in vain," &c.,

and—

"The ox hath *therefore* stretch'd his yoke in vain," &c.

[c] *Childing*—producing. "The childing autumn" is "the teeming autumn" of our poet's 97th sonnet.

[d] *Increase*—produce.

[e] *Henchman*—a page—originally a horseman. In Chaucer we find—

"And every knight had after him riding
Three *henchmen*, on him awaiting."

It has been conjectured that *henchman* is *haunchman*—one that follows a chief or lord at his *haunch*. The derivation from the Anglo-Saxon *henges*, a horse, seems more probable.

[a] *Fairy.* This epithet is not found in modern editions, being rejected by Steevens—"By the advice of Dr. Farmer I have omitted the useless adjective, *fairy*, as it spoils the metre." Steevens scarcely wanted the advice of another as presumptuous as himself to perpetrate these atrocities.

[b] *All arm'd.* One of the commentators turned this epithet into "alarm'd." The original requires no explanation beyond the recollection of the Cupid of the poets:—

"He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver hanging low,
Full of arrows that outbrave
Dian's shafts."—(Ben Jonson.)

At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white, now purple with love's wound,—
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once;
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb: and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.[a] [*Exit* Puck.

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
(As I can take it, with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena *following him.*

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me.[b]
Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood.
And here am I, and wood[c] within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my[a] Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me,)
Than to be used as you do use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger: Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, and field,
You do me mischief. Fye, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:

[a] This is the reading of Fisher's quarto. That of Roberts, and the folio, omit *round*, printing the passage as one line:—

"I'll put a girdle about the earth in forty minutes."

[b] This is the invariable reading of the old copies. Theobald, upon the suggestion of Dr. Thirlby, changed it to—

"The one I'll *slay*, the other *slayeth* me."

But it is surely unnecessary to assign to Demetrius any such murderous intents. Helena has betrayed her friend:—

"I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her."

He is pursuing her, when he exclaims—

"The one I'll *stay*, the other *stayeth* me."

He will *stay*—stop—Hermia; Lysander *stayeth*—*hindereth*—him.

[c] *Wood*—mad, from the Anglo-Saxon *wod*. Chaucer uses it in the form of *wode*, and it is still in common use in Scotland as *wud*

[a] *My Hermia.* This has been enfeebled by some editor who has been followed without apology by others, into

"Because I cannot meet *with* Hermia."

We cannot fight for love, as men may do:
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt* Dem. *and* Hel.

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter Puck.

Hast thou the flower there, welcome wanderer?
Puck. Ay, there it is.
Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,[a]
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,[b]
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady: Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care; that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.
Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter Titania *with her train.*

Tita. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rear-mice[c] for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits: Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

I.

1 *Fai.* You spotted snakes,[8] with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2 *Fai.* Weaving spiders, come not here:
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

2 *Fai.* Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt* Fairies. Titania *sleeps.*

Enter Oberon.

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
[*Squeezes the flower on* Titania's *eyelids.*
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake;
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake, when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter Lysander *and* Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way;
We 'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it so, Lysander, find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both:
One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.

[a] So all the old copies. Steevens, who hated variety in rhythm, as he gloated on a *double-entendre*, gives us—

"I know a bank *whereon* the wild thyme blows."

[b] For the same love of counting syllables upon the fingers, the *luscious* woodbine of the old copies is changed into *lush* woodbine: Farmer, who knew as little about the melody of verse as Steevens, would read—

"O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine."

Mr. Collier's Corrector of the folio of 1632, would read,

"Quite over-canopied with *lush* woodbine."

and

"Lull'd in these *bowers* with dances and delight."

[c] *Rear-mice*—bats.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.
Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart can you make of it:
Two bosoms interchained[a] with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.
Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:—
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!
Lys. Amen, Amen, to that fair prayer say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!
Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd! [*They sleep.*

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian find[b] I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he my master said
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.[c]
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thuo wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.
So awake, when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA, *running.*

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.
Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go. [*Exit* DEMETRIUS.
Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me run away for fear.
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?
But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound!
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.
Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake. [*Waking*
Transparent Helena! Nature shows her art,[a]
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword?
Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.
Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena now I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd:
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason
And touching now the point of human skill
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?

[a] *Interchained*—is the reading of the quartos. The folio has *interchanged*.
[b] *Find*—is the reading of the folio, and of one of the quartos. The other quarto has *found*.
[c] This is the reading of the old copies. It is evidently intended for a long line amidst those of seven or eight syllables.

[a] *Nature shows her art.* The quartos read, "Nature shows art;" the folio, "Nature *here* shows art;" this is clearly a typographical error; and we agree, with Malone, that "Nature shows her art" is more probably a genuine reading than "Nature *here* shows art," which is the received one.

Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady of one man refus'd
Should of another therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*

Lys. She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou there;
And never may'st thou come Lysander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated; but the most of me!
And all my powers address your love and might
To honour Helen, and to be her knight. [*Exit.*

Her. [*starting.*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best,
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ah me, for pity!—what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear!
Methought a serpent ate my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves;[a] I swoon almost with fear.
No? then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately.
[*Exit.*

[a] *Of all loves.* We have this phrase in the Merry Wives of Windsor, and in Othello.

['What thou seest, when thou dost wake,]
Do it for thy true love take.']

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Over hill, over dale,*
Thorough bush, thorough briar," &c.

THEOBALD printed this passage as it appears in the folio and in one of the quartos—

"Through bush, through briar."

Coleridge is rather hard upon him :—"What a noble pair of ears this worthy Theobald must have had!" He took the passage as he found it. It is remarkable that the reading was corrupted in the folio; for Drayton, in his imitation in the 'Nymphidia,' which was published a few years before the folio, exhibits the value of the word "*thorough*:"—

"Thorough brake, thorough briar,
Thorough muck, thorough mire,
Thorough water, thorough fire."

On the other hand. Steevens had not the justification of any text when he gave us—

"Swifter than the moones sphere."

Mr. Guest, in his 'History of English Rhythm,' (a work of great research, but which belongs to a disciple of the school of Pope, rather than of one nurtured by our elder poet,) observes upon the passage as we print it,—

"Swifter than the moon's sphere."—

"The flow of Shakspere's line is quite in keeping with the peculiar rhythm which he has devoted to his fairies." This rhythm, Mr. Guest, in another place, describes as consisting of "abrupt verses of two, three, or four accents."

[2] SCENE I. ——"*that shrewd and knavish sprite,*
Call'd Robin Goodfellow."

There can be no doubt that the attributes of Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, as described by Shakspere, were collected from the popular superstitions of his own day. In Harsnet's 'Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures,' (1603,) he is mixed up as a delinquent with the friars :—"And if that the bowle of curds and creame were not duly set out for Robin Goodfellow, the frier, and Sisse the dairy-maid, why then either the pottage was burnt to next day in the pot, or the cheeses would not curdle, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the fat [vat] never would have good head." Again, in Scot's 'Discoverie of Witchcraft,' (1584,) we have, "Your grandames' maids were wont to set a bowl of milk for him, for his pains in grinding malt and mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight—this white bread, and bread and milk, was his standing fee." But Robin Goodfellow, does not find a place in English poetry before the time of Shakspere. He is Puck's poetical creator. The poets who have followed in his train have endeavoured to vary the character of the "shrewd and meddling elf;" but he is nevertheless essentially the same. Drayton thus describes him in the 'Nymphidia :'—

"This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us;
And leading us, makes us to stray,
Long winter nights, out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us."

In the song of Robin Goodfellow printed in 'Percy's Reliques,' (which has been attributed to Ben Jonson,) we have the same copy of the original features :—

"Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wool;
And while they sleep, and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up still;
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow.
If any wake,
And would me take,
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho!"

The "lubbar-fiend" of Milton is the "lob of spirits" of Shakspere. The hind, "by friar's lanthorn led,"

"Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar-fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of door he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings."—(*L'Allegro.*)

[3] SCENE II.—"*Ill met by moonlight, proud*
Titania," &c.

The name of "Oberon, King of Fairies," is found in Greene's 'James the IVth.' Greene died in

1592. But the name was long before familiar in Lord Berners' translation of the French romance of 'Sir Hugh of Bordeaux.' It is probable that Shakspere was indebted for the *name* to this source. Tyrwhitt has given his opinion that the Pluto and Proserpina of Chaucer's 'Marchantes Tale' were the true progenitors of Oberon and Titania. Chaucer calls Pluto the "King of Faerie," and Proserpina is "Queen of Faerie;" and they take a solicitude in the affairs of mortals. But beyond this they have little in common with Oberon and Titania. In the 'Wife of Bathes Tale,' however, Shakspere found the popular superstition presented in that spirit of gladsome revelry which it was reserved for him to work out in this matchless drama:—

> "In olde dayes of the King Artour,
> Of which that Bretons speken gret honour,
> All was this land fulfilled of faerie,
> The elfe-queene with her joly compagnie,
> Danced ful oft in many a grene mede."

[4] SCENE II.—"*Playing on pipes of corn.*"

"Pipes made of grene corne" were amongst the rustic music described by Chaucer. Sidney's 'Arcadia,' at the time when Shakspere wrote his Midsummer-Night's Dream, had made pastoral images familiar to all It is pleasant to imagine that our poet had the following beautiful passage in his thoughts:—"There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees: humble valleys, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers: meadows, enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade were witnessed so too by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds: each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved the dam's comfort: here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to works, and her hands kept time to her voice-music."

[5] SCENE II.—"*Therefore, the winds, piping to us in vain,*" &c.

In Churchyard's 'Charitie,' a poem published in 1595, the "distemperature" of that year is thus described:—

> "A colder time in world was never seen:
> The skies do lower, the sun and moon wax dim,
> Summer scarce known but that the leaves are green.
> The winter's waste drives water o'er the brim;
> Upon the land great floats of wood may swim.
> Nature thinks scorn to do her duty right,
> Because we have displeased the Lord of Light."

This "progeny of evils" has been recorded by the theologians as well as the poets. In Strype's Annals, we have an extract from a lecture preached by Dr. J. King, at York, in which are enumerated the signs of divine wrath with which England was visited in 1593 and 1594. The lecturer says:—"Remember that the spring" (that year when the plague broke out) "was very unkind, by means of the abundance of rains that fell. Our July hath been like to a February; our June even as an April: so that the air must needs be infected.".... Then, having spoken of three successive years of scarcity, he adds,—"And see, whether the Lord doth not threaten us much more, by sending such unseasonable weather, and storms of rain among us: which if we will observe, and compare it with that which is past, we may say that the course of nature is very much inverted. Our years are turned upside down. Our summers are no summers: our harvests are no harvests: our seed-times are no seed-times. For a great space of time, scant any day hath been seen that it hath not rained upon us."

[6] SCENE II.—"*The nine men's morris is filled up with mud.*"

Upon the green turf of their spacious commons the shepherds and ploughmen of England were wont to cut a rude series of squares, and other right lines, upon which they arranged eighteen stones, divided between two players, who moved them alternately, as at chess or draughts, till the game was finished by one of the players having all his pieces taken or impounded. This was the *nine men's morris.* It is affirmed that the game was brought hither by the Norman conquerors, under the name of *merelles;* and that this name, which signifies *counters,* was subsequently corrupted into *morals* and *morris.* In a wet season the lines upon which the *nine men* moved were "filled up with mud;" and "the quaint mazes," which the more active of the youths and maidens in propitious seasons trod "in the wanton green," were obliterated.

[7] SCENE II.—"*My gentle Puck, come hither,*" &c.

The most remarkable of the shows of Kenilworth, when Elizabeth was the guest of Leicester, were associated with the mythology and the romance of lakes and seas. "Triton, in likeness of a mermaid, came towards the Queen's Majesty." "Arion appeared sitting on a dolphin's back." So George Gascoigne, in his 'Brief Rehearsal, or rather a true copy of as much as was presented before her Majesty at Kenilworth.' But Laneham describes a song of Arion with an ecstasy which may justify the belief that the "dulcet and harmonious breath" of "the sea-maid's music" might be the echo of melodies heard by the young Shakspere as he stood by the lake of Kenilworth. If Elizabeth be the "fair vestal throned by the west," of which there can be no reasonable doubt, the most appropriate scene of the mermaid's song would be Kenilworth, and "that very time" the summer of 1575.

[8] SCENE III.—"*You spotted snakes,*" &c.

Fletcher's 'Faithful Shepherdess' has passages which strongly remind us of the Midsummer-Night's Dream.

['I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.']

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Wood. The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal: This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tyring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby* that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'rlakin,[a] a parlous[b] fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.[a]

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing:[1] for there is not

[a] *By'rlakin*—by our ladykin—our little lady
[b] *Parlous*,—perilous

[a] *Eight and six*—alternate verses of eight and six syllables.

a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are: and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.[2]

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanac; find out moon-shine,[3] find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK *behind.*

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I 'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

'*Pyr.* Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet.'

Quin. Odours, odours.

'*Pyr.* —— odours savours sweet:
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.
But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appear.' [*Exit.*

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here! [*Aside.—Exit.*

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise[a] that he heard, and is to come again.

'*This.* Most radiant Pyramus, most lily white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus at Ninny's tomb.'

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man: Why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus enter; your cue is past; it is, *never tire.*

Re-enter PUCK, *and* BOTTOM *with an ass's head.*

'*This.* O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.
Pyr. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine:'—

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! help! [*Exeunt* Clowns.

Puck. I 'll follow you, I 'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;
Sometime a horse I 'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afeard.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own; Do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can:

[a] Quince's description of Bottom going "to see a noise" is akin to Sir Toby Belch's notion of "to hear by the nose." (Twelfth Night, Act II. Sc. III.)

I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The woosel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,[4]
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill;

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed? [*Waking.*

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry *cuckoo* never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.[a]

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek[b] upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit, of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fai.* Ready.
2 *Fai.* And I.
3 *Fai.* And I.
4 *Fai.* And I.

All. Where shall we go?[a]

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries;[b]
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey bags steal from the humble-bees,
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,[5]
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal!
2 *Fai.* Hail!
3 *Fai.* Hail!
4 *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.—I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother, and to master Peas-cod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience[c] well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity,
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.
[*Exeunt.*

[a] This is the reading of the preceding five lines in the quarto printed by Fisher. In that by Roberts, and in the folio, two of the lines, namely, the third and fourth of Titania's speech, are transposed.

[b] *Gleek.* This verb is generally used in the sense of to *scoff;* but we apprehend Bottom only means to say that he can *joke.*

[a] Steevens omitted the "And I" of the fourth Fairy, and gave her the "Where shall we go?" which the original copies assigned to *all;* and this he calls getting rid of "a useless repetition."

[b] *Dewberries.* This delicate wild-fruit is perfectly well known to all who have lived in the country; but one of the commentators tells us dewberries are gooseberries, and another raspberries.

[c] The *patience* of the family of Mustard in being devoured by the ox-beef is one of those brief touches of wit, so common in Shakspere, which take him far out of the range of ordinary writers. But his critics love common-place; and therefore Hanmer would read *parentage,*—Farmer, *passions,*—and Mason, *passing.* Reed then solemnly pronounces "no change is necessary;" and so half a page of the variorum Shakspere is filled.

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter Oberon.

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule[a] now about this haunted grove?
Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to a close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nowl[b] I fixed on his head;
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic[c] comes: When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So at his sight away his fellows fly:
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves; some, hats; from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass,)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.
Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd[d] the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?
Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That when he wak'd of force she must be ey'd.

[a] *Night-rule*—night-revel. The old spelling of *reuel* became *rule;* and by this corruption we obtained, says Douce, "the lord of mis-*rule*."
[b] *Nowl*—noll—head.
[c] *Mimic*—actor. *Mimmick* is the reading of the folio; *mimock*, and *minnick*, are found in the quartos.
[d] *Latch'd*—fastened, according to Hanmer.

Enter Demetrius *and* Hermia.

Obe. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.
Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.
Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in knee-deep,[a]
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me: Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim.
Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?
Dem. I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.
Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
Oh! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.
Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?
Her. A privilege never to see me more.—
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*

[a] *Knee-deep*, suggested by W. S. Walker in the place of *the deep*.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrout sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now, in some slight measure, it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.
[*Lies down.*

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer[a]
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes against she doth appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.
[*Exit.*

Obe. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one—
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me,
That befal preposterously.

Enter Lysander *and* Helena.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears.
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's; Will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,[6]
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join, in souls, to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so.
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin; and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia: this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.

[a] *Cheer*—face. From the old French *chère.*

My heart with her but as guest-wise sojourn'd;
And now to Helen it is home return'd,
There to remain.
Lys. Helen, it is not so.
Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense:
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?
Lys. Why should he stay whom love doth press to go?
Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?
Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide;
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes[a] and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?
Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.
Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?[7]
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?[7]
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles[b] created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,[8]
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 't is not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.
Her. I am amazed at your passionate words:
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.
Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection;
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd!
This you should pity, rather than despise.
Her. I understand not what you mean by this?
Hel. Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 't is partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.
Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.
Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.
Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak prayers.[a]—
Helen, I love thee; by my life I do;
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.
Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.
Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come,—
Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?
Lys. Away, you Ethiope!
Dem. No, no, sir:—

[a] *Oes*—circles.
[b] *Needle* in the old copies.

[a] *Prayers*—in the old copies, *praise*.

Seem to break loose; take on as you would follow;
But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!
Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing, let loose;
Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.
Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love?
Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated poison, hence!
Her. Do you not jest?
Hel. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.
Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond; for I perceive
A weak bond holds you; I 'll not trust your word.
Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I 'll not harm her so.
Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you, Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you lov'd me; yet, since night you left me:
Why then you left me,—O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?
Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, of doubt,
Be certain, nothing truer, 't is no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.
Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?
Hel. Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!
Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;[a]
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Because she 's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower! hark, again.
Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.
Her. Why, get you gone: Who is 't that hinders you?
Hel. A foolish heart that I leave here behind.
Her. What, with Lysander?
Hel. With Demetrius.
Lys. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena.
Dem. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O, when she 's angry, she is keen and shrewd:
She was a vixen, when she went to school;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.
Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass[b] made;
You bead, you acorn.
Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend[c]
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby[d] it

[a] *Curst*—shrewish.
[b] *Knot-grass*—"a low reptant herb," according to Richard Tomlinson, a botanical apothecary of the seventeenth century.
[c] *Intend.* Steevens explains this word by *pretend.* That is scarcely the meaning, which is rather to *direct.*
[d] *Aby it*—suffer for it. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher:—
"Fool-hardy knight, full soon thou shalt *aby*
This fond reproach."

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.
Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole. [*Exeunt* Lys. *and* Dem.
Her. You, mistress, all this coil is long of you:
Nay, go not back.
Hel. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*
Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.[a]
[*Exit, pursuing* Helena.
Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries willingly.[b]
Puck. Believe, me king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.
Obe. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye,
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;[9]
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.
Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste;
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,[10]
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night
Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;[11]
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.[12]
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.
[*Exit* Oberon.
Puck. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter Lysander.

Lys Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.
Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?
Lys. I will be with thee straight.
Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground.
[*Exit* Lys. *as following the voice.*

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?
Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee.
Dem. Yea; art thou there?
Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Lysander.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on,
When I come where he calls then he is gone
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!
[*Lies down.*

[a] This line is not found in the folio of 1623, but is in the previous quartos.
[b] *Willingly*, in the folio; *wilfully*, in the quartos.

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.
[*Sleeps.*

Re-enter Puck *and* Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho! ho, ho![13] Coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?

Puck. Come hither; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy[a] this dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the east,
That I may back to Athens, by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest:—
And, sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.
[*Sleeps.*

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me, till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[*Lies down.*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on* Lys.'*s eye.*
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st[14]
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.
[*Exit* Puck.—Dem. Hel. &c. *sleep.*

[a *Buy*—so the old copies; *by it dear* is still a familiar expression.

['Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down.'

['The woosel-cock, so black of hue.']

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

[1] SCENE I.—"*A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.*"

THERE was an account published in 1594 of the ceremonies observed at the baptism of Henry, the eldest son of the King of Scotland. A triumphal chariot, according to this account, was drawn in by a "black-moor." The writer adds—"This chariot should have been drawn in by a lion, but because his presence might have brought *some fear* to the nearest, or that the sight of the lighted torches might have commoved his tameness, it was thought meet that the moor should supply that room." It is not improbable that Shakspere meant to ridicule this incident, in—"there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living."

[2] SCENE I.—"*Let him name his name; and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.*"

This passage will suggest to our readers Sir Walter Scott's description of the pageant at Kenilworth, when Lambourne, not knowing his part, tore off his vizard and swore, "Cogs-bones? he was none of Arion or Orion either, but honest Mike Lambourne, that had been drinking her Majesty's health from morning till midnight, and was come to bid her heartily welcome to Kenilworth Castle." But a circumstance of this nature actually happened upon the Queen's visit to Kenilworth, in 1575; and is recorded in the 'Merry Passages and Jests,' compiled by Sir Nicholas Lestrange, which is published by the Camden Society from the Harleian MS.—"There was a spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water, and, amongst others, Harry Goldingham was to represent Arion upon the dolphin's back, but finding his voice to be very hoarse and unpleasant when he came to perform it, he tears off his disguise and swears he was none of Arion not he, but e'en honest Harry Goldingham; which blunt discovery pleased the Queen better than if it had gone through in the right way; yet he could order his voice to an instrument exceeding well." It is by no means improbable that Shakspere was familiar with this local anecdote, and has applied it in the case of Snug the joiner. Bottom, and Quince, and the other "hard-handed men," must also have been exceedingly like the citizens of Coventry, who played their Hock play before the Queen, on the memorable occasion of her visit to their neighbourhood.

[3] SCENE I.—"*Look in the almanac; find out moonshine.*"

The popular almanac of Shakspere's time was that of Leonard Digges, the worthy precursor of the Moores and Murphys. He had a higher ambition than these his degenerate descendants; for, while they prophecy only by the day and the week, he prognosticated *for ever*, as his title-page shows:—'A Prognostication *euerlastinge* of right good effect, fruictfully augmented by the auctour, contayning plain, briefe, pleasaunte, chosen rules to iudge the Weather by the Sunne, Moone, Starres, Comets, Rainebow, Thunder, Cloudes, with other extraordinarye tokens, not omitting the Aspects of the Planets, with a briefe iudgement *for euer*, of Plenty, Lucke, Sickenes, Dearth, Warres, &c., opening also many natural causes worthy to be knowen,' (1575).

[4] SCENE I.—"*The woosel-cock, so black of hue,*
With orange-tawny bill."

Although Bottom has here described the blackbird with zoological precision, there are some commentators hardy enough to deny his scientific pretensions, maintaining that the woosel or ousel is something else. It is sufficient for us to show that this name expressed the blackbird in Shakspere's day. It is used by Drayton as synonymous with the *merle* (about which there can be no doubt) in his description of the "rough woodlands" of the Warwickshire Arden, where both he and his friend Shakspere studied the book of nature:—

"The throstel, with shrill sharps; as purposely he song
T' wake the lustless sun, or chiding that so long
He was in coming forth, that should the thickets thrill:
The *woosel* near at hand, that hath a golden bill;
As nature him had mark'd of purpose, t' let us see
That from all other birds his tunes should different be:
For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant May;
Upon his dulcet pipe the *merle* doth only play."
(*Poly-Olbion*, 13th Song.)

[5] SCENE I.—"*And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes.*"

Shakspere was certainly a much truer lover of nature, and therefore a much better naturalist, than Dr. Johnson, who indeed professed to despise such studies; but the critic has, nevertheless, ventured in this instance to be severe upon the poet:—"I know not how Shakspeare, who commonly derived his knowledge of nature from his own observation, happened to place the glow-worm's light in his eyes, which is only in his tail." Well, then, let us correct the poet, and make Titania describe the glow-worm with a hatred of all metaphor:—

"And light them at the fiery glow-worm's *tail*."

We fear this will not do. It reminds us of the attempt of a very eminent naturalist to unite science and poetry in verses which he called the 'Pleasures of Ornithology,' of which union the following is a specimen:—

"The morning wakes, as from the lofty elm
The cuckoo sends the monotone. Yet he,
Polygamous, ne'er knows what pleasures wait
On pure monogamy."

We may be wrong, but we would rather have Bottom's

"——plain-song cuckoo gray,"

than these hard words.

[6] SCENE II.—"*Thy lips, those kissing cherries,*" &c.

The "kissing cherries" of Shakspere gave Herrick a stock in trade for half-a-dozen poems. We would quote the 'Cherry ripe,' had it not passed into that extreme popularity which almost renders a beautiful thing vulgar. The following is little known:—

"I saw a cherry weep, and why?
Why wept it? but for shame;
Because my Julia's lip was by,
And did out-red the same.
But, pretty fondling, let not fall
A tear at all for that;
Which rubies, corals, scarlets, all,
For tincture, wonder at."

Of "high Taurus' snow" we have no illustration to offer, besides an engraving of the mountain.

[7] SCENE II.—"*O, and is all forgot?*" &c.

Gibbon compares this beautiful passage with some lines of a poem of Gregory Nazianzen on his own life.

[8] SCENE II.—"*Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,*" &c.

Mr. Monck Mason's explanation of this passage seems the most intelligible:—"Every branch of a family is called a house; and none but the first of the first house can bear the arms of the family without some distinction; two of the first, therefore, means two coats of the first house, which are properly due but to one."

[9] SCENE II.—"*Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision.*"

Mr. Guest classes this line in the division of "sectional rhyme"—an ancient form of emphatically marking a portion of a verse. We have it in the Taming of the Shrew:—

"With *cuffs* and *ruffs*; and farthingales, and things."

and, in Love's Labour's Lost:—

"Or *groan* for *Joan*, or spend a minute's time."

[10] SCENE II.—"*For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast.*"

The chariot of night was drawn by dragons, on account of their watchfulness. They were the serpents, "whose eyes were never shut." In Milton' 'Il Penseroso:'—

"Cynthia checks her dragon yoke."

[11] SCENE II.—*" I with the morning's love have oft made sport."*

Whether Oberon meant to laugh at Tithonus, the old husband of Aurora, or sport "like a forester" with young Cephalus, the morning's love, is matter of controversy.

[12] SCENE II.—*" Even till the eastern gate,"* &c.

This splendid passage was perhaps suggested by some lines in Chaucer's 'Knight's Tale :'—

> " The besy larke, the messager of day,
> Salewith in hire song the morwe gray;
> And firy Phebus riseth up so bright,
> That all the orient laugheth of the sight,
> And with his stremes drieth in the greves
> The silver dropes, hanging on the leves."

[13] SCENE II.—*" Ho, ho, ho!"*

The devil of the old mysteries was as well known by his Ho, ho! as Henry VIII. by his Ha, ha! Robin Goodfellow succeeded to the pass-word of the ancient devil. Of the old song which we quoted in Act II., each stanza ends with "ho, ho, ho!"

[14] SCENE II.—*" When thou wak'st, Thou tak'st."*

The second line is generally corrupted into—

> " *See* thou tak'st."

The structure of the verse is precisely the same as in the previous lines—

> " On the ground
> Sleep sound."

[Mount Taurus.

V DSUMMER
Act 4 Sc.1

[' When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Wood.*

Enter TITANIA *and* BOTTOM, Fairies *attending;* OBERON *behind unseen.*

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where 's Peas-blossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where 's monsieur Cobweb?[a]

[a] *Monsieur.* Throughout the folio and quartos (as pointed out by Mr. White) Bottom characteristically uses *Mounsieur.*

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loth to have you overflown[a] with a honey-bag, signior.—Where 's monsieur Mustard-seed?

Must. Ready.

[a] *Overflown*—flooded—drowned. The sense in which this word is here used may explain a passage in Milton, which has been thought corrupt:—

"Then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine."
(*Paradise Lost*, book I.)

Bot. Give me your neif,[a] monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What 's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalery Cobweb[b] to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.[c]

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.
So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.[d]
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!
[*They sleep.*

Oberon *advances.* *Enter* Puck.

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. See 'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her and fall out with her:
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which some time on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairies sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be, as thou was wont to be;
[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*
See, as thou was wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!

Obe. Silence a while.—Robin, take off this head.—
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

Tita. Music, ho! music; such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.[a]

Obe. Sound, music. [*Still music.*] Come, my queen, take hands with me,

[a] *Neif*—fist. Thus in Henry IV., Part II., Act II., Sc. IV.—"Sweet knight, I kiss thy *neif*."

[b] *Cobweb.* This is probably a misprint for *Peas-blossom.* Cobweb has been sent after the "red-hipped humble-bee;" and *Peas-blossom* has already been appointed to the honoured office in which *Mustard-seed* is now called to assist him."

[c] The folio has here a stage-direction:—"Music, Tongs; Rural music."

[d] According to Steevens, "the sweet honeysuckle" is an explanation of what the poet means by "the woodbine," which name was sometimes applied to the ivy. "The honeysuckle" doth *entwist*—"the female ivy" *enrings*—"the barky fingers of the elm." Upon this interpretation the lines would be thus printed:—

"So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,
Gently entwist,—the female ivy so
Enrings,—the barky fingers of the elm."

This is certainly very different from the usual Shaksperian construction. Nor is our poet fond of expletives. If the "elm" is the only plant entwisted and enringed, we have only *one* image. But if the "woodbine" is not meant to be identical with the "honeysuckle," we have *two* images, each distinct and each beautiful. Gifford pointed out the true meaning of the passage, in his note upon a parallel passage in Ben Jonson:—

"—— behold
How the *blue bindweed* doth itself enfold
With *honeysuckle*, and both these intwine
Themselves with bryony and jessamine."

"In many of our counties," says Gifford, "the *woodbine* is still the name for the great *convolvulus*."

[a] *Now*, at the beginning of the line, is found in Fisher's edition.

TITANIA AND BOTTOM.

Bottom. "Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity:
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.
Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.
Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*
[*Horns sound within.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, *and train.*

The. Go one of you, find out the forester;[1]
For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.
The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what nymphs are these?
Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.
The. No doubt they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?
Ege. It is, my lord.
The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Horns, and shout within. Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia, *and* Helena, *wake, and start up.*

The. Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?
Lys. Pardon, my lord.
[*He and the rest kneel to* Theseus.
The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know you two are rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half 'sleep, half waking: But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bethink me, so it is;)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.
Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and me of my consent,—
Of my consent that she should be your wife.
Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But, by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loath this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,

Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we will hear more anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and train.*

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So, methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,[a]
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams.

[*Exeunt.*

As they go out, BOTTOM *awakes.*

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer:—my next is, 'Most fair Pyramus.'—Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was:—Man is but an ass if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had.—But man is but a patched fool[b] if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of our play, before the duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.[a] [*Exit*

[a] She has found Demetrius, as a person picks up a jewel—for the moment it is his own, but its value may cause it to be reclaimed. She feels insecure in the possession of her treasure.

[b] *Patched fool*—a fool in a parti-coloured coat.

SCENE II.—Athens. *A Room in* Quince's *House.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred; It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet Bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell

[a] Probably, at the death of Thisbe. Theobald would read "after death,"—that is, after Bottom had been killed in the part of Pyramus.

TITANIA.

Titania. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed.

you is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards,[2] new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred.[a]

[a] *Preferred*—not in the sense of chosen in preference—but offered—as a suit is *preferred*.

In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away. [*Exeunt.*

[Bottom awaking.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

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[1] SCENE I.—*"Go one of you, find out the forester."*

THE Theseus of Chaucer was a mighty hunter :—

> "This mene I now by mighty Theseus
> That for to hunten is so desirous,
> And namely at the grete hart in May,
> That in his bed ther daweth him no day
> That he n'is clad, and redy for to ride
> With hunte and horne, and houndes him beside.
> For in his hunting hath he swiche delite,
> That it is all his joye and appetite
> To ben himself the grete hartes bane,
> For after Mars he serveth now Diane."
> (*The Knightes Tale.*)

[2] SCENE II.—*"Good strings to your beards."*

In the first Act, Bottom has told us that he will "discharge" the part of Pyramus, "in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-coloured beard, your perfect yellow." He is now solicitous that the strings by which the artificial beards were to be fastened should be in good order. The custom of wearing coloured beards was not confined to the stage. In the comedy of 'Ram-alley,' (1611,) we have :—

> "What *colour'd beard* comes next by the window?"
> "A black man's, I think."
> "I think, *a red*; for that is most in fashion."

In the 'Alchymist' we find, "he had *dyed* his beard, and all." Stubbes, the great dissector of "Abuses," gives us nothing about the coloured beards of men; but he is very minute about the solicitude of the ladies to procure false hair, and to dye their hair. We dare say the anxiety was not confined to one sex :—

"If curling and laying out their own natural hair were all, (which is impious, and at no hand lawful, being, as it is, an ensign of pride, and the stern of wantonness to all that behold it,) it were the less matter; but they are not simply content with their own hair, but buy other hair, either of horses, mares, or any other strange beasts, dyeing it of what colour they list themselves. And if there be any poor woman (as now and then, we see, God doth bless them with beauty as well as the rich) that have fair hair, these nice dames will not rest till they have bought it. Or if any children have fair hair, they will entice them into a secret place, and for a penny or two they will cut off their hair; as I heard that one did in the city of Londinum of late, who, meeting a little child with very fair hair, inveigled her into a house, promised her a penny, and so cut off her hair. And this they wear in the same order, as you have heard, as though it were their own natural hair; and upon the other side, if any have hair of her own natural growing, which is not fair enough, then will they dye it in divers colours, almost changing the substance into accidents by their devilish, and more than these cursed, devices."

['Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.']

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Athens. An Apartment in the Palace of* Theseus.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords *and* Attendants.

Hip. 'T is strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.
The. More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—
That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination;
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?
Hip. But all the story of the night told over
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,

More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, *and* Helena.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!
Lys. More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!
The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.
Philost. Here, mighty Theseus.
The. Say, what abridgment[a] have you for this evening?
What mask, what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?
Philost. There is a brief, how many sports are rife;[b]
Make choice of which your highness will see first [*Giving a paper.*
Lys. [*reads.*[c]] 'The battle with the Centaurs,[1] to be sung,
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp.'
The. We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
Lys. 'The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.'
The. That is an old device, and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
Lys. 'The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.'
The. That is some satire, keen, and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
Lys. 'A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth.'
The. Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?
That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow[a]
How shall we find the concord of this discord?
Philost. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long;
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.
The. What are they that do play it?
Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.
The. And we will hear it.
Philost. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world,
(Unless you can find sport in their intents,)[b]
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain
To do you service.
The. I will hear that play;
For never any thing can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies. [*Exeunt* Philostrate.
Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'er-charg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.
The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.
Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.
The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might,[c] not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,

[a] *Abridgment—pastime*—something that may *abridge* "the lazy time."
[b] *Rife*—so the folio. One of the quartos, *ripe*.
[c] In the quartos, *Theseus* reads the "brief," and makes the remarks upon each item;—in the folio, *Lysander* reads the list. The lines are generally printed as in the quartos; but the division of so long a passage is clearly better, and is perfectly natural and proper.

[a] *Wondrous strange snow.* This has sorely puzzled the commentators. They want an antithesis for *snow*, as *hot* is for *ice*. Upton, therefore, reads, "*black* snow;" Hanmer, "*scorching* snow;" and Mason, "*strong* snow." Surely, snow is a *common* thing; and, therefore, "wonderous strange" is sufficiently antithetical—hot ice, and snow as strange.
[b] This line is parenthetical, and we print it so. Johnson says he does not know what it is to *stretch* and *con* an *intent*. It is the *play* which Philostrate has heard over, so *stretch'd* and *conn'd*.
[c] *Might.* This is not used to express *power*, but *will—what one mayeth*—the will for the deed. See Tooke's 'Diversions of Purley,' Part II., c. v.)

Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome: Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philost. So please your grace, the prologue is addrest.[a]

The. Let him approach.

[*Flourish of trumpets.*

Enter Prologue.

Prol. 'If we offend, it is with our good will.
'That you should think we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
'That is the true beginning of our end.
'Consider then, we come but in despite.
'We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
'We are not here. That you should here repent you,
'The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know.'

The. This fel'ow doth not stand upon points.[b]

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS *and* THISBE, Wall, Moonshine, *and* Lion, *as in dumb show.*

Prol. 'Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
'But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
'This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.
'This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
'Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers sunder:
'And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
'To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.
'This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
'Presenteth moonshine: for, if you will know,
'By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
'To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
'This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,
'The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
'Did scare away, or rather did affright:
'And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall;[a]
'Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:
'Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
'And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
'Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
'He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
'And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,
'His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
'Let lion, moon-shine, wall, and lovers twain,
'At large discourse, while here they do remain.'

[*Exeunt* Prol. THISBE, Lion, *and* Moonshine

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may when many asses do.

Wall. 'In this same interlude, it doth befall,
'That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:
'And such a wall as I would have you think,
'That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
'Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
'Did whisper often very secretly.
'This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show
'That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
'And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
'Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. 'O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
'O night, which ever art when day is not!
'O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
'I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!
'And thou, O wall, thou sweet and lovely wall,
'That stands between her father's ground and mine;
'Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
'Shew me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.
[Wall *holds up his fingers.*
'Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!
'But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
'O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;
'Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!'

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Bot. No, in truth, sir, he should not. 'Deceiving me,' is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you:—Yonder she comes.

[a] *Address*—ready.

[b] The Prologue is very carefully *mis*-pointed in the original editions—"a tangled chain: nothing impaired, but all disordered." Had the fellow stood "upon points" it would have read thus:—

"If we offend, it is with our good will
That you should think we come not to offend;
But with good will to show our simple skill.
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then. We come: but in despite
We do not come. As, minding to content you,
Our true intent is all for your delight.
We are not here that you should here repent you.
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know."

We fear that we have taken longer to puzzle out this enigma, than the poet did to produce it.

[a] *all*—used actively.

Enter THISBE.

This. 'O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
'For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;
'Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.'
Pyr. 'I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
'To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!'
This. 'My love! thou art my love, I think.'
Pyr. 'Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And like Limander am I trusty still.'
This. 'And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.'
Pyr. 'Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.'
This. 'As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.'
Pyr. 'O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.'
This. 'I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.'
Pyr. 'Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?'
This. ''Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.'
Wall. 'Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus wall away doth go.'
[*Exeunt* Wall, PYRAMUS, *and* THISBE.

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter Lion *and* Moonshine.

Lion. 'You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
'The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
'May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
'When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
'Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
'A lion's fell, nor else no lion's dam:
'For if I should as lion come in strife
'Into this place, 't were pity of my life.'

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

Moon. 'This lantern doth the horned moon present.'

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. 'This lantern doth the horned moon present;
'Myself the man i' th' moon do seem to be.'[2]

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern: How is it else the man i' the moon.

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am weary of this moon: Would he would change.

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. 'All that I have to say is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush my thorn-bush; and this dog my dog.'

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for they are in the moon. But, silence; here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. 'This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?'
Lion. 'Oh—.'
[*The* Lion *roars.*—THISBE *runs off.*

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

The. Well moused, lion.

[*The* Lion *tears* THISBE'*s mantle, and exit.*

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.[a]

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. 'Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams
'I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright;
'For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,[b]
'I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.
'But stay;—O spite!
'But mark;—Poor knight,
'What dreadful dole is here?
'Eyes, do you see?
'How can it be?
'O dainty duck! O dear!
'Thy mantle good,
'What, stain'd with blood?
'Approach, ye furies fell!
'O fates! come, come;
'Cut thread and thrum;
'Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

[a] This passage, according to an emendation of the old copies by Dr. Farmer, is always printed—

"And *so comes* Pyramus,
And *then the moon vanishes.*"

Farmer makes the correction, because, in this mock-play, the moon vanishes after Pyramus dies. But Demetrius and Lysander do not profess to have any knowledge of the play; it is Philostrate who has "heard it over." They are thinking of the classical story; and, like Hamlet, they are each "a good chorus."

[b] *Gleams.* The word in the original copies is *beams*, which is clearly an error. The editor of the second folio altered it to *streams*. I suggested *gleams*, as the ridicule of excessive alliteration would then have been carried further.

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. 'O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?
'Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:
'Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.
'Come, tears, confound;
'Out, sword, and wound
'The pap of Pyramus:
'Ay, that left pap
'Where heart doth hop:—
'Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
'Now am I dead,
'Now am I fled;
'My soul is in the sky:
'Tongue, lose thy light!
'Moon, take thy flight!
'Now die, die, die, die, die.'
[*Dies.—Exit* Moonshine.

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by starlight.—Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet.*

This. 'Asleep, my love?
'What, dead, my dove?
'O Pyramus, arise,
'Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
'Dead, dead? A tomb
'Must cover thy sweet eyes.
'These lily lips,[a]
'This cherry nose,
'These yellow cowslip cheeks,
'Are gone, are gone:
'Lovers, make moan!
'His eyes were green as leeks.
'O sisters three
'Come, come to me,
'With hands as pale as milk,
'Lay them in gore,
'Since you have shore
'With shears his thread of silk.
'Tongue, not a word:
'Come, trusty sword;
'Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
'And farewell, friends;
'Thus Thisbe ends:
'Adieu, adieu, adieu.' [*Dies.*

[a] *Lips*—in the original copies, which Theobald changed to *brows*.

The. Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall to.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask[a] dance, between two of our company.

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

[*Here a dance of* Clowns.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:—
Lovers to bed; 't is almost fairy time.
I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have over-watch'd.
This palpable-gross play[3] hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,[a]
And the wolf behowls[b] the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's[c] team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

[a] An Italian dance, after the manner of the peasants of Bergomasco.

[b] *Behowls.* This is *beholds* in the original text, but clearly an error. In As You Like It, we have—"'T is like the *howling* of Irish wolves against the *moon.* The image is familiar to poetry, from Shakspere to Pope—

"Silence, ye wolves, while Ralph to Cynthia howls."

[c] Marlowe, Middleton, and Golding, also use *Hecate* as dissyllable. In Spenser and Jonson we find Hĕcātē.

Enter Oberon *and* Titania, *with their train.*

Obe. Though[a] the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.[5]

Tita. First, rehearse this song by rote
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG, AND DANCE.

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,[6]
Which by us shall blessed be:
And the issue there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace;
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.[a]
Trip away;
Make no stay:
Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt* Oberon, Titania, *and train.*

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, (and all is mended,)
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends, ere long:
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

[*Exit.*

[a] *Though*.—Mr. White's suggestion instead of *through*.

[a] It has been suggested that these two lines should be transposed.

'I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.'

[Theseus and the Centaur.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

[1] SCENE I.—"*The battle with the Centaurs.*"

THESEUS has told his love the story of the battle with the Centaurs—

"In glory of my kinsman Hercules."

Shakspere has given to Theseus the attributes of a real hero, amongst which modesty is included. He has attributed the glory to his "kinsman Hercules." The poets and sculptors of antiquity have made Theseus himself the great object of their glorification. The Elgin Marbles and Shakspere have made the glories of Theseus familiar to the modern world.

[2] SCENE I.—"*Myself the man i' th' moon do seem to be.*"

The "man in the moon" was a considerable personage in Shakspere's day. He not only walked in the moon, ("his lantern,") with his "thorn-bush" and his "dog," but he did sundry other odd things, such as the man in the moon has ceased to do in these our unimaginative days. There is an old black-letter ballad of the time of James II., preserved in the British Museum, entitled 'The Man in the Moon drinks Claret,' adorned with a woodcut of this remarkable tippler.

[3] SCENE I.—"*This palpable-gross play.*"

There is a general opinion, and probably a correct one, that the state of the early stage is shadowed in the 'Pyramus and Thisbe.' We believe that the resemblance is intended to be general, rather than pointed at any particular example of the rudeness of the ancient drama. The description by Quince of his play—'The most lamentable Comedy,' is considered by Steevens to be a burlesque of the title-page of Cambyses, 'A lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleasant mirth.' Capell thinks that "in the Clowns' Interlude you have some particular burlesques of passages in 'Sir Clyomen and Sir Chlamydes,' and in 'Damon and Pithias.'"—

"O sisters three
Come, come to me,"

certainly resembles the following in 'Damon and Pithias:'—

'Gripe me, ycu greedy griefs,
And present pangs of death,
You sisters three, with cruel hands,
With speed now stop my breath."

We incline to think that the Interlude is intended as a burlesque on 'The Art of Sinking,' whether in dramatic or other poetry. In Clement Robinson's 'Handefull of Pleasant Delites,' (1584,) we have a 'Tale of Pyramus and Thisbe' which well deserves the honour of a travestie:—

"A NEW SONET OF PYRAMUS AND THISBIE.

"You dames (I say) that climbe the mount
Of Helicon,
Come on with me, and give account
What hath been don:
Come tell the chaunce, ye Muses all,
And doleful newes,
Which on these lovers did befall,
Which I accuse.

In Babilon, not long agone,
A noble Prince did dwell,
Whose daughter bright, dimd ech ones sight,
So farre she did excel.

"Another lord of high renowne,
Who had a sonne;
And dwelling there within the towne,
Great love begunne:
Pyramus, this noble knight,
(I tel you true,)
Who with the love of Thisbie bright,
Did cares renue.
It came to passe, their secrets was
Be knowne unto them both:
And then in minde, they place do finde,
Where they their love unclothe

"This love they use long tract of time;
Till it befell,
At last they promised to meet at prime,
By Ninus Well;
Where they might lovingly imbrace,
In loves delight:
That he might see his Thisbies face,
And she his sight.
In joyful case, she approcht the place
Where she her Pyramus
Had thought to viewd; but was renewd
To them most dolorous.

"Thus, while she staies for Pyramus,
There did proceed
Out of the wood a lion fierce,
Made Thisbie dreed:
And, as in haste she fled awaie,
Her mantle fine
The lion tare, in stead of praie;
Till that the time
That Pyramus proceeded thus,
And see how lion tare
The mantle this, of Thisbie his,
He desperately doth fare.

"For why? he thought the lion had
Faire Thisbie slaine:
And then the beast, with his bright blade,
He slew certaine.
Then made he mone, and said 'Alas!
O wretched wight!
Now art thou in woful case
For Thisbie bright:
Oh! gods above, my faithful love
Shal never faile this need;
For this my breath, by fatall death,
Shal weave Atropos threed.'

"Then from his sheath he drew his blade,
And to his hart
He thrust the point, and life did wade,
With painfull smart:
Then Thisbie she from cabin came,
With pleasure great:
And to the Well apase she ran,
There for to treat,
And to discusse to Pyramus,
Of all her former feares;
And when slaine she found him, truly
She shed forth bitter teares.

'When sorrow great that she had made,
She took in hand
The bloudie knife, to end her life
By fatall hand.
You ladies all, peruse and see
The faithfulnesse,
How these two lovers did agree
To die in distresse.
You muses waile, and do not faile
But still do you lament
These lovers twaine, who with such paine
Did die so well content."

[4] SCENE II.—"*Now the hungry lion roars,*" &c.

"Very Anacreon," says Coleridge, "in perfectness, proportion, grace, and spontaneity. So far it is Greek; but then add, O! what wealth, what wild ranging, and yet what compression and condensation of English fancy. In truth, there is nothing in Anacreon more perfect than these thirty lines, or half so rich and imaginative. They form a speckless diamond."—(Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 114).

[5] SCENE II.—"*Sing, and dance it trippingly.*"

The *trip* was the fairy pace: in the Tempest we have—

"Each one *tripping* on his toe,
Will be here with mop and moe."

In the Venus and Adonis—

"Or, like a fairy *trip* upon the green."

In the Merry Wives of Windsor—

"About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme,
And as you *trip* still pinch him to your time.

[6] SCENE II.—"*To the best bride-bed will we,*" &c.

"The ceremony of blessing the bed," says Douce, "was used at all marriages." Those who desire to consult the original form of blessing, illustrated by a copy of a hideous ancient woodcut, may find very full details in Douce, vol. ii. p. 199

[Love in Idleness.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE

"THIS is the silliest stuff that ever I heard," says Hippolyta, when Wall has "discharged" his part. The answer of Theseus is full of instruction:—"The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse if imagination amend them." It was in this humble spirit that the great poet judged of his own matchless performances. He felt the utter inadequacy of his art, and indeed of any art, to produce its due effect upon the mind unless the imagination, to which it addressed itself, was ready to convert the shadows which it presented into living forms of truth and beauty. "I am convinced," says Coleridge, "that Shakspeare availed himself of the title of this play in his own mind, and worked upon it as a dream throughout." The poet says so, in express words:—

> "If we shadows have offended,
> Think but this, (and all is mended,)
> That you have but slumber'd here,
> While these visions did appear.
> And this weak and idle theme,
> No more yielding but a dream,
> Gentles, do not reprehend."

But to understand this dream—to have all its gay, and soft, and harmonious colours impressed upon the vision—to hear all the golden cadences of its poesy—to feel the perfect congruity of all its parts, and thus to receive it as a truth—we must not suppose that it will enter the mind amidst the lethargic slumbers of the imagination. We must receive it—

> "As youthful poets dream
> On summer eves by haunted stream."

Let no one expect that the beautiful influences of this drama can be truly felt when he is under the subjection of the literal and prosaic parts of our nature; or, if he habitually refuses to believe that there are higher and purer regions of thought than are supplied by the physical realities of the world. In these cases he will have a false standard by which to judge of this, and of all other high poetry—such a standard as that possessed by a critic—acute, learned, in many respects wise—Dr. Johnson.

who lived in a prosaic age, and fostered in this particular the real ignorance by which he was surrounded. He sums up the merits of A Midsummer-Night's Dream, after this extraordinary fashion :—"Wild and fantastical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure which the author designed. Fairies, in his time, were much in fashion: common tradition had made them familiar, and Spenser's poem had made them great." It is perfectly useless to attempt to dissect such criticism: let it be a beacon to warn us, and not a "load-star" to guide us.

Mr. Hallam accounts A Midsummer-Night's Dream poetical, more than dramatic; "yet rather so, because the indescribable profusion of imaginative poetry in this play overpowers our senses, till we can hardly observe anything else, than from any deficiency of dramatic excellence. For, in reality, the structure of the fable, consisting as it does of three if not four actions, very distinct in their subjects and personages, yet wrought into each other without effort or confusion, displays the skill, or rather instinctive felicity, of Shakspeare, as much as in any play he has written." Yet, certainly, with all its harmony of dramatic arrangement, this play is not for the stage—at least not for the modern stage. It may reasonably be doubted whether it was ever eminently successful in performance. The tone of the epilogue is decidedly apologetic, and "the best of this kind are but shadows," is in the same spirit. Hazlitt has admirably described its failure as an acting drama in his own day :—

"The Midsummer-Night's Dream, when acted, is converted from a delightful fiction into a dull pantomime. All that is finest in the play is lost in the representation. The spectacle was grand; but the spirit was evaporated, the genius was fled. Poetry and the stage do not agree well together. The attempt to reconcile them in this instance fails not only of effect, but of decorum. The *ideal* can have no place upon the stage, which is a picture without perspective: everything there is in the foreground. That which was merely an airy shape, a dream, a passing thought, immediately becomes an unmanageable reality. Where all is left to the imagination (as is the case in reading), every circumstance, near or remote, has an equal chance of being kept in mind, and tells accordingly to the mixed impression of all that has been suggested. But the imagination cannot sufficiently qualify the actual impressions of the senses. Any offence given to the eye is not to be got rid of by explanation. Thus Bottom's head in the play is a fantastic illusion, produced by magic spells: on the stage it is an ass's head, and nothing more; certainly a very strange costume for a gentleman to appear in. Fancy cannot be embodied any more than a simile can be painted; and it is as idle to attempt it as to personate *Wall* or *Moonshine*."

And yet, just and philosophical as are these remarks, they offer no objection to the opinion of Mr. Hallam, that in this play there is no deficiency of dramatic excellence. We can conceive that, with scarcely what can be called a model before him, Shakspere's early dramatic attempts must have been a series of experiments to establish a standard by which he should regulate what he addressed to a mixed audience. The plays of his middle and mature life, with scarcely an exception, are acting plays; and they are so, not from the absence of the higher poetry, but from the predominance of character and passion in association with it. But even in those plays which call for a considerable exercise of the unassisted imaginative faculty in an audience, such as the Tempest, and A Midsummer-Night's Dream, where the passions are not powerfully roused, and the senses are not held enchained by the interests of a plot, he is still essentially dramatic. What has been called of late years the dramatic poem—that something between the epic and the dramatic, which is held to form an apology for whatever of episodical or incongruous the author may choose to introduce—was unattempted by him. The 'Faithful Shepherdess' of Fletcher—a poet who knew how to accommodate himself to the taste of a mixed audience more readily than Shakspere—was condemned on the first night of its appearance. Seward, one of his editors, calls this the scandal of our nation. And yet it is extremely difficult to understand how the event should have been otherwise; for the 'Faithful Shepherdess' is essentially undramatic. Its exquisite poetry was therefore thrown away upon an impatient audience—its occasional indelicacy could not propitiate them. Milton's 'Comus' is in the same way essentially undramatic; and none but such a refined audience as that at Ludlow Castle could have endured its representation. But the Midsummer-Night's Dream is composed altogether upon a different principle. It exhibits all that congruity of parts—that natural progression of scenes—that subordination of action and character to one leading design—that ultimate harmony evolved out of seeming confusion—which constitute the dramatic spirit. With "audience fit, though few,"—with a stage not encumbered with

decorations,—with actors approaching (if it were so possible) to the idea of grace and archness which belong to the fairy troop—the subtle and evanescent beauties of this drama might not be wholly lost in the representation. But under the most favourable circumstances much would be sacrificed. It is in the closet that we must not only suffer our senses to be overpowered by its "indescribable profusion of imaginative poetry," but trace the instinctive felicity of Shakspere in the "structure of the fable." If the Midsummer-Night's Dream *could* be acted, there can be no doubt how well it would act. Our imagination must amend what is wanting.

Schlegel has happily remarked upon this drama, that "the most extraordinary combination of the most dissimilar ingredients seems to have arisen without effort by some ingenious and lucky accident; and the colours are of such clear transparency, that we think the whole of the variegated fabric may be blown away with a breath." It is not till after we have attentively studied this wonderful production that we understand how solidly the foundations of the fabric are laid. Theseus and Hippolyta move with a stately pace as their nuptial hour draws on. Hermia takes time to pause, before she submits—

> "To death, or to a vow of single life,"—

secretly resolving "through Athens' gates to steal." Helena, in the selfishness of her own love, resolves to betray her friend. Bottom the weaver, and Quince the carpenter, and Snug the joiner, and Flute the bellows-mender, and Snout the tinker, and Starveling the tailor, are "thought fit through all Athens to play in the interlude before the Duke and Duchess on his wedding-day, at night." Here are, indeed, "dissimilar ingredients." They appear to have no aptitude for combination. The artists are not yet upon the scene, who are to make a mosaic out of these singular materials. We are only presented in the first act with the extremes of high and low—with the slayer of the Centaurs, and the weaver, who "will roar you an 't were any nightingale,"—with the lofty Amazon, who appears elevated above woman's hopes and fears, and the pretty and satirical Hermia, who swears—

> "By all the vows that ever men have broke,
> In number more than ever woman spoke."

"The course of true love" does not at all "run smooth" in these opening scenes. We have the love that is crossed, and the love that is unrequited; and worse than all, the unhappiness of Helena makes her treacherous to her friend. We have little doubt that all this will be set straight in the progress of the drama; but what Quince and his company will have to do with the untying of this knot is a mystery.

To offer an analysis of this subtle and ethereal drama would, we believe, be as unsatisfactory as the attempts to associate it with the realities of the stage. With scarcely an exception, the proper understanding of the other plays of Shakspere may be assisted by connecting the apparently separate parts of the action, and by developing and reconciling what seems obscure and anomalous in the features of the characters. But to follow out the caprices and allusions of the loves of Demetrius and Lysander,—of Helena and Hermia;—to reduce to prosaic description the consequence of the jealousies of Oberon and Titania;—to trace the Fairy Queen under the most fantastic of deceptions, where grace and vulgarity blend together like the Cupids and Chimeras of Raphael's Arabesques; and, finally, to go along with the scene till the illusions disappear—till the lovers are happy, and "sweet bully Bottom" is reduced to an ass of human dimensions;—such an attempt as this would be worse even than unreverential criticism. No,—the Midsummer-Night's Dream must be left to its own influences.

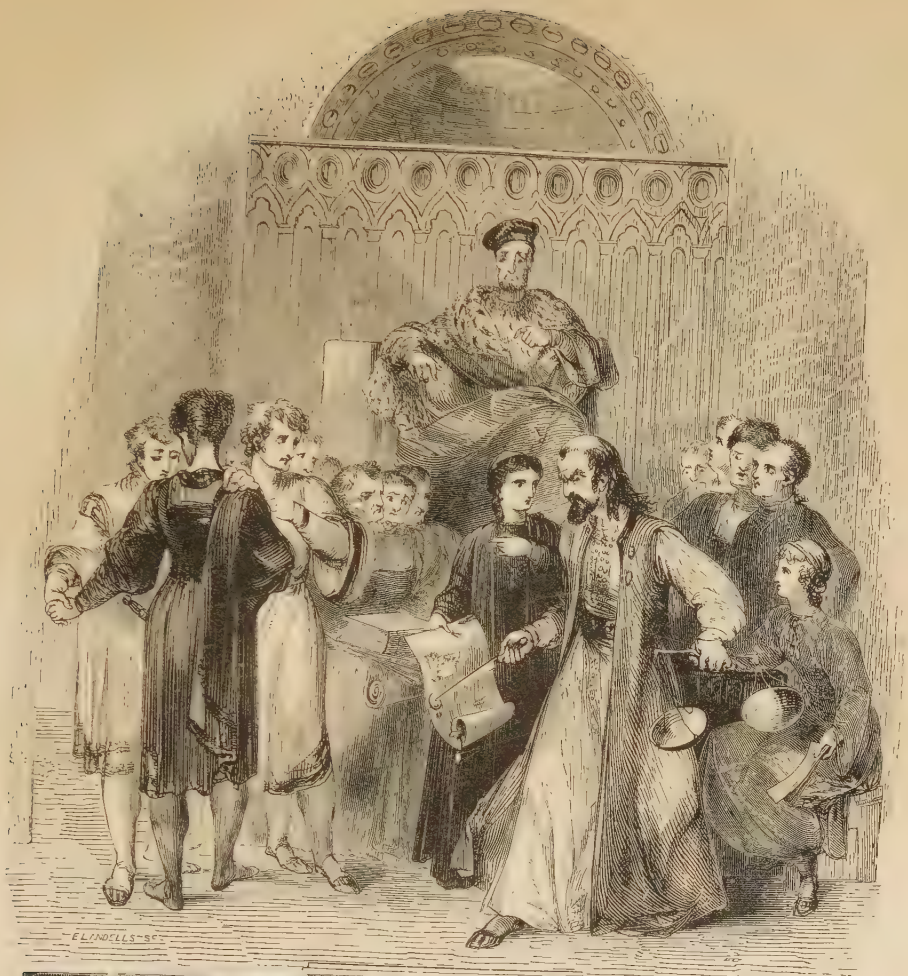
"It is probable," says Steevens, "that the hint of this play was received from Chaucer's 'Knight's Tale.'" We agree with this opinion, and have noticed some similarities in our Illustrations. Malone has, with great hardihood, asserted that the part of the fable which relates to the quarrels of Oberon and Titania was "not of our author's invention." He has nothing to show in support of this, but the opinion of Tyrwhitt, that Pluto and Proserpina, in Chaucer's 'Merchant's Tale,' were the true progenitors of Oberon and Titania; that Robert Greene boasts of having performed the King of the Fairies, and that Greene has introduced Oberon in his play of 'James IV.' (See Illustrations of Act II.) Malone's assertion, and the mode altogether in which he speaks of this drama, furnish a decisive proof of his incompetence to judge of the higher poetry of Shakspere. Because the names of Oberon and Titania existed before Shakspere, he did not invent his Oberon

and Titania! The opinion of Mr. Hallam may correct some of the errors which the commentators have laboured to propagate. "The Midsummer-Night's Dream is, I believe, altogether original in one of the most beautiful conceptions that ever visited the mind of a poet, the fairy machinery. A few before him had dealt in a vulgar and clumsy manner with popular superstitions; but the sportive, beneficent, invisible population of the air and earth, long since established in the creed of childhood, and of those simple as children, had never for a moment been blended with 'human mortals' among the personages of the drama. Lyly's 'Maid's Metamorphosis' is probably later than this play of Shakspeare, and was not published till 1600. It is unnecessary to observe that the fairies of Spenser, as he has dealt with them, are wholly of a different race."* Of these imaginary beings Gervinus says,—

"Separated from their external actions and their reference to human kind, it is marvellous how Shakspere has made their inner character correspond with their outward occupations. He has represented them as beings without any delicate feelings and without morals—as in a dream we receive no shock to our sympathies and are without any moral rules or apprehensions. They carelessly, and without conscience, mislead human creatures to faithlessness; the effects of the changes which they cause make no impressions upon their minds; they take no part in the inward torment of the lovers, but only sport and wonder at their apparent errors, and the folly of their behaviour. . . . These little deities are depicted as natural souls without the higher capabilities of the human spirit; lords, not of the realms of reason and morals, but of material ideas and the charms of imagination; and therefore equally the creatures of the fancy which works in dreams and the illusions of love. Their notions thus go not beyond the corporeal. They lead a luxurious and cheerful natural and sensual life; they possess a knowledge of the secrets of nature, the powers of flowers and plants. To sleep in blossoms, lulled by song and dance, guarded from the moonbeams, fanned by the wings of butterflies, is their delight; attire of flowers with pearls of dew their pride; if Titania desires to tempt her new love she proffers him honey, apricots, grapes, and a dance. This simple and sensual life is mingled, by the power of fancy, with a delight in, and a desire for, whatever is choicest, beautiful, and agreeable. With butterflies and nightingales they sympathize; they make war on all ugly animals, hedgehogs, spiders, and bats; dance, sport, and song are their highest enjoyments; they steal beautiful children and substitute changelings; deformed old age, toothless gossips, 'wisest aunts,' the clumsy associates in the play of Pyramus and Thisbe, they annoy; while they love and reward cleanliness and kindness. This accords with the popular belief. . . . Their sense of the beautiful is perhaps the only superiority they have, not only over the mere animal, but over the low human creatures utterly destitute of any appreciation of the fanciful or beautiful. Thus to the notions of the fairies, whose sense of the fitting and agreeable have been so finely developed, it must have been doubly comic that the elegant Titania should have become enamoured of an ass's head."

* Literature of Europe, vol. ii. p. 388.

[Group of Fairies.]


E. LINDELLS-SC.

THE
MERCHANT
OF
VENICE

[Venice. From the Lagunes.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of The Merchant of Venice.

The Merchant of Venice, like A Midsummer-Night's Dream, was first printed in 1600; and it had a further similarity to that play from the circumstance of two editions appearing in the same year—the one bearing the name of a publisher, Thomas Heyes, the other that of a printer, J. Roberts. The edition of Heyes is printed by J. Roberts; and it is probable that he, the printer, obtained the first copy. On the 22nd of July, 1598, the following entry was made in the books of the Stationers' Company:—"James Robertes. A booke of the Marchaunt of Venyce, or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyce. Provided that yt bee not prynted by the said James Robertes or anye other whatsoever, without lycence first had of the right honourable the Lord Chamberlen." The title of Roberts' edition is very circumstantial:—"The excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylocke the Jew towards the said Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of Portia by the choyce of three Caskets. Written by W. Shakespeare." On the 28th of October, 1600, Thomas Haies enters at Stationers' Hall, "The book of the Merchant of Venyce." The edition of Heyes is by no means identical with that of Roberts; but the differences are not many. In the title-page of that edition we have added:—"As it hath beene divers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants." The play was not reprinted till it appeared in the folio of 1623. In that edition there are a few variations from the quartos, which we have indicated in our notes. All these editions present the internal evidence of having been printed from correct copies.

The Merchant of Venice is one of the plays of Shakspere mentioned by Francis Meres in 1598, and it is the last mentioned in his list. From the original entry at Stationers' Hall, in 1598, providing that it be not printed without licence first had of the Lord Chamberlain, it may be assumed that it had not then been acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants. We know, however, so little about the formalities of licence that we cannot regard this point as certain. Malone considers that a play called the 'Venesyan Comedy,' which it appears from Henslowe's Manuscripts was acted in 1594, was The

Merchant of Venice; and he has therefore assigned it to 1594. He supports this by one military conjecture. In Act III. Portia exclaims :—

> "He may win;
> And what is music then? then music is
> Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
> To a new-crowned monarch."

Malone considers that this alludes to the coronation of Henry IV. of France, in 1594. Chalmers would fix it in 1597, because, when Antonio says,—

> "Nor is my whole estate
> Upon the fortune of this present year,"—

he alludes to 1597, which was a year of calamity to merchants. Surely this is laborious trifling. We know absolutely nothing of the date of The Merchant of Venice beyond what is furnished by the entry at Stationers' Hall, and the notice by Meres.

Supposed Source of the Plot.

Stephen Gosson, who, in 1579, was moved to publish a tract, called 'The School of Abuse, containing a pleasant invective against poets, pipers, players, jesters, and such like caterpillars of the commonwealth,' thus describes a play of his time :—"The Jew, shewn at the Bull, representing the greedyness of worldly choosers, and the bloody minds of usurers." Mr. Skottowe somewhat leaps to a conclusion that this play contains the same plot as The Merchant of Venice :—"The loss of this performance is justly a subject of regret, for, as it combined within its plot the two incidents of the bond and the caskets, it would, in all probability, have thrown much additional light on Shakspeare's progress in the composition of his highly-finished comedy."* As all we know of this play is told us by Gosson, it is rather bold to assume that it combined the two incidents of the bond and the caskets. The combination of these incidents is perhaps one of the most remarkable examples of Shakspere's dramatic skill. "In the management of the plot," says Mr. Hallam, "which is sufficiently complex without the slightest confusion or incoherence, I do not conceive that it has been surpassed in the annals of any theatre." The rude dramatists of 1579 were not remarkable for the combination of incidents. It was probably reserved for the skill of Shakspere to bring the caskets and the bond in juxtaposition. He found the incidents far apart, but it was for him to fuse them together. We cannot absolutely deny Mr. Douce's conjecture that the play mentioned by Gosson *might* have furnished our poet with the whole of the plot; but it is certainly an abuse of language to say that it *did* furnish him, because the Jew shown at the Bull deals with "worldly choosers," and the "bloody minds of usurers." We admit that the coincidence is curious.

Whatever might have been the plot of the 'Jew' mentioned by Gosson, the story of the bond was ready to Shakspere's hand, in a ballad to which Warton first drew attention. He considers that the ballad was written before The Merchant of Venice, for reasons which we shall subsequently point out. In the mean time we reprint this curious production from the copy in Percy's 'Reliques :'—

A NEW SONG.

Shewing the Crueltie of Gernutus, a Jewe, who, lending to a Merchant an Hundred Crowns, would have a Pound of his Fleshe, because he could not pay him at the time appointed.

To the Tune of 'Blacke and Yellow.'

THE FIRST PART.

In Venice towne not long agoe
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usurie,
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew,
Which never thought to dye;
Nor ever yet did any good
To them in streets that lie.

His life was like a barrow hogge,
That liveth many a day,
Yet never once doth any good,
Until men will him slay.

Or like a filthy heap of dung,
That lyeth in a whoard;
Which never can do any good,
Till it be spread abroad.

* Life of Shakspeare, vol. i. p. 330.

So fares it with the usurer.
He cannot sleep in rest,
For feare the thiefe will him pursue
To plucke him from his nest.

His heart doth thinke on many a wile,
How to deceive the poore:
His mouth is almost ful of mucke,
Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend a shilling,
For every weeke a penny,
Yet bring a pledge, that is double worth,
If that you will have any.

And see, likewise, you keepe your day
Or else you loose it all:
This was the living of the wife,
Her cow she did it call.

Within that citie dwelt that time
A marchant of great fame,
Which, being distressed in his need,
Unto Gernutus came:

Desiring him to stand his friend
For twelve month and a day,
To lend to him an hundred crownes:
And he for it would pay

Whatsoever he would demand of him,
And pledges he should have.
No, (quoth the Jew, with flearing lookes,)
Sir, aske what you will have.

No penny for the loane of it
For one year you shall pay;
You may doe me as good a turne,
Before my dying day.

But we will have a merry jeast,
For to be talked long:
You shall make me a bond, quoth he,
That shall be large and strong:

And this shall be the forfeyture;
Of your own fleshe a pound.
If you agree, make you the bond,
And here is a hundred crownes.

With right good will! the marchant says;
And so the bond was made.
When twelve month and a day drew on
That backe it should be payd,

The marchant's ships were all at sea,
And money came not in;
Which way to take, or what to doe,
To think he doth begin;

And to Gernutus strait he comes
With cap and bended knee,
And sayde to him, Of curtesie
I pray you beare with mee.

My day is come, and I have not
The money for to pay:
And little good the forfeyture
Will doe you, I dare say.

With all my heart, Gernutus sayd,
Commaund it to your minde:
In things of bigger waight then this
You shall me ready finde.

He goes his way; the day once past,
Gernutus doth not slacke
To get a sergiant presently;
And clapt him on the backe:

And layd him into prison strong,
And sued his bond withall;
And when the judgement day was come,
For judgement he did call.

The marchant's friends came thither fast,
With many a weeping eye,
For other means they could not find,
But he that day must dye.

THE SECOND PART.

Of the Jew's Crueltie; setting forth the Mercifulnesse of the Judge towards the Marchant.

To the Tune of 'Blacke and Yellow.'

Some offered for his hundred crownes
Five hundred for to pay;
And some a thousand, two, or three,
Yet still he did denay.

And at the last ten thousand crownes
They offered. him to save.
Gernutus sayd, I will no gold:
My forfeite I will have.

A pound of fleshe is my demand,
And that shall be my hire.
Then sayd the Judge, Yet, good, my friend,
Let me of you desire

To take the fleshe from such a place,
As yet you let him live:
Do so, and lo! an hundred crownes
To thee here will I give.

No: no: quoth he; no: judgement here
For this it shall be tride,
For I will have my pound of fleshe
From under his right side.

It grieved all the companie
His crueltie to see,
For neither friend nor foe could helpe,
But he must spoyled bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is
With whetted blade in hand,
To spoyle the bloud of innocent,
By forfeite of his bond.

And as he was about to strike
In him the deadly blow,
Stay (quoth the judge) thy crueltie;
I charge thee to do so.

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeite have,
Which is of fleshe a pound,
See that thou shed no drop of bloud,
Nor yet the man confound.

For if thou doe, like murderer,
Thou here shalt hanged be:
Likewise of flesh see that thou cut
No more than 'longes to thee:

For if thou take either more or lesse
To the value of a mite,
Thou shalt be hanged presently,
As is both law and right.

Gernutus now waxt frantic mad,
And wotes not what to say;
Quoth he at last, Ten thousand crownes
I will that he shall pay;

And so I graunt to let him free.
The judge doth answere make:
You shall not have a penny given;
Your forfeyture now take.

At the last he doth demaund
But for to have his owne.
No, quoth the judge, doe as you list,
Thy judgement shall be showne.

Either take your pound of flesh, quoth he,
Or cancell me your bond.

O cruell judge, then quoth the Jew,
That doth against me stand!

And so with griping grieved mind
He biddeth them fare-well.
Then all the people prays'd the Lord,
That ever this heard tell.

Good people, that doe heare this song,
For trueth I dare well say,
That many a wretch as ill as hee
Doth live now at this day;

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle
Of many a wealthey man,
And for to trap the innocent
Deviseth what they can.

From whome the Lord deliver me,
And every Christian too,
And send to them like sentence eke
That meaneth so to do.

Warton's opinion of the priority of this ballad to The Merchant of Venice is thus expressed:—"It may be objected, that this ballad might have been written after, and copied from Shakespeare's play. But if that had been the case, it is most likely that the author would have preserved Shakespeare's name of Shylock for the Jew; and nothing is more likely than that Shakespeare, in copying from this ballad, should alter the name from Gernutus to one more Jewish . . . Our ballad has the air of a narrative written before Shakespeare's play; I mean, that if it had been written after the play, it would have been much more full and circumstantial. At present, it has too much the nakedness of an original."* The reasoning of Warton is scarcely borne out by a new fact, for which we are indebted to the indefatigable researches of Mr. Collier. Thomas Jordan, in 1664, printed a ballad or romance, called, 'The Forfeiture;' and Mr. Collier says:—"So much does Shakespeare's production seem to have been forgotten in 1664, that Thomas Jordan made a ballad of it, and printed it as an original story (at least without any acknowledgment), in his *Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie,* in that year. In the same scarce little volume he also uses the plot of the serious part of Much Ado About Nothing, and of The Winter's Tale, both of which had been similarly laid by for a series of years, partly, perhaps, on account of the silencing of the theatres from and after 1642. The circumstance has hitherto escaped observation; and Jordan felt authorized to take such liberties with the story of The Merchant of Venice, that he has represented the Jew's daughter, instead of Portia, as assuming the office of assessor to the Duke of Venice in the trial-scene, for the sake of saving the life of the Merchant, with whom she was in love."† Now, it is remarkable that this ballad by Jordan, which was unquestionably written *after* the play, is much *less* full and circumstantial than the old ballad of 'Gernutus;' so that Warton's argument, as a general principle, will not hold. It appears to us that 'Gernutus' is, in reality, *very* full and circumstantial; and that some of the circumstances are identical with those of the play. Compare, for example,—

"Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and in *a merry sport,*" &c.

with,—

"But we will have *a merry jeast,*
For to be talked long;
You shall make me a bond, quoth he
That shall be large and strong."

And, again, compare

"Why dost thou *whet* thy knife so earnestly?"

with

"The bloudie Jew now ready is
With *whetted* blade in hand."

It will be observed, however, that the ballad of 'Gernutus' wants that remarkable feature of the play, the intervention of Portia to save the life of the Merchant; and this, to our minds, is the

* 'Observations on The Fairy Queen,' 1807, vol. i. p. 182.
† 'New Particulars regarding the Works of Shakspeare,' p. 36.

strongest confirmation that the ballad *preceded* the comedy. Shakspere found that incident in the source from which the ballad-writer professed to derive his history :—

> "In Venice towne not long agoe,
> A cruel Jew did dwell,
> Which lived all on usurie,
> As *Italian writers* tell."

It was from an Italian writer, Ser Giovanni, the author of a collection of tales, called, *Il Pecorone*, written in the fourteenth century, and first published at Milan in 1558, that Shakspere unquestionably derived some of the incidents of his story, although he might be familiar with another version of the same tale. An abstract of this chapter of the *Pecorone* may be found in Mr. Dunlop's 'History of Fiction;' and a much fuller epitome of a scarce translation of the tale, printed in 1755, was first given in Johnson's edition of Shakspere, and is reprinted in all the variorum editions. In this story we have a rich lady *at Belmont*, who is to be won upon certain conditions; and she is finally the prize of a young merchant, whose friend, having become surety for him to a Jew, under the same penalty as in the play, is rescued from the forfeiture by the adroitness of the married lady, who is disguised as a lawyer. The pretended judge receives, as in the comedy, her marriage ring as a gratuity; and afterwards banters her husband, in the same way, upon the loss of it.

Some of the stories of *Il Pecorone*, as indeed of Boccaccio, and other early Italian writers, appear to have been the common property of Europe, derived from some Oriental origin. Mr. Douce has given an extremely curious extract from the English *Gesta Romanorum*,—"A Manuscript, preserved in the Harleian Collection, No. 7333, written in the reign of Henry the Sixth," in which the daughter of "Selestinus, a wise emperor in Rome," exacts somewhat similar conditions, from a knight who loved her, as the lady in the *Pecorone*. Being reduced to poverty by a compliance with these conditions, he applies to a merchant to lend him money; and the loan is granted under the following covenant:—"And the covenaunt shalle be this, that thou make to me a charter of thine owne blood, in condicion that yf thowe kepe not thi day of payment, hit shalle be lefulle to me for to draw awey alle the flesh of thy body froo the bone with a sharp swerde, and yf thow wolt assent hereto, I shalle fulfille thi wille." In this ancient story, the borrower of the money makes himself subject to the penalty without the intervention of a friend; and, having forgotten the day of payment, is authorised by his wife to give any sum which is demanded. The money is refused by the merchant, and the charter of blood exacted. Judgment was given against the knight; but, "the damysell, his love, whenne she harde tell that the lawe passid agenst him, she kytte of al the long her of hir hede, and cladde hir in precious clothing like to a man, and yede to the palys." The scene that ensues in the *Gesta Romanorum* has certainly more resemblance to the conduct of the incident in Shakspere than the similar one in the *Pecorone* Having given a specimen of the *language* of the manuscript of Henry the Sixth's time, which Mr. Douce thinks was of the same period as the writing, we shall continue the story in orthography which will present fewer difficulties to many of our readers, and which will allow them to feel the beautiful simplicity of this ancient romance. We have no doubt that Shakspere was familiar with this part of the *Gesta Romanorum*, as well as of that portion from which he derived the story of the caskets, to which we shall presently advert:—"Now in all this time, the damsel his love, had sent knights for to espy and inquire how the law was pursued against him. And when she heard tell that the law passed against him, she cut off all the long hair of her head, and clad her in precious clothing like to a man, and went to the palace where her leman was to be judged, and saluted the justice, and all trowed that she had been a knight. And the judge inquired of what country she was, and what she had to do there. She said, I am a knight, and come of far country; and hear tidings that there is a knight among you that should be judged to death, for an obligation that he made to a merchant, and therefore I am come to deliver him. Then the judge said, It is law of the emperor, that whosoever bindeth him with his own proper will and consent without any constraining, he should be served so again. When the damsel heard this, she turned to the merchant, and said, Dear friend, what profit is it to thee that this knight, that standeth here ready to the doom, be slain? It were better to thee to have money than to have him slain. Thou speakest all in vain, quoth the merchant; for, without doubt, I will have the law, since he bound himself so freely; and therefore he shall have none other grace

than law will, for he came to me, and I not to him. I desire him not thereto against his will. Then said she, I pray thee how much shall I give to have my petition? I shall give thee thy money double; and if that be not pleasing to thee, ask of me what thou wilt, and thou shalt have. Then said he, Thou heardest me never say but that I would have my covenant kept. Truly, said she; and I say before you, Sir Judge, and before you all, thou shalt believe me with a right knowledge of that I shall say to you. Ye have heard how much I have proffered this merchant for the life of this knight, and he forsaketh all and asketh for more, and that liketh me much. And, therefore, lordings that be here, hear me what I shall say. Ye know well, that the knight bound him by letter that the merchant should have power to cut his flesh from the bones, but there was no covenant made of shedding of blood. Thereof was nothing spoken; and, therefore, let him set hand on him anon: and if he shed any blood with his shaving of the flesh, forsooth, then shall the king have good law upon him. And when the merchant heard this, he said, Give me my money, and I forgive my action. Forsooth, quoth she, thou shalt not have one penny, for before all this company I proffered to thee all that I might, and thou forsook it, and saidst loudly, I shall have my covenant; and therefore do thy best with him, but look that thou shed no blood I charge thee, for it is not thine, and no covenant was thereof. Then the merchant seeing this, went away confounded; and so was the knight's life saved, and no penny paid."

In 'The Orator,' translated from the French of Alexander Silvayn, printed in 1596, the arguments urged by a Jew and a Christian, under similar circumstances, are set forth at great length. It has been generally asserted that Shakspere borrowed from this source; but the similarity appears to us exceedingly small. The arguments, or declamations, as they are called, are given at length in the variorum editions.

"It is well known," says Mrs. Jameson, "that The Merchant of Venice is founded on two different tales; and in weaving together his double plot in so masterly a manner, Shakspere has rejected altogether the character of the astutious lady of Belmont, with her magic potions, who figures in the Italian novel. With yet more refinement, he has thrown out all the licentious part of the story, which some of his cotemporary dramatists would have seized on with avidity, and made the best or the worst of it possible; and he has substituted the trial of the caskets from another source."* That source is the *Gesta Romanorum*. In Mr. Douce's elaborate treatise upon this most singular collection of ancient stories, we have the following analysis of the ninety-ninth chapter of the English *Gesta*; which, Mr. Douce says, "is obviously the story which supplied the caskets of The Merchant of Venice." . . . . "A marriage was proposed between the son of Anselmus, emperor of Rome, and the daughter of the king of Apulia. The young lady in her voyage was shipwrecked and swallowed by a whale. In this situation she contrived to make a fire and to wound the animal with a knife, so that he was driven towards the shore, and slain of an earl named Pirius, who delivered the princess and took her under his protection. On relating her story she was conveyed to the emperor. In order to prove whether she was worthy to receive the hand of his son, he placed before her three vessels. The first was of gold, and filled with dead men's bones; on it was this inscription—'*Who chuses me shall find what he deserves.*' The second was of silver, filled with earth, and thus inscribed—'*Who chuses me shall find what nature covets.*' The third vessel was of lead, but filled with precious stones; it had this inscription—'*Who chuses me shall find what God hath placed.*' The emperor then commanded her to chuse one of the vessels, informing her that if she made choice of that which should profit herself and others, she would obtain his son; if of what should profit neither herself nor others, she would lose him. The princess, after praying to God for assistance, preferred the leaden vessel. The emperor informed her that she had chosen as he wished, and immediately united her with his son."

In dealing with the truly dramatic subject of the forfeiture of the bond, Shakspere had to choose between one of two courses that lay open before him. The *Gesta Romanorum* did not surround the debtor and the creditor with any prejudices. We hear nothing of one being a Jew, the other a Christian. There is a remarkable story told by Gregorio Leti, in his Life of Pope Sixtus the Fifth, in which the debtor and creditor of The Merchant of Venice change places. The debtor is the Jew,—the revengeful creditor the Christian; and this incident is said to have happened at Rome in the time of Sir Francis Drake. This, no doubt, was a pure fiction of Leti, whose narratives are by no means to

* 'Characteristics of Women,' vol. i. p. 72.

be received as authorities; but it shows that he felt the intolerance of the old story, and endeavoured to correct it, though in a very inartificial manner. Shakspere took the story as he found it in those narratives which represented the popular prejudice. If he had not before him the ballad of 'Gernutus,' (upon which point it is difficult to decide,) he had certainly access to the tale of the *Pecorone*. If he had made the contest connected with the story of the bond between two of the same faith, he would have lost the most powerful hold which the subject possessed upon the feelings of an audience, two centuries and a half ago. If he had gone directly counter to those feelings, (supposing that the story which Leti tells had been known to him, as some have supposed,) his comedy would have been hooted from the stage. The ballad of 'Gernutus' has the following amongst its concluding stanzas:—

"Good people, that doe heare this song
For trueth I dare well say,
That many a wretch as ill as hee
Doth live now at this day;

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle
Of many a wealthey man,
And for to trap the innocent
Deviseth what they can."

It is probable that, although the Jews had been under an edict of banishment from England from the time of Edward I., they had crept into the country after the Reformation. Lord Bacon says that the objectors against usury maintained "That usurers should have orange-tawny bonnets, because they do judaize." The orange-tawny bonnet was the descendant of the *badge of yellow felt*, of the length of six inches, and of the breadth of three inches, to be worn by each Jew after he shall be seven years old, upon his outer garment. (*Stat. de Jeuerie.*) The persecuted race settled again openly in England after the Restoration; and the pious wish, with which Thomas Jordan's ballad concludes, has evidently reference to this circumstance:—

"I wish such Jews may never come
To England, nor to London."

The 'Prioress's Tale' of Chaucer belonged to the period when the Jews were robbed, maimed, banished, and most foully vilified, with the universal consent of the powerful and the lowly, the learned and the ignorant:—

"There was in Asie, in a gret citee,
Amonges Cristen folk a Jewerie,
Sustened by a lord of that contree,
For foul usure, and lucre of vilanie,
Hateful to Crist, and to his compagnie."

It was scarcely to be avoided in those times, that even Chaucer, the most genuine and natural of poets, should lend his great powers to the support of the popular belief. that Jews ought to be proscribed as—

Hateful to Crist, and to his compagnie."

But we ought to expect better things when we reach the times in which the principles of religious liberty were at least germinated. And yet what a play is Marlowe's 'Jew of Malta,'—undoubtedly one of the most popular plays even of Shakspere's day, judging as we may from the number of performances recorded in Henslowe's papers! That drama, as compared with The Merchant of Venice, has been described by Charles Lamb, with his usual felicity:—"Marlowe's Jew does not approach so near to Shakspere's as his Edward II. Shylock, in the midst of his savage purpose, is a man. His motives, feelings, resentments, have something human in them. 'If you wrong us, shall we not revenge?' Barabas is a mere monster, brought in with a large painted nose, to please the rabble. He kills in sport—poisons whole nunneries—invents infernal machines. He is just such an exhibition as a century or two earlier might have been played before the Londoners, *by the Royal command*, when a general pillage and massacre of the Hebrews had been previously resolved on in the cabinet." 'The Jew of Malta' was written essentially upon an intolerant principle. The Merchant of Venice, whilst it seized upon the prejudices of the multitude, and dealt with them as a foregone conclusion by which the whole dramatic action was to be governed, had the intention of making those prejudices as hateful as the reaction of cruelty and revenge of which they are the cause. We shall endeavour to work out this position in our Supplementary Notice.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Period of the Action, and Manners.

The Venice of Shakspere's own time, and the manners of that city, are delineated with matchless accuracy in this drama. To the same friend who furnished us with some local illustrations of The Taming of the Shrew, we are indebted for some equally interesting notices of similar passages in this play. They go far to prove that Shakspere had visited Italy. Mr. Brown has justly observed, "The Merchant of Venice is a merchant of no other place in the world."

[Costume of the Doge of Venice.]

Costume.

The dresses of the most civilised nations of Europe have at all periods borne a strong resemblance to each other: the various fashions have been generally invented amongst the southern, and gradually adopted by the northern, ones. Some slight distinctions, however, have always remained to characterise, more or less particularly, the country of which the wearer was a native; and the Republic of Venice, perhaps, differed more than any other State in the habits of its nobles, magistrates, and merchants, from the universal fashion of that quarter of the globe in which it was situate.

To commence with the chief officer of the Republic:—The Doge, like the Pope, appears to have worn different habits on different occasions. Cæsar Vecellio describes at some length the alterations made in the ducal dress by several princes, from the close of the twelfth century down to that of the sixteenth, the period of the action of the play before us; at which time the materials of which it was usually composed were cloth of silver, cloth of gold, and crimson velvet, the cap always corresponding in colour with the robe and mantle. On the days sacred to the Holy Virgin the Doge always appeared entirely in white. Coryat, who travelled in 1608, says, in his 'Crudities,' "The fifth day of August, being Friday . . . I saw the Duke in some of his richest ornaments. . . He himself then wore two very rich robes, or long garments, whereof the uppermost was white cloth of silver, with great massy buttons of gold; the other cloth of silver also, but adorned with many curious works made in colours with needlework." Howell, in his 'Survey of the Signorie of Venice,' Lond. 1651, after telling us that the Duke "always goes clad in silk and

purple," observes, that "sometimes he shows himself to the public in a robe of cloth of gold, and a white mantle; he hath his head covered with a thin coif, and on his forehead he wears a crimson kind of mitre, with a gold border, and, behind, it turns up in form of a horn: on his shoulders he carries ermine skins to the middle, which is still a badge of the Consul's habit; on his feet he wears embroidered sandals,* tied with gold buttons, and about his middle a most rich belt, embroidered with costly jewels, in so much, that the habit of the Duke, when at festivals he shows himself in the highest state, is valued at about 100,000 crowns."†

The chiefs of the Council of Ten, who were three in number, wore "red gowns with long sleeves, either of cloth, camlet, or damask, according to the weather, with a flap of the same colour over their left shoulders, red stockings, and slippers." The rest of the Ten, according to Coryat, were black camlet gowns with marvellous long sleeves, that reach almost down to the ground.

[Costume of 'the Clarissimoes.']

The "clarissimoes" generally wore gowns of black cloth faced with black taffata, with a flap of black cloth, edged with taffata, over the left shoulder;‡ and "all these gowned men," says the same author, "do wear marvellous little black caps of felt, without any brims at all, and very diminutive falling bands, no ruffs at all, which are so shallow, that I have seen many of them not above a little inch deep." The colour of their under garments was also generally black, and consisted of "a slender doublet made close to the body, without much quilting or bombast, and long hose plain, without those new-fangled curiosities and ridiculous superfluities of panes, pleats, and other light toys used with us Englishmen. Yet," he continues, "they make it of costly stuff, well beseeming gentlemen and eminent persons of their places, as of the best taffatas and satins that Christendom doth yield, which are fairly garnished also with lace of the best sort. The Knights of St. Mark, or of the Order of the Glorious Virgin, &c., were distinguished by wearing red apparel under their black gowns." "Young lovers," says Vecellio, "wear generally a doublet and breeches of satin, tabby, or other silk, cut or slashed in the form of crosses or stars, through which slashes is seen the lining of coloured taffata: gold buttons, a lace ruff, a bonnet of rich velvet or silk with an ornamental band, a silk cloak, and silk stockings, Spanish morocco shoes, a flower in one hand, and their gloves and handkerchief in the other." This habit, he tells us,

* C. Vecellio, a much better authority, says slippers. "Porta in piedi le piandelle piu del medesimo usasi anche da cavallieri nobili di Venetia."

† In the collection at Goodrich Court is the walking-staff of a Doge of Venice of the sixteenth century

‡ Coryat.

was worn by many of the nobility, as well of Venice as of other Italian cities, especially by the young men before they put on the gown with the sleeves, "a comito," which was generally in their eighteenth or twentieth year.

[Costume of the 'young lover.']

Vecellio also furnishes us with the dress of a doctor of laws, the habit in which Portia defends Antonio. The upper robe was of black damask cloth, velvet, or silk according to the weather. The under one of black silk with a silk sash, the ends of which hang down to the middle of the leg; the stockings of black cloth or velvet; the cap of rich velvet or silk.

[Costume of a Doctor of Laws.]

And now to speak of the dress of the principal character of this play. Great difference of opinion has existed, and much ink been shed, upon this subject, as it seems to us very needlessly. If a work, written and published by Venetians in their own city, at the particular period when this play was composed, is not sufficient authority, we know not what can be considered such. Vecellio expressly informs us that the Jews differed in nothing, as far as regarded dress, from Venetians of the same professions, whether merchants, artisans, &c.,* with the exception of a *yellow bonnet*, which they were *compelled to wear by order of the government.*† Can anything be more distinct and satisfactory? In opposition to this positive assertion of a Venetian writing upon the actual subject of dress, we have the statement of Saint Didier, who, in his 'Histoire de Venise,' says that the Jews of Venice wore *scarlet hats lined with black taffata*, and a notification in Hakluyt's 'Voyages' (p. 179, edit. 1598), that in the year 1581 the Jews wore *red caps* for distinction's sake. We remember also to have met somewhere with a story, apparently in confirmation of this latter statement, that the colour was changed from *red* to *yellow*, in consequence of a Jew having been accidentally taken for a cardinal! But besides that neither of the two last-mentioned works are to be compared with Vecellio's, in respect of authority for what may be termed Venetian costume, it is not likely that scarlet, a sacred colour among Catholics generally, and appropriated particularly by the Venetian knights and principal magistrates, would be selected for a badge of degradation, or rather infamous distinction. Now yellow, on the contrary, has always been in Europe a mark of disgrace. Tenne (*i. e* orange) was considered by many heralds as *stainant*. The Jews, in England, wore yellow caps of a peculiar shape as early as the reign of Richard I.; and Lord Verulam, in his 'Essay on Usury,' speaking of the witty invectives that men have made against usury, states one of them to be that "usurers should have *orange-tawny bonnets*, because they do *Judaize*."

As late, also, as the year 1825, an order was issued by the Pope that "the Jews should wear a *yellow* covering on their hats, and the women a *yellow* riband on their breast, under the pain of severe penalties."—Vide *Examiner*, Sunday Newspaper, Nov. 20th, 1825. The which order there can be little doubt, from the evidence before us, was the re-enforcement of the old edict, latterly disregarded by the Jews of Italy. It is not impossible that "the orange-tawny bonnet" might have been worn of so deep a colour by some of the Hebrew population as to have been described as red by a careless observer, or that some Venetian Jews, in fact, did venture to wear red caps or bonnets in defiance of the statute, and thereby misled the traveller or the historian. We cannot, however imagine that a doubt can exist of the propriety of Shylock wearing a yellow, or, at all events, an orange-coloured, cap of the same form as the black one of the Christian Venetian merchants. Shakspere makes Shylock speak of "his Jewish gaberdine;" but, independently of Vecellio's assurance, that no difference existed between the dress of the Jewish and Christian merchants save the yellow bonnet, aforesaid, the word gaberdine conveys to us no precise form of garment, its description being different in nearly every dictionary, foreign or English. In German it is called a rock or frock, a mantle, coat, petticoat, gown, or cloak. In Italian, "*palandrano*," or "great-coat," and "*gavardina*, a peasant's jacket." The French have only "*gaban*" and "*gabardine*,"—cloaks for rainy weather. In Spanish, "*gabardina*" is rendered a sort of cassock with close-buttoned sleeves. In English, a shepherd's coarse frock or coat.

Speaking of the ladies of Venice, Coryat says, "Most of these women, when they walk abroad, especially to church, are veiled with long veils, whereof some do reach almost to the ground behind. These veils are either black, or white, or yellowish. The black, either wives or widows do wear; the white, maids, and so the yellowish also, but they wear more white than yellowish. It is the custom of these maids, when they walk the streets, to cover their faces with their veils, the stuff being so thin and slight, that they may easily look through it, for it is made of a pretty slender silk, and very finely curled. . . . Now, whereas I said that only maids do wear white veils, I mean these white silk curled veils, which (as they told me) none do wear but maids. But other white veils wives do much wear, such as are made in Holland, whereof the greatest part is handsomely edged with great and very fair bonelace."

The account in Howell's 'Survey' differs slightly from Coryat's, but Vecellio confirms the latter and states that courtezans wore black veils, in imitation of women of character.

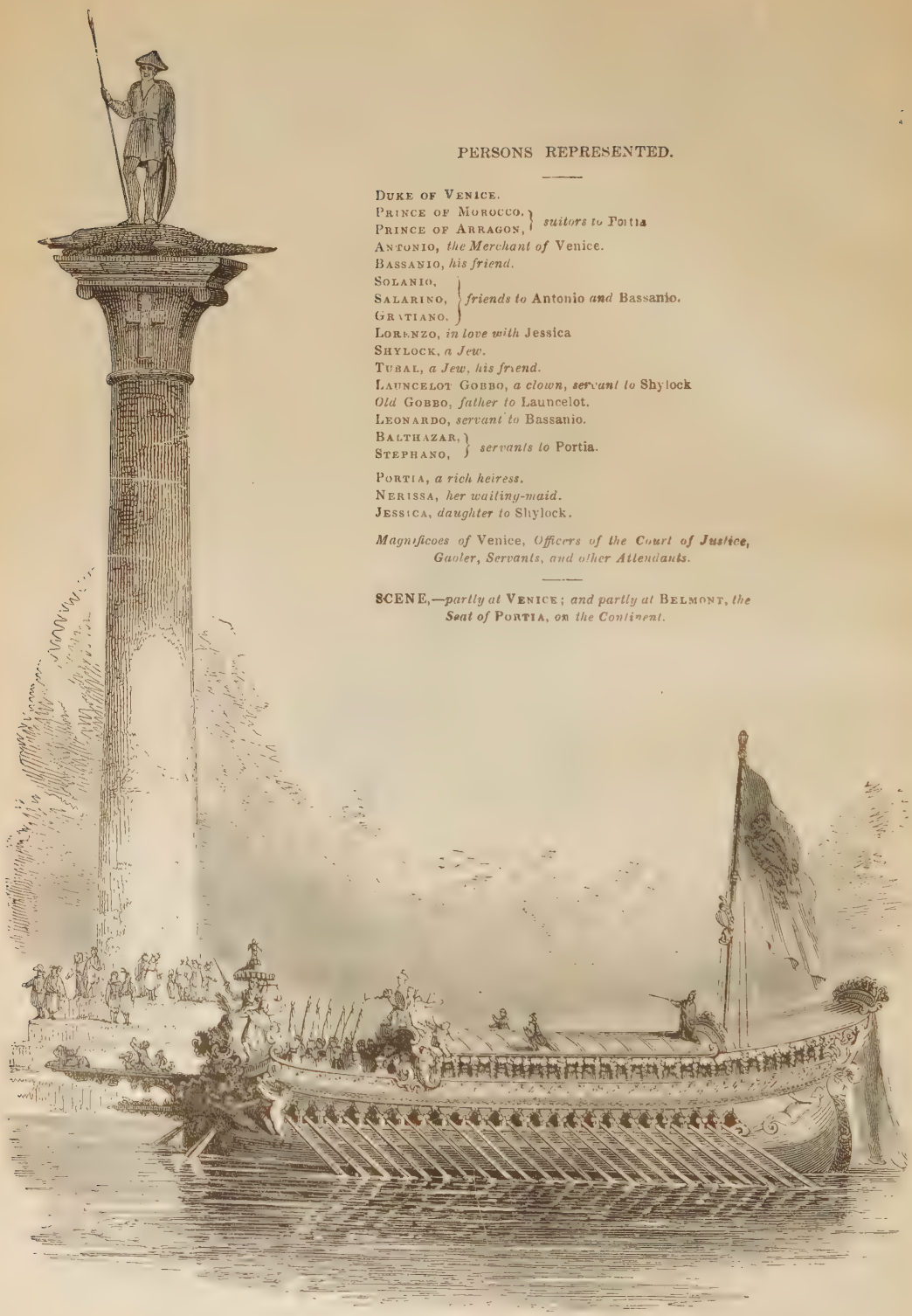
* "Imitano gli altri mercanti e artigiani di questa litta." Edit. 1590

† "Portano per comandamento publico la berretta gialla." *Ibid*

Jewish females, Vecellio says, were distinguished from Christian women by their being "highly *painted*," and wearing *yellow* veils, but that in other respects their dresses were perfectly similar.* We must not forget to mention that singular portion of a Venetian lady's costume at this period, "the chioppine;" but, as we have already described and given an engraving of several varieties of this monstrosity in our Illustrations of the second Act of Hamlet, we refer the reader to page 126 of that tragedy.

* Edit. 1590

[Costume of a Lady of Venice.]



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE.
PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } *suitors to* Portia
PRINCE OF ARRAGON, }
ANTONIO, *the Merchant of* Venice.
BASSANIO, *his friend.*
SOLANIO, }
SALARINO, } *friends to* Antonio *and* Bassanio.
GRATIANO, }
LORENZO, *in love with* Jessica
SHYLOCK, *a Jew.*
TUBAL, *a Jew, his friend.*
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *a clown, servant to* Shylock
Old GOBBO, *father to* Launcelot.
LEONARDO, *servant to* Bassanio.
BALTHAZAR, } *servants to* Portia.
STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, *a rich heiress.*
NERISSA, *her waiting-maid.*
JESSICA, *daughter to* Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, *Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants, and other Attendants.*

SCENE,—*partly at* VENICE; *and partly at* BELMONT, *the Seat of* PORTIA, *on the Continent.*

[Saint Mark's Place.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO,[a] *and* SOLANIO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me; you say, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,[1]
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Solan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;[2]
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew[a] dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top[b] lower than her ribs,

[a] *Salarino.* Nothing can be more confused than the manner in which the names of *Salarino* and *Solanio* are indicated in the folio of 1623. Neither in that edition, nor in the quartos, is there any enumeration of characters. In the text of the folio we find *Salarino* and *Slarino; Salanio, Solanio,* and *Salino.* Further, in the third act we have a *Salerio,* who has been raised to the dignity of a distinct character by Steevens. *Gratiano* calls this *Salerio* "my old Venetian friend;" and there is no reason whatever for not receiving the name as a misprint of *Solanio,* or *Salanio.* But if there be confusion even in these names when given at length in the text, the abbreviations prefixed to the speeches are "confusion worse confounded." *Salanio* begins with being *Sal.,* but he immediately turns into *Sola.,* and afterwards to *Sol.; Salarino* is at first *Salar.,* then *Sala.,* and finally *Sal.* We have adopted the distinction which Capell recommended to prevent the mistake of one abbreviation for another—*Solan.* and *Salar.;* and we have in some instances deviated from the usual assignment of the speeches to each of these characters, following for the most part the quarto, which in this particular is much less perplexed than the folio copy. Some early editors appear to have exercised only their caprice in this matter; and thus they have given *Salarino* and *Solanio* alternate speeches, after the fashion of Tityrus and Melibœus; whereas *Salarino* is decidedly meant for the liveliest and the greatest talker.

[a] *Wealthy Andrew.* Johnson explains this (which is scarcely necessary) as "the name of the ship;" but he does not point out the propriety of the name for a ship, in association with the great naval commander, Andréa Doria, famous through all Italy.

[b] *Vailing her high-top.* *To vail* is *to let down:* the *high-top* was shattered—fallen—when the Andrew was on the shallows.

To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures[a] are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

Salar. Why then you are in love.

Ant. Fye, fye!

Salar. Not in love neither? Then let us say, you are sad
Because you are not merry: an 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,[3]
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper:
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, *and* Gratiano.

Solan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good-morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: Must it be so?

Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt* Salarino *and* Solanio.

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time
I pray you have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the Fool:[4]
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,[a]
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,[b]
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!'
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

[a] *My ventures,* &c. This was no doubt proverbial—something more elegant than "all the eggs in one basket." Sir Thomas More, in his 'History of Richard III.,' has:—"For what wise merchant adventureth all his good in one ship?"

[a] *And do a wilful stillness,* &c. So Pope, addressing *Silence*:—

"With thee, in private, modest Dulness lies,
And in thy bosom lurks, in thought's disguise,
Thou varnisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise."

[b] *Sir Oracle.* So the quartos of 1600.

VENICE: THE GRAND CANAL.

Merchant of Venice. Act I., sc. 1.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.
Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.[a]
Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt* Gratiano *and* Lorenzo.

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: His reasons are two grains of wheat[b] hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port[c]
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged: To you, Antonio,
I owe the most in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest[a] unto it: therefore speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues. Sometimes[b] from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O, my Antonio! had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Enter Portia *and* Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: It is no small happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

[a] *For this gear*—a colloquial expression, meaning, *for this matter.* The Anglo-Saxon *gearwian* is *to prepare*- *gear* is the thing *prepared, in hand*—the business or subject in question.
[b] *Two grains of wheat.* The ordinary reading, that of the quartos, is, *as* two grains, &c. The folio omits *as.*
[c] *Port*—appearance, carriage.

[a] *Prest*—ready.
[b] *Sometimes*—formerly.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good council the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou namest them I will describe them; and according to my description level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself: I am much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then, is there the county Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, 'An you will not have me, choose:' he hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather to be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker. But, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle sing he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him I should marry twenty husbands: If he would despise me I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian;[6] and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture. But, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord,[a] his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is, indeed, to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

[a] *Scottish lord*—the folio reads *other* lord. The quartos of 1600, *Scottish* The sarcasm against the political conduct of Scotland was suppressed upon the accession of James.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I wish them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think so was he called.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.[a]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.
Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.[b] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Venice. *A public Place.*[6]

Enter Bassanio *and* Shylock.[7]

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Oh no, no, no, no;—my meaning in saying he is a good man is, to have you understand me that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad.[a] But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient;—three thousand ducats;—I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured I will bethink me: May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into! I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.—What news on the Rialto?[8]—Who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian:
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice[9]
If I can catch him once upon the hip,[b]
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest: Cursed be my tribe
If I forgive him!

a *Worthy of thy praise.* In the folio the sentence here concludes. In the quartos, Portia, addressing the servant, says, "How now! what news?" The question may well be spared, for it does not belong to Portia's calm and dignified character.

b We have printed the conclusion of this scene as *verse.* The doggrel line is not inconsistent with the playfulness of the preceding dialogue.

a *Squander'd abroad.* In a letter published by Mr. Waldron, in Woodfall's 'Theatrical Repertory,' 1801, it is stated that "Macklin, mistakenly, spoke the word with a tone of reprobation, implying that Antonio had, as we say of prodigals, unthriftly squander'd his wealth." The meaning is simply, *scatter'd;* of which Mr. Waldron gives an example from Howell's Letters: "The Jews, once an elect people, but now grown contemptible, and strangely *squander'd* up and down the world." In Dryden's 'Annus Mirabilis' we have the same expression applied to ships:—

"They drive, they *squander,* the huge Belgian fleet."

b *Upon the hip.* We have the same expression in Othello:—

"I'll have our Michael Cassio *on the hip.*"

Johnson says the expression is taken from the practice of wrestling.

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?
Shy. I am debating of my present store:
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats: What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me: But soft: How many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior:
[*To* Antonio.
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.
Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd[a]
How much you would?
Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.
Ant. And for three months.
Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and, let me see. But hear you:
Methought you said, you neither lend nor borrow,
Upon advantage.
Ant. I do never use it.
Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.
Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?
Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd
That all the eanlings[b] which were streak'd and pied
Should fall, as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd pill'd[c] me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who then conceiving, did in eaning-time
Fall[d] particolour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

[a] *Possess'd*—informed.
[b] *Eanlings*—lambs just dropped.
[c] *Pill'd.* This is usually printed *peel'd.* The words are synonymous; but in the old and the present translations of the Bible we find *pill'd*, in the passage of Genesis to which Shylock alludes.
[d] *Fall*—to let fall.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?
Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.
Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
Shy. Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.
Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?
Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances:[10]
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spet[a] upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
'Shylock, we would have monies;' You say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
'Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
'Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies?'
Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalties.

[a] *Spet*—was the more received orthography in Shakspere's time; and it was used by Milton:—
"The womb
Of Stygian darkness *spets* her thickest gloom."

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love;
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with;
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Bass. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show:
Go with me to a notary: seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me;
I'll rather dwell[a] in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this:
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour I extend this friendship;
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's,
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard[a]
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you. [*Exit*

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on; in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Dwell*—continue.

[a] *Fearful guard*—a guard that is the cause of fear.

Argosies with portly sa...

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

[1] Scene I.—"*Argosies with portly sail.*"

The largest vessels now used, and supposed to have been ever employed in Venetian commerce, are of two hundred tons. Fleets of such made up the ancient "argosies with portly sail." The smallest trading vessels,—coasters, "petty traffickers,"—are brigs and brigantines, which may be seen daily hovering, "with their woven wings," around the Island City.

The most splendid "pageants of the sea" ever beheld, were perhaps some that put forth from Venice in the days of her glory. Cleopatra's barge itself could not surpass the Bucintoro, with its exterior of scarlet and gold, its burnished oars, its inlaid deck and seats, its canopy and throne. The galleys of many of the wealthier citizens almost equalled this state vessel in splendour, to judge by the keels and other remains of ancient vessels which are preserved at the arsenal.—(M.)

[2] Scene I.—"*Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind.*"

Though sea-weed is much more common than grass in Venice, there is enough land-vegetation in the gardens belonging to some of the palazzi to furnish the means of Solanio's experiment.—(M.)

[3] Scene I.—"*Now, by two-headed Janus,*" &c.

Warburton, upon this passage, justly and sensibly says, "Here Shakspeare shows his knowledge in the antique. By *two-headed* Janus is meant those antique bifrontine heads, which generally represent a young and smiling face, together with an old and wrinkled one, being of Pan and Bacchus, of Saturn and Apollo, &c. These are not uncommon in collections of antiques, and in the books of the antiquaries, as Montfaucon, Spanheim," &c. Farmer upon this displays his unfairness and impertinence very strikingly :—"In the Merchant of Venice we have an oath, 'By two-headed Janus;' and here, says Dr Warburton, Shakspeare shows his knowledge in the antique: and so again does the Water-poet, who describes Fortune—

'Like a Janus with a double face.'"

Farmer had just told us that "honest John Taylor, the Water-poet, declares that he never learned his Accidence, and that Latin and French were to him Heathen-Greek." Now, Warburton's remark does not apply to the simple use by Shakspere of the term "two-headed Janus," but to the propriety of its use in association with the image which was passing in Salarino's mind, of one set of heads that would "laugh, like parrots,"—and others of "vinegar aspect"—the open-mouth'd and clos'd mouth'd—"strange fellows,"—as different as the Janus looking to the east, and the Janus looking to the west.

[4] Scene I.—"*Let me play the Fool.*"

The part of the Fool, running over with "mirth and laughter," was opposed to the "sad" part which Antonio played. The Fool which Shakspere found in possession of the "stage" was a rude copy of the domestic fool—licentious, if not witty. Our great poet, in clothing him with wit, hid half his grossness. In the time of Middleton (Charles I.), when the domestic Fool was extinct, and the Fool of the stage nearly so, he is thus described retrospectively :—

"Oh, the clowns that I have seen in my time!
The very passing out of one of them would have

Made a young heir laugh though his father lay a-dying;
A man undone in law the day before
(The saddest case that can be) might for his second
Have burst himself with laughing, and ended all
His miseries. Here was a merry world, my masters."
Mayor of Quinborough.

[5] SCENE II.—"*He hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian.*"

"A satire," says Warburton, "on the ignorance of the young English travellers in our author's time." Authors are not much in the habit of satirizing themselves; and yet, according to Farmer and his school, Shakspere knew "neither Latin, French, nor Italian."

[6] SCENE III.—"*Venice. A public Place.*"

Though there are three hundred and six canals in Venice, serving for thoroughfares, there is no lack also of streets and public places. The streets are probably the narrowest in Europe, from the value of ground in this City of the Sea. The public places (excepting the great squares before St. Mark's and the Ducal Palace) are small open spaces in front of the churches, or formed by the intersection of streets, or by four ways meeting, or a bridge. These resound with a hubbub of voices, from the multitude of conferences perpetually going on; thus forming a remarkable contrast with the neighbouring canals, where the plash of the oar, and its echo from the high walls of the houses, is usually all that is heard. As conferences cannot well take place on these watery ways, and the inhabitants had, a few years ago, nowhere else to meet, all out-door conversation must take place in the alleys and on the bridges; and it is probable that a greater amount of discourse goes up from the streets of Venice than from any other equal space of ground in Europe. There must, however, be less now than there was, since Napoleon conferred on the Venetians the inestimable boon of the public gardens, where thousands of the inhabitants can now converse while pacing the grass, (that rare luxury to a Venetian,) under the shade of a grove of acacias.—(M.)

[7] SCENE III.—"*Shylock*"

Farmer asserts that Shakspere took the name of his Jew from a pamphlet, entitled 'Caleb *Shillocke* his prophesie, or the Jew's prediction.' Boswell, who had seen a copy of this pamphlet, says its date was 1607. Farmer's theory is therefore worthless. *Scialac* was the name of "a Marionite of Mount Libanus," as we learn from 'An Account of Manuscripts in the Library of the King of France,' 1789.

[8] SCENE III.—"*What news on the Rialto?*"

The Rialto spoken of throughout this play is, in all probability, not the bridge to which belong our English associations with the name. The bridge was built in 1591, by A. da Ponte, under the Doge Pascal Cicogna.

The Rialto of ancient commerce is an island,—one of the largest of those on which Venice is built. Its name is derived from *riva alta,—high shore,*—and its being larger and somewhat more elevated than the others accounts for its being the first inhabited. The most ancient church of the city is there; and there were erected the buildings for the magistracy and commerce of the infant settlement. The arcades used for these purposes were burned down in the great fire of 1513, and rebuilt on the same spot in 1555, as they now stand. Rialto Island is situated at the bend of the Grand Canal, by which it is bounded on two sides, while the Rio delle Beccarie and another small canal bound it on the other two. There is a vegetable market there daily; and, though the great squares by St. Mark's are now the places "where merchants most do congregate," the old rendezvous is still so thronged, and has yet so much the character of a "mart," as to justify now, as formerly, the question, "What news on the Rialto?"—(M.)

[9] SCENE III.

"*He lends out money gratis, and brings down*
The rate of usance here with us in Venice."

When the commerce of Venice extended over the whole civilized world, and Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea were her dependencies (which was the case during a part of Shakspere's century), the city was not only the resort of strangers from all lands, but the place of residence of merchants of every nation, to whom it was the policy of the state to afford every encouragement and "commodity.' Much of this convenience consisted in the lending of capital, which was done by the Jews, to the satisfaction of the government. These Jews were naturally feared and disliked by their merchant debtors; but while they were essential to these very parties, and countenanced by the ruling powers, they throve, to the degree declared by Thomas, in his 'History of Italy,' published in 1561,—ten years before the republic lost Cyprus.

"It is almost incredyble what gaine the Venetians receive by the usurie of the Jewes, both privately and in common. For in everie citie the Jewes kepe open shops of usurie, taking gaiges of ordinarie for xv in the hundred by the yere; and if, at the yere's end, the gaige be not redeemed, it is forfeite, or at least dooen away to a great disadvantage, by reason whereof the Jewes are out of measure wealthie in those parts."—(M.)

[10] SCENE III. ——"*you have rated me*
About my monies, and my usances.'

Upon this passage Douce observes,—"Mr. Steevens asserts that *use* and *usance* anciently signified *usury*, but both his quotations show the contrary." Ritson and Malone both state that *usance* signifies *interest of money.* And so *usury* formerly did. When *interest* was legalized, *usury* came to signify *excessive interest.* It is evident, from Bacon's masterly 'Essay on Usury,' in which he has anticipated all that modern political economy has given us on the subject, that *usury* meant *interest at any rate.* One of the objections, he says, which is urged against usury is, "that it is against nature for money to beget money."

['The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.']

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, *and his Train;* PORTIA, NERISSA, *and other of her* Attendants.[1]

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear,
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing.
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit,[a] to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would o'er-stare[b] the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she bear,

[a] *Wit.* The word is here used in its ancient sense of mental power in general. *To wite*, from the Anglo-Saxon *witan*, is *to know*.

[b] *O'er-stare.* So the folio and one of the quartos; the ordinary reading, which is of the other quarto, is *out-stare.*

Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;[a]
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then! [*Cornets.*
To make me blest or cursed'st among men.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.[b]

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master: The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me; saying to me,—Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away:—My conscience says,—no; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or (as aforesaid) honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run: scorn running with thy heels:[c] Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack. Via! says the fiend; away! says the fiend, for the heavens;[d] rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—my honest friend, Launcelot, being an honest man's son, or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, Launcelot, budge not: budge, says the fiend; budge not, says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation: and, in my conscience, my conscience is a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter Old GOBBO, *with a basket.*

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside.*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind,[a] high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try conclusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you which is the way to master Jew's?[2]

Laun. Turn upon your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot that dwells with him dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now—[*aside.*] now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot.[b]

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young master Launcelot.[c]

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

a *Page.* All the old copies read *rage.* But there can be no doubt that Lichas, the unhappy servant of Hercules, was thus designated. The correction was made by Theobald.

b The original stage direction is, "*Enter the clown,*" by which name Launcelot is invariably distinguished.

c When Pistol says, "He hears with ears," Sir Hugh Evans calls the phrase "affectations." Perhaps Launcelot u-es "*scorn running with thy heels*" in the same affected fashion. Steevens, however, suggests the following marvellous emendation: "Do not run; scorn running; *withe* thy heels; *i. e.* connect them with a *withe* (a band made of osiers), as the legs of cattle are hampered in some countries."

d *For the heavens.* This expression is simply, as Gifford states, "a petty oath" It occurs in Ben Jonson and Dekker.

a *Sand-blind*—having an imperfect sight, as if there were sand in the eye. *Gravel-blind*, a coinage of Launcelot's, is the exaggeration of *sand-blind*. *Pur-blind*, or pore-blind, if we may judge from a sentence in Latimer, is something less than *sand-blind*:—"They be pur-blind and sand-blind."

b The same form of expression occurs in Love's Labour's Lost—"Your servant, and Costard." It would seem, from the context, that the old man's name was Launcelot;—"I beseech you, talk you of *oung master* Launcelot," says the clown, when the old man has named himself.

c This sentence is usually put interrogatively, contrary to the punctuation of all the old copies; which is not to be so utterly despised as the modern editors would pretend. The Cambridge editors say the sign was often omitted, and that Mr. Dyce remarks that it is a repetition inconclusive.

Laun. Ergo, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord, worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my phill-horse[a] has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew. Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.[3]—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio, *with* Leonardo, *and other Followers.*

Bass. You may do so:—but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: See these letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a* Servant.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy! Would'st thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve,—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins:

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves,[4] that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent[a] to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both:—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted

[a] *Phill-horse.* The word is so spelt in all the old copies. It is the same as *thill-horse*—the horse in the shafts—and is the word best understood in the midland counties

[a] *Impertinent.* Launcelot is a blunderer as well as one who "can play upon a word;" here he means *pertinent.*

between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son:—
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out:—give him a livery
[*To his followers.*
More guarded[a] than his fellows': See it done.

Laun. Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no!—I have ne'er a tongue in my head!—Well; [*looking on his palm*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table; which doth offer to swear upon a book I shall have good fortune! Go to, here's a simple line of life![5] here's a small trifle of wives: Alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows and nine maids, is a simple coming in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come. I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.
[*Exeunt* Launcelot *and Old* Gobbo.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks.
[*Exit* Leonardo.

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must.—But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where they are not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal:—pray thee take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent[a]
To please his grandam,—never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: But fare you well,
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Venice. *A Room in* Shylock's *House.*

Enter Jessica *and* Launcelot.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:
But fare thee well: there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me in talk[b] with thee.

Laun. Adieu! — tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived:[c] But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu! [*Exit.*

a *More guarded*—more ornamented, laced, fringed.
b This passage is ordinarily pointed thus—"Well; if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book.—I shall have good fortune." The punctuation which we have adopted was suggested by Tyrwhitt, and indeed it is borne out by the original punctuation. The table (palm) which doth offer to swear upon a book is not very different from other palms: but the palm which doth offer to swear that the owner shall have good fortune is a fair table to be proud of. (See Illustration.)

a *Ostent*—display.
b *In talk.* We prefer this reading of the quartos. That of the folio is, *see me talk with thee.*
c We follow, for once, the reading of the second folio. The quartos, and the folio of 1623, read, "If a Christian *do* not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived." The matter is hardly worth the fierce controversy which Steevens and Malone had upon the subject.

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be asham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, *and* Solanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time;
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.
Gra. We have not made good preparation.
Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.
Solan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.
Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have two hours
To furnish us.—

Enter Launcelot, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?
Laun. An it shall please you to break up[a] this, it shall seem to signify.
Lor. I know the hand: In faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.
Gra. Love-news, in faith.
Laun. By your leave, sir.
Lor. Whither goest thou?
Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.
Lor. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her;—speak it privately: go.
Gentlemen, [*Exit* Launcelot.
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.
Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.
Solan. And so will I.
Lor. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.
Salar. 'Tis good we do so.
[*Exeunt* Salar. *and* Solan.

[a] *To break up this.* It would scarcely require an explanation, that, to break up, was *to open*, unless Steevens had explained that, to break up, is a term of carving. In the Winter's Tale we have, "*break up the seals*, and read."

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
Lor. I must needs tell thee all: She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,—
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—Venice. *Before* Shylock's *House.*

Enter Shylock *and* Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,[6]
As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!
Laun. Why, Jessica!
Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.
Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?
Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica;
There are my keys:—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house:—I am right loath to go;
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.
Laun. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.
Shy. So do I his.
Laun. And they have conspired together,—I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday[7] last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.
Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum

JESSICA'S FLIGHT.

"Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains,
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy."

Merchant of Venice. Act i., sc. 6

And the vile squealing[a] of the wry-neck'd fife,[8]
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—
Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye.[9]

[*Exit* Laun.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, Farewell, mistress; nothing else.

Shy. The patch[b] is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do as I bid you,
Shut doors after you: Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not cross'd,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

Enter Gratiano *and* Salarino, *masqued.*

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younger,[a] or a prodigal,
The scarfed[b] bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter Lorenzo.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode:
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's within?

Enter Jessica, *above, in boy's clothes.*

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I so much? and now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 't is night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 't is an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy

a *Squealing.* So the folio and one of the quartos; the other quarto, which is usually followed, has *squeaking.*

b *Patch.* The domestic fool was sometimes called a patch; and it is probable that this class was thus named from the patched dress of their vocation. The usurper in Hamlet, the "vice of kings," was "a king of shreds and patches." It is probable that in this way the word patch came to be an expression of contempt, as, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream—

"A crew of patches, rude mechanicals."

Shylock here uses the word in this sense; just as we say still, *cross-patch.*

a *Younger.* So all the old copies. It is the same word as *younker* and *youngling.*

b *Scarfed bark*—the vessel gay with streamers.

But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight. [*Exit, from above.*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily:
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica, *below.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit, with* Jessica *and* Salarino.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio?

Ant. Fye, fye, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you:
No masque to-night; the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't; I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter Portia, *with the* Prince of Morocco, *and both their Trains.*

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears:

'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'

The second, silver, which this promise carries:

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt:

'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'

How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see.
I will survey the inscriptions back again:
What says this leaden casket?

'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath'

Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens: Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'

As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?—
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:

'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.

Why, that's the lady: all the world desires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought: it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin that bears the figure of an angel[10]
Stamped in gold; but that's insculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours.

[*He unlocks the golden casket.*

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll? I'll read the writing.

'All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs[a] do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.'

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewell heat; and welcome frost.—
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

[*Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance:—Draw the curtains, go;—
Let all of his complexion choose me so.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter Salarino *and* Solanio.

Salar. Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

Solan. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together[11]
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica;
Besides, Antonio certified the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Solan. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets;
'My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian?—O my christian ducats!—
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!'

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Solan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd:
I reason'd[a] with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me,—in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Solan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return; he answer'd—'Do not so,
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there:'
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

Solan. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Gilded tombs.* The reading of all the old editions is "gilded *timber*." The critics of the Augustan age could not understand that *timber*, a word of common acceptation and in some uses technical, could belong to poetry. Rowe, therefore, turned *timber* into *wood*. Johnson converted the *timber* and the *wood* into *tombs*. We are disposed to agree with Douce that *timber* is *possibly* the right reading. But we think that Malone's interpretation of this reading may be questioned—"Worms do infold gilded timber." To this Steevens replies—"How is it possible for worms that have bred within timber to *infold* it?" It is somewhat strange that neither Malone nor Steevens saw that, without any violation of grammatical propriety, *timber* might be used as a plural noun. Gilded timber—timbers—*coffins*—do infold worms, not worms the timber. In the same manner, the golden casket which Morocco unlocked contained "a carrion death." Still, the original reading is harsh and startling; and Johnson very justly observes that the old mode of writing *tombes* might be easily mistaken for *timber*.

[a] *Reason'd* is here used for *discours'd*. We have the same employment of the word in Beaumont and Fletcher—

"There is no end of women's *reasoning*."

SCENE IX.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Enter Nerissa, *with a* Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain straight;
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, Portia, *and their Trains.*

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince;
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.
Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.
Ar. And so have I address'd me: Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.

'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath:'

You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:

'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.

What many men desire.—That many may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:

And well said too. For who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit! Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:

'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:'

I will assume desert:—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.
Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.
Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia?
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings?

'Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.'

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?
Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.
Ar. What is here?

'The fire seven times tried this;
Seven times tried that judgment is
That did never choose amiss:
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So begone; you are sped.'[a]

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[*Exeunt* Arragon *and Train.*

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.
Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy;—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.
Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?
Por. Here; what would my lord?
Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before

[a] This line is usually corrupted into—
"So begone, *sir*, you are sped"—
for the sake of the metre, as the syllable-counters say.

To signify the approaching of his lord:
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;[a]
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

[a] *Regreets*—salutations.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afeard,
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.
Ner. Bassanio, lord love if thy will it be!
[*Exeunt*

['In a gondola were seen together.']

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

[1] Scene I.

The stage direction of the quartos is curious, as exhibiting a proof that some attention to costume prevailed in the ancient theatres:—"Enter Morochus, a tawny Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerissa, and their trains."

[2] Scene II.—"*Which is the way to master Jew's?*"

It does not appear that the Jews (hardly used everywhere) had more need of patience in Venice than in other states. The same traditional reports against them exist there as elsewhere, testifying to the popular hatred and prejudice: but they were too valuable a part of a commercial population not to be more or less considered and taken care of. An island was appropriated to them; but they long ago overflowed into other parts of the city. Many who have grown extremely rich by money-lending have their fine palaces in various quarters; and of these, some are among the most respectable and enlightened of the citizens. The Jews who people their quarter are such as are unable to rise out of it. Its buildings are ancient and lofty, but ugly and sordid. "Our synagogue" is, of course, there. Judging by the commotion among its inhabitants when the writer traversed it, it would seem that strangers rarely enter the quarter. It is situated on the canal which leads to Mestre. There are houses old enough to have been Shylock's, with balconies from which Jessica might have talked; and ground enough beneath, between the house and the water, for her lover to stand, hidden in the shadow, or under "a pent-house." Hence, too, her gondola might at once start for the mainland, without having to traverse any part of the city.—(M.)

[3] Scene II.—"*I will run as far as God has any ground.*"

A characteristic speech in the mouth of a Venetian. Ground to run upon being a scarce convenience in Venice, its lower orders of inhabitants regard the great expanse of the mainland with feelings of admiration which can be little entered into by those who have been able, all their days, to walk where they would.—(M.)

[4] Scene II.—"*I have here a dish of doves.*"

Mr. Brown, as we have noticed in The Taming of the Shrew, has expressed his decided conviction that some of the dramas of Shakspere exhibit the most striking proofs that our poet had visited Italy. The passage before us is cited by Mr. Brown as one of these proofs:—"Where did he obtain his numerous graphic touches of national manners? where did he learn of an old villager's coming into the city with 'a dish of doves' as a present to his son's master? A present thus given, and in our days too, and of doves, is not uncommon in Italy. I myself have partaken there, with due relish, in memory of poor old Gobbo, of a dish of doves, presented by the father of a servant."—(*Autobiographical Poems.*)

[5] Scene II.—"*Go to, here's a simple line of life!*"

Palmistry, or chiromancy, had once its learned professors as well as astrology. The printing-press consigned the delusion to the gypsies. Chiromancy and physiognomy were once kindred sciences. The one has passed away amongst other credulities belonging to ages which we call ignorant and superstitious. The other, although fashionable half a century ago, is professed by none, but, more or less, has its influence upon all. The wood-cut which

we prefix is copied from a little book with which Shakspere must have been familiar:—'Briefe introductions, both natural, pleasaunte, and also delectable, unto the Art of Chiromancy, or manuel divination, and Phisiognomy: with circumstances upon the faces of the Signes. Also certain Canons or Rules upon Diseases and Sicknesses, &c. Written in ye Latin tongue by Jhon Indagine, Prieste, and now lately translated into Englishe, by Fabian Withers. For Richard Jugge, 1558.' Launcelot, as well as his betters, were diligent students of the mysteries interpreted by John Indagine, Priest; and a simple or complex line of life were indications that made even some of the wise exult or tremble. Launcelot's "small trifle of wives" was, however, hardly compatible with the *simple* line of life. There must have been too many *crosses* in such a destiny.

[6] SCENE V.—"*Thou shalt not gormandize.*"

The word gormandize, which is equivalent to the French *gourmander*, is generally considered to be of uncertain origin. Zachary Grey, however, in his 'Notes on Shakspeare,' quotes a curious story from Webb's 'Vindication of Stone-Heng restored' (1665), which at any rate will amuse, if it does not convince, our readers:—"During the stay of the Danes in Wiltshire they consumed their time in profuseness and belly cheer, in idleness and sloth. Insomuch that, as from their laziness in general, we even to this day call them Lur-Danes; so, from the licentiousness of *Gurmond* and his army in particular, we brand all luxurious and profuse people by the name of *Gurmandizers*. And this luxury and this laziness are the sole monuments, the only memorials, by which the Danes have made themselves notorious to posterity, by lying encamped in Wiltshire."

[7] SCENE V.—"*Black Monday.*"

Stow, the Chronicler, thus describes the origin of this name:—"Black-Monday is Easter-Monday, and was so called on this occasion: in the 34th of Edward III. (1360), the 14th of April, and the morrow after Easter-day, King Edward, with his host, lay before the city of Paris: which day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold, that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold. Wherefore unto this day it hath been called Black-Monday."

[8] SCENE V.—"*The wry-neck'd fife.*"

There is some doubt whether *the fife* is here the instrument or the musician. Boswell has given a quotation from Barnaby Rich's Aphorisms, 1618, which is very much in point:—"*A fife* is a *wry-neckt musician*, for he always looks away from his instrument." And yet we are inclined to think that Shakspere intended the instrument. We are of this opinion principally from the circumstance that the passage is an imitation of Horace, in which the instrument is decidedly meant:—

> "Primâ nocte domum claude; neque in vias,
> Sub cantu querulæ despice tibiæ."—(*Carm.* l. iii. 7.)

(By the way, Farmer has not told us from what source, except the original, Shakspere derived this idea; nor could Farmer, for there was no English translation of any of the Odes of Horace in Shakspere's time.) But, independent of the internal evidence derived from the imitation, the form of the old English flute—the fife being a small flute—justifies, we think, the epithet *wry-neck'd*. This flute was called the *flute à bec*, the upper part or mouth-piece resembling the beak of a bird. And this form was as old as the Pan of antiquity. The terminal figure of Pan in the Townly Gallery exhibits it:—

[9] SCENE V.—"*Will be worth a Jewess' eye.*'

The play upon the word alludes to the common proverbial expression, "worth a Jew's eye." That worth was the price which the persecuted Jews

paid for the immunity from mutilation and death. When our rapacious King John extorted an enormous sum from the Jew of Bristol by drawing his teeth, the threat of putting out an eye would have the like effect upon other Jews. The former prevalence of the saying is proved from the fact that we still retain it, although its meaning is now little known.

[10] SCENE VII.—"*A coin that bears the figure of an angel.*"

Verstegan, in his 'Restitution of Decayed Intelligence,' gives the following account of the origin of the practice amongst the English monarchs of insculping an angel upon their coin :—

"To come now unto the cause of the general calling of our ancestors by the name of Englishmen, and our country consequently by the name of England, it is to be noted, that the seven petty kingdoms aforenamed, of Kent, South-Saxons, East-English, West-Saxons, East-Saxons, Northumbers, and Mercians, came in fine one after another by means of the West-Saxons, who subdued and got the sovereignty of all the rest, to be all brought into one monarchy under King Egbert, king of the said West-Saxons. This king then considering that so many different names as the distinct kingdoms before had caused, was now no more necessary, and that as the people were all originally of one nation, so was it fit they should again be brought under one name; and although they had had the general name of Saxons, as unto this day they are of the Welch and Irish called, yet did he rather choose and ordain that they should be all called English-men, as but a part of them before were called; and that the country should be called England. To the affectation of which name of English-men, it should seem he was chiefly moved in respect of Pope Gregory, his alluding the name of *Engelisce* unto Angel-like. The name of *Engel* is yet at this present in all the Teutonick tongues to wit, the high and low Dutch, &c., as much to say, as Angel, and if a Dutch-man be asked how he would in his language call an Angel-like-man, he would answer, *ein English-man;* and being asked how in his own language he would or doth call an English-man, he can give no other name for him, but even the very same that he gave before for an Angel-like-man, that is, as before is said, *ein English-man, Engel* being in their tongue an Angel, and English, which they write *Engelsche,* Angel-like. And such reason and consideration may have moved our former kings, upon their best coin of pure and fine gold, to set the image of an angel, which, may be supposed, hath as well been used before the Norman conquest, as since."

We subjoin the angel of Elizabeth.

[11] SCENE VIII.—"*That in a gondola were seen together.*"

The only way of reaching the mainland was in a gondola. But to be "seen" was altogether a matter of choice,—the gondola being the most private mode of conveyance in the world, (not excepting the Turkish palanquin,) and the fittest for an elopement.

[Angel of Queen Elizabeth.]

[Rialto Bridge]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SOLANIO *and* SALARINO.

Solan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wracked on the narrow seas,—the Goodwins, I think they call the place;[1] a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

Solan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapp'd ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband: But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Solan. Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Solan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain. I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Solan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Solan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between

red wine and rhenish:—But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrout, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart.—Let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh? What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge: If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Solan. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt* Solan. Salar. *and* Servant.

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not how much is[a] spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. — hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wrack.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats!

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise;[2] I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa, *and* Attendants. *The caskets are set out.*

Por. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two, Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong

[a] *How much is* —So the folio. The quartos, *what's*

I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There's something tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate councils not in such a quality:
But lest you should not understand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd[a] me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours: O! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize[b] the time;
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well, then, confess and live.

Bass. Confess, and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him: He may win;
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live:—With much much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

Music, whilst Bassanio *comments on the caskets to himself.*

SONG.

1. Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.[a]

2. It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves;[b]
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stayers of sand,[c] wear yet upon their chins

[a] *O'erlook'd.* In the Merry Wives of Windsor we have "Vild worm, thou wast *o'erlook'd* even in thy birth."
The word is here used in the same sense; which is derived from the popular superstition of the influence of fairies and witches. The *eyes* of Bassanio have *o'erlook'd* Portia, and she yields to the enchantment.

[b] *Peize.* *Poise* and *Peize* are the same words. To *weigh* the *time*, is, to keep it in suspense,—upon the balance.

[a] These words "*Reply, reply,*" which are unquestionably part of the song, were considered by Johnson to stand in the old copies as a marginal direction; and thus, from Johnson's time, in many editions in which his authority is admitted, the line has been suppressed. In all the old copies the passage is printed thus, in Italic type:—
"*How begot, how nourished. Replie, replie.*"
The reply is then made; and, probably, by a second voice. The mutilation of the song, in the belief that the words were a stage direction, is certainly one of the most tasteless corruptions of the many for which the editors of Shakspere are answerable.

[b] The old stage direction for the conduct of this scene has been retained in the modern editions:—"*Music, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.*" He has made up his mind whilst the music has proceeded, and then follows out the course of his thoughts in words.

[c] *Stayers of sand.* This is ordinarily printed *stairs of sand;* and no explanation is given by the commentators. In the first folio the word is printed, as we print it—*stayers.*

The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the sepulchre.[3]
Thus ornament is but the guiled[a] shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man. But thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness[b] moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shudd-ring fear, and green-ey'd jealousy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstacy,
In measure rain thy joy,[c] scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. What find I here?
[*Opening the leaden casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd:[a] Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprising it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

> 'You that choose not by the view,
> Chance as fair, and choose as true!
> Since this fortune falls to you,
> Be content, and seek no new.
> If you be well pleas'd with this,
> And hold your fortune for your bliss,
> Turn you where your lady is,
> And claim her with a loving kiss.'

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave:
[*Kissing her.*
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,[b]
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,

In the same edition we have, in As You Like It, "In these degrees have they made a *paire of staires* to marriage." We have no great reliance upon the orthography of any of the old editions; but the distinction between *stayers* and *staires* is here remarkable. Further, the propriety of the image appears to us to justify the restoration of the original word in this passage. Cowards in their falseness—their assumption of appearances without realities—may be compared to *stairs* of sand, which betray the feet of those who trust to them: but we have here cowards appearing ready to face an enemy with—

"The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars:"

they are false as *stayers* of sand—banks, bulwarks of sand,—that the least opposition will throw down—vain defences—feeble ramparts. We derive the word *stair* from the Anglo-Saxon *stigan, to ascend;—stay*—and thence *stayer*—from the Teutonic *staen* or *stehen, to stand.*

[a] *Guiled,*—deceiving. The active and passive participles are often substituted each for the other by Shakspere, and the other Elizabethan poets.

[b] *Paleness.* So all the old copies. But it is ordinarily printed *plainness*, upon a suggestion of Warburton. It appeared to him that, because silver was called "thou *pale* and common drudge," lead ought to be distinguished by some other quality. Malone has justly observed that if the emphasis is placed on *thy*, Warburton's objection is obviated.

[c] *Rain thy joy.* Some would read *rein* thy joy. To *rain* is here to pour down. Lord Lansdowne, who in 1701 had the temerity to produce an improved version of The Merchant of Venice, modernizes the passage into—

"In measure *pour* thy joy."

[a] *Unfurnish'd*—unsurrounded by the other features. The pretty conceit of this passage is supposed by Steevens to have been founded upon a description in Greene's 'History of fair Bellora.' But it is by no means certain that the tract was written by Greene, or that it was published before The Merchant of Venice. The passage, however, illustrates the text,—"If Apelles had been tasked to have drawn her *counterfeit*, her two bright burning lamps would have so dazzled his quick-seeing senses, that, quite despairing to express with his cunning pencil so admirable a work of nature, he had been inforced to have stayed his hand, and left this earthly Venus *unfinished.*"

Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing;[a] which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord,—I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd: But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I sweat again,
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.
But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Solanio?[a]

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, *and* Solanio.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Solanio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour:—For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Solanio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Solan. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you.

[*Gives* Bassanio *a letter.*

[a] *Sum of nothing.* So the folio, and one of the quartos. The quarto printed by Roberts reads *sum of something;* which is the ordinary text. We agree with Monck Mason in preferring the reading of the folio, "as it is Portia's intention in this speech to undervalue herself."

[a] *Solanio.* For the reasons assigned in the first note to this play, we have dispensed with the character of *Salerio*, and have substituted *Solanio* in the present scene. It appears to us not only that there is no necessity for introducing a new character, Salerio, in addition to Solanio and Salarino, but that the dramatic propriety is violated by this introduction. In the first scene of this act the servant of Antonio thus addresses Solanio and Salarino:—"Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both." To the unfortunate Antonio, then, these friends repair. What can be more natural than that, after the conference, the one should be despatched to Bassanio, and the other remain with him whose "creditors grow cruel?" We accordingly find in the third scene of this Act, that one of them accompanies Antonio when he is in custody of the gaoler. In the confusion in which the names are printed, it is difficult to say which goes to Belmont, and which remains at Venice. We have determined the matter by the metre of this line, and of the subsequent lines in which the name is mentioned.

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Solan. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.
Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Solanio. What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.
Solan. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!
Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek;
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.
Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart: When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Solanio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?
Solan. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.
Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him swear
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.
Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?
Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
Por. What sum owes he the Jew?
Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife:
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Nerissa, and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer:
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.
Bass. [*Reads.*]

'Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.'

Por. O love, despatch all business, and be gone.
Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.
[*Exeunt.*

BASSANIO RECEIVING THE LETTER CONCERNING ANTONIO.

Portia "There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution

SCENE III.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter Shylock, Salarino, Antonio, *and* Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him. Tell not me of mercy;—
This is the fool that lends out money gratis;—
Gaoler, look to him.
Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause:
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond[a]
To come abroad with him at his request.
Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.
[*Exit* Shylock.
Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.
Salar. I am sure the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law,
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice; if it be denied,
'Twill much impeach the justice of the state;[b]
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *House.*

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, *and* Balthazar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord: If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
To which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

[a] *Fond.* This is generally explained as *foolish*—one of the senses in which Shakspere very often uses the word. We are inclined to think that it here means *indulgent*, tender, weakly compassionate.

[b] The construction of this passage, as it stands in all the old copies, is exceedingly difficult; and the paraphrases of Warburton and Malone do not remove the difficulty. Their reading, which is ordinarily followed, is:—

"The Duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state."

Here *commodity* governs *impeach*. But *commodity* is used in the sense of traffic—commercial intercourse; and although the traffickers might impeach the justice of the state, the traffic cannot. Capell, neglected and despised by all the commentators, has, with the very slightest change of the original, supplied a text which has a clear and precise meaning; and this we have followed:—The Duke cannot deny the course of law *on account of* the interchange which strangers have with us in Venice; if it be denied, *'twill* much impeach the justice of the state.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all fair commands.
Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.
Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!
Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.
Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.
[*Exeunt* Jessica *and* Lorenzo.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua;[a] see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the tranect,[b] to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice:[4]—waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.
Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.
[*Exit.*
Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.
Ner. Shall they see us?
Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accouter'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal;[c] then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.
Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?
Por. Fye! what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. A Garden.*

Enter Launcelot *and* Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly;—for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: Therefore, be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.
Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?
Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.
Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.
Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother; well, you are gone both ways.
Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.
Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another: This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.
Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners

[a] *Padua.* The old copies read Mantua—evidently a mistake: as we have in the fourth Act:—
"Came you from *Padua*, from Bellario?"

[b] *Tranect.* No other example is found of the use of this word in English, and yet there is little doubt that the word is correct. *Tranare*, and *trainare*, are interpreted by Florio not only as *to draw*, which is the common acceptation, but as *to pass or swim over*. Thus the *tranect* was most probably the *tow-boat* of the ferry.

[c] *I could not do withal.* Gifford is very properly indignant at the mode in which a corruption of this reading —*I could not do with all*—has been commented upon by Steevens, under the name of Collins. He says—"The phrase, so shamelessly misinterpreted, is in itself perfectly innocent, and means neither more nor less than, *I could not help it*."—*Notes on 'The Silent Woman.'*

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo. Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly; the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done, too, sir: only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning; go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern.

[*Exit* LAUNCELOT.

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion;—
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: It is very meet,
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

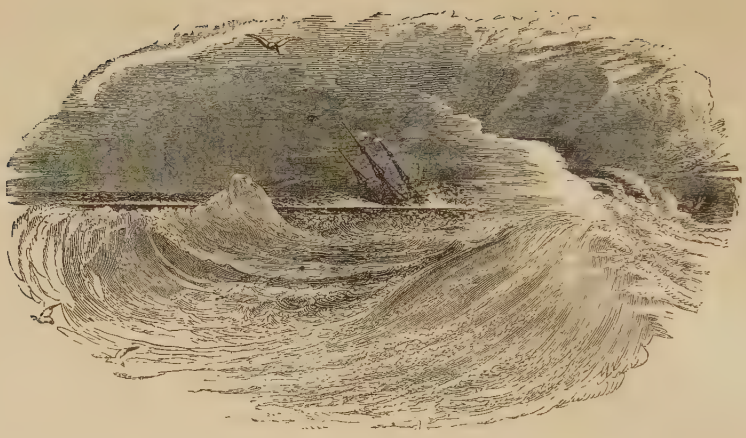
Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt*



['The Goodwins.' From an original Sketch.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

[1] SCENE I.—"*The Goodwins, I think they call the place.*"

THE popular notion of the Goodwin Sand was, not only that it was "a very dangerous flat and fatal," but that it possessed a "voracious and ingurgitating property; so that should a ship of the largest size strike on it, in a few days it would be so wholly swallowed up by these quicksands, that no part of it would be left to be seen." It is to this belief that Shakspere most probably alludes when he describes the place as one "where the carcases of many a tall ship lie buried." It has, however, been ascertained that the sands of the opposite shore are of the same quality as that which tradition reports to have once formed the island property of Goodwin, Earl of Kent.

[2] SCENE I.—"*It was my turquoise.*"

The turquoise, turkise, or Turkey-stone, was supposed to have a marvellous property, thus described in Fenton's 'Secret Wonders of Nature,' 1569:—"The turkeys doth move when there is any peril prepared to him that weareth it." Ben Jonson and Drayton refer to the same superstition. But the Jew, who had "affections, senses, passions," values his turquoise for something more than its commercial worth or its imaginary virtue. "I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys."

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;"

and Shakspere here, with marvellous art, shows us the betrayed and persecuted Shylock, at the moment when he is raving at the desertion of his daughter, and panting for a wild revenge, as looking back upon the days when the fierce passions had probably no place in his heart—"I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor."

[3] SCENE II.—"*The scull that bred them in the sepulchre.*"

Shakspere appears to have had as great an antipathy to false hair as old Stubbes himself; from whose 'Anatomy of Abuses' we gave a quotation upon this subject in 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream' (Illustrations of Act IV.). Timon of Athens says:—

——"thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead."

In the passage before us the idea is more elaborated, and so it is also in the 68th Sonnet:—

"Thus in his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now.
Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow

Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head,
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new.

The "holy antique hours" appear to allude to a state of society in which the fashion, thus placed under its most revolting aspect, did not exist. Stow says—"Women's periwigs were first brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris" (1572). Barnaby Rich, in 1615, speaking of the periwig-sellers, tells us—"These attire-makers within these forty years were not known by that name." And he adds—"But now they are not ashamed to set them forth upon their stalls—such monstrous moppoles of hair—so proportioned and deformed that but within these twenty or thirty years would have drawn the passers by to stand and gaze, and to wonder at them."

[4] SCENE IV.—"*Unto the tranect, to the common ferry Which trades to Venice.*

If Shakspere had been at Venice, (which, from the extraordinary keeping of the play, appears the most natural supposition,) he must surely have had some situation in his eye for Belmont. There is "a common ferry" at two places,—Fusina and Mestre. The Fusina ferry would be the one if Portia lived in perhaps the most striking situation, under the Euganean Hills. But the Mestre ferry is the most convenient medium between Padua and Venice. There is a large collection of canal-craft there. It is eighteen English miles from Padua, and five from Venice. Supposing Belmont to lie in the plain N.W. from Venice, Balthazar might cut across the country to Padua, and meet Portia at Mestre, while she travelled thither at a lady's speed.—(M.)

[Court of the Ducal Palace.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Court of Justice.*

Enter the DUKE, *the* Magnificoes;[a] ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SOLANIO, *and others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?
Ant. Ready, so please your grace.
Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach,[b] I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Solan. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,[a]
But touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant[b] down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

[a] *Magnificoes.*—So the old copies. Coryat calls the nobles of Venice, *Clarissimoes.*

[b] *Envy's reach.* Envy is here used in the sense of *malice, hatred;* as in the translation of the Bible (Mark xv. 10.)—"For he knew that the chief priests had delivered him for *envy.*"

[a] Mr. White prints *loose*, understanding by it the release of the forfeiture.

[b] *Royal merchant.* Warburton says that *royal* is not a mere sounding epithet, but was peculiarly applicable to the old Venetian merchants, who were rulers of principalities in the Archipelago. He adds that the title was given them generally throughout Europe.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: Is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;[a]
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
Master of passion, sways it to the mood[b]
Of what it likes, or loaths: [1]Now, for your answer.
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen[c] bagpipe,[2]—but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend himself, being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?
Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.
Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.
Shy. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew.[a]
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.
Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them,—I would have my bond.
Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?
Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds

[a] *A gaping pig* In Henry VIII. (Act v., Sc. III.) the porter at the Palace Yard thus addresses the mob:—"You'll leave your *noise* anon, ye rascals, ye rude slaves: leave your *gaping*." Here *to gape* is *to bawl*—a sense in which Littleton gives the word in his Dictionary. But, in Webster we have "*a pig's head gaping;*" and in Fletcher, "*gaping like a roasted pig.*" We are inclined to think that Shylock alludes to the squeaking of the living animal. He is particularizing the objects of offence to other men; and he would scarcely repeat his own dislike to pork, so strongly expressed in the first Act.

[b] Shylock himself, in a previous scene, has distinguished between *affection* and *passion*:—"Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, *affections, passions?*" The distinction, indeed, is a very marked one, in the original use of the words. *Affection* is that state of the mind, whether pleasant or disagreeable, which is produced by some *external* object or quality. *Passion* is something higher and stronger—the *suggestive* state of the mind—going to a point by the force of its own will. The distinction is very happily preserved in an old play, 'Never too Late:'—"His heart was fuller of *passions* than his eyes of *affections.*" Keeping in view this distinction, we have a key to this very difficult passage. In the original the period is closed at *affection;* and the line which follows, after a full point, is—

"*Masters* of passion *sways* it to the mood," &c.

Steevens would read, upon an ingenious suggestion of Mr. Waldron,—"*Mistress* of passion;"—supposing that *mistress* was originally written *maistress*, and thence corrupted into *masters*. But it appears to us a less violent change to read *master*. The meaning then is, that *affection*, either for love or dislike—sympathy or antipathy—being the *master of* passion,—sways *it* (*passion*) to the mood of what *it* (*affection*) likes or loaths. If we were to adopt the reading which Malone prefers,—

"*Masters* of passion *sway it* to the mood
Of what *it* likes or loaths,"

the second *it* would be inconsistent with the sense. The *masters* (if masters should be the word) govern the passion, not allowing it to judge of what it likes or loaths; and we ought in that case to read—of what *they like* or *loath*.

[c] *Woollen.* So the old copies. It is ordinarily written *swollen bagpipe*, upon the suggestion of Sir John Hawkins. Dr Johnson would read *wooden*. Douce very properly desires to adhere to the old reading, having the testimony of Dr. Leyden in his edition of 'The Complaynt of Scotland,' who informs us that the Lowland bagpipe commonly had the bag or sack covered with *woollen cloth*, of a green colour, a practice which, he adds, prevailed in the northern counties of England.

[a] We believe that this line should be understood thus:—"I pray you think [consider that] you question with the Jew."

The sentence ends, and Antonio goes on to show the hardness of the Jewish heart.

Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you.
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fye upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Solan. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; Call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man! courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace. [*Presents a letter.*

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen;[a] but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable[b] dog!
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, sterv'd,[a] and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou can'st rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth; or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court:—
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart:—some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[*Clerk reads.*] 'Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnish'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.'

Duke. You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter Portia, *dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law

[a] A passage in Henry IV., Part II., will explain this:—
"Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life."

[b] *Inexecrable.*—So the old copies. The ordinary reading is *inexorable.* Malone thinks that *in* is used as an augmentative particle, the sense being *most execrable.*

[a] *Sterv'd*—synonymous with *starved*, and used by Spenser and the elder poets.

Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger,[a] do you not?
[*To* Antonio.
Ant. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;[3]
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy:
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth.[b] And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.
Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.
Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh
The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so express'd; But what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?

[a] Dr. Jamieson says, '*In his dawnger, under his dawnger*, in his power as a captive. The old French *danger* frequently occurs as signifying *power*, dominion." Steevens quotes from Harl. MS. (1013):—

"Two detters some tyme there were
Oughten money to an usurere,
The one was *in his daungere*,
Fyve hundred poundes tolde."

But the phrase is not used by Portia in the limited and secondary sense of being in debt.

[b] *Truth*, is here used in the sense of honesty.

Ant But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life;
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.
Gra I have a wife, whom I protest I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shy. These be the Christian husbands: I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!
[*Aside.*
We trifle time; I pray thee pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge!—A sentence; come, prepare.
Por. Tarry a little;—there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are a pound of flesh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;*
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew!—O learned judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyself shall see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!
Shy. I take this offer then,—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money.
Por. Soft.
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft;—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than just a pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple,—nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be proved against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,

* The quartos have *take then*, instead of *then take*.

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use,[a] to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter;
Two things provided more,—That for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew; what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence:
I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening, thou shalt have two godfathers;
Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,[a]
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit* Shylock.

Duke. Sir, I entreat you with me home to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon.
I must away this night toward Padua;
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt* Duke, Magnificoes, *and Train.*

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend,
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied:
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further;
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this than on the value.

[a] *In use.* Mr. Staunton says *in use* here, is *in trust* for Shylock; that "this is a conveyance to uses," and that here Shakspere has "the strictness of a technical conveyancer."

[a] *Ten more.* Jurymen were jestingly called godfathers—"Godfathers in law," as Ben Jonson has it.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this I pray you pardon me.
Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.
Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exeunt* Portia *and* Nerissa.
Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.
Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'st,
Unto Antonio's house:—away, make haste.
[*Exit* Gratiano.
Come, you and I will thither presently:
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Venice. A Street.*

Enter Portia *and* Nerissa.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be:
His ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you:—
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring.
[*To* Portia.
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Por. Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old swearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house? [*Exeunt.*

'Street in Venice.'

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

SCENE I.—"*Some men there are*," &c.

THERE is a passage in Donne's 'Devotions,' (1626), in which the doctrine of antipathies is put in a somewhat similar manner:—"A man that is not afraid of a lion is afraid of a cat; not afraid of starving, and yet is afraid of some joint of meat at the table, presented to feed him; not afraid of the sound of drums and trumpets and shot, and those which they seek to drown, the last cries of men, and is afraid of some particular harmonious instrument; so much afraid, as that with any of these the enemy might drive this man, otherwise valiant enough, out of the field."

[2] SCENE I.—"*Bagpipe*."

We extract the following notice of this instrument (which we apprehend is not the "particular *harmonious* instrument" alluded to by Donne) from the 'English Cyclopedia:'—"The bagpipe, or something nearly similar to it, was in use among the ancients. Blanchinus gives a figure of it, under the name of *tibia utricularis*, though this is not precisely the same as the modern instrument. Luscinius, in his 'Musurgia' (1536) has a woodcut of it, whence it appears that the bagpipe in his time was in all respects the same as ours. Indeed, it is mentioned, though not described, by Chaucer, who says of his miller—

'A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and soune;'

and this, we are told in the same prologue, was the music to which the Canterbury pilgrims performed their journey." The following engraving is copied from a carving in the church of Cirencester, which is supposed to be of the period of Henry VII.

[3] SCENE I.

"*The quality of mercy is not strain'd*," &c.

Douce has pointed to the following verse in Ecclesiasticus (xxxv. 20) as having suggested the beautiful image of the rain from heaven:—"Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought." The subsequent passage, when Portia says, "we do pray for mercy," is considered by Sir William Blackstone to be out of character as addressed to a Jew. Shakspere had probably the Lord's Prayer immediately in his mind; but the sentiment is also found in Ecclesiasticus, ch. xxviii.

[' Sit. Jessica.']

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Belmont. *Avenue to* Portia's *House.*

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright:—In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise,—in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand[2]
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs[3]
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come:
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend.

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,

My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont; she doth stray about
By holy crosses,[4] where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None, but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! Did you see master Lorenzo, and mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news; my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter;—Why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand:
And bring your music forth into the air.
[*Exit* Stephano.
How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank![5]
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica.[6] Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines[a] of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:[b]
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in,[c] we cannot hear it.—

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music. [*Music.*

Lor. The reason is your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no music in himself,[7]
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter Portia *and* Nerissa, *at a distance.*

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,[8]
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection:—

[a] *Patines.* The word in the folio is spelt *patens.* A *patine* is the small flat dish or plate used in the service of the altar. Archbishop Laud bequeaths to the Duke of Buckingham his "chalice and *patin* of gold."

[b] *Cherubins.* We follow the orthography of the old editions, though cherubim may be more correct. Spenser uses *cherubins* as the plural of cherubin; Milton, more learnedly, *cherubim.*

[c] *Close it in.* In one of the quartos, and the folio, this is printed *close in it;* the verb in this case being probably compound—*close-in. Close us in,* has crept into some texts,—for which there is no authority.

Peace! How the moon[a] sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd! [*Music ceases.*
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.
Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.
Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.
Por. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
Por. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you.
[*A tucket sounds.*
Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
Por. This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick.[9]
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, *and their Followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me;
But God sort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.
Bass. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend.—
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.
[Gratiano *and* Nerissa *seem to talk apart.*
Gra. By yonder moon, I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.
Por. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose poesy was
For all the world, like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.'
Ner. What talk you of the poesy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till the hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective,[a] and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.
Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.
Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed[b] boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands,—
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.
Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear, I lost the ring defending it. [*Aside.*
Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away

[a] *Peace! How the moon*, &c. So all the old copies. Malone substituted, *Peace! Hoa! The moon.* There are certainly examples in Shakspere of the union of these interjectional words; as in Romeo and Juliet—*Peace! Hoa! For shame!* In this, and in other instances, they express a violent interposition. Malone thinks that Portia uses the words as commanding the music to cease. This would be a singularly unlady-like act of Portia, in reality, as well as in expression. We apprehend that, having been talking somewhat loudly to Nerissa as she approached the house, she checks herself as she comes close to it, with the interjection—*Peace!*—equivalent to *hush!* and then gives the poetical reason for being silent.—

"How the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd."

The stage direction, *Music ceases.* is a coincidence with Portia's *Peace!* but not a consequence of it.

[a] *Respective*,—regardful.
[b] *Scrubbed.* Warton would read *stubbed*, in the sense of *stunted.*

Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain[a] the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it: Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus;
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself:
In each eye one:—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me;
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
[*To* PORTIA.
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;

[a] *Contain*, and *retain*, are here synonymous.

Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but e'en now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bed-fellow;
When I am absent then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

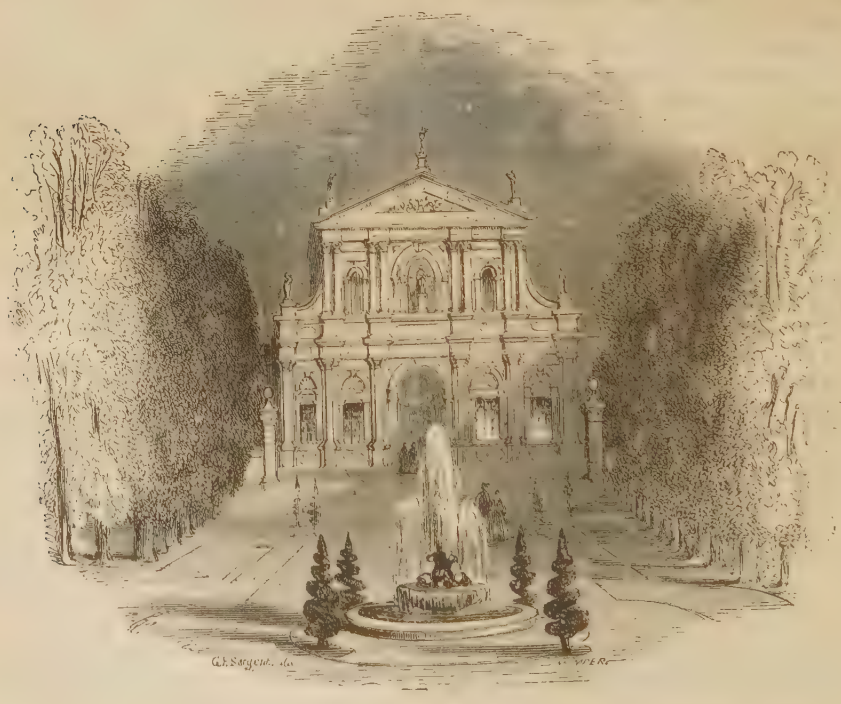
Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full: Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,[a]
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so; The first inter'gatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to-day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore,[b] as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[*Exeunt.*

[a] Inter'gatories. Ben Jonson several times uses this elision.
[b] *Sore*—excessively—extremely—much.



[Italian Villa by Moonlight.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

SCENE I.—"*Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls.*"

OUR poet had Chaucer in his mind :—

"The daie goth fast, and after that came eve,
And yet came not to Troilus Cresseide.
He lookith forth, by hedge, by tre, by greve,
And ferre his heade ovir the walle he leide."

[2] SCENE I.— "*In such a night,*
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand."

"This passage," says Steevens, "contains a small instance out of many that might be brought to prove that Shakspeare was no reader of the classics." And why?—because the Dido of the classics is never represented with a willow! Shakspere was not, like many of Steevens' day who had made great reputations with slender means, a mere transcriber of the thoughts of other men. He has here given us a *picture* of the forsaken Dido, which was perfectly intelligible to the popular mind. Those who remember Desdemona's willow-song in Othello need no laboured comment to show them that the willow was emblematic of the misery that Dido had to bear.

[3] SCENE I.— "*In such a night,*
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs," &c.

The picture of the similar scene in Gower (*Confessio Amantis*) is exceedingly beautiful :—

"Thus it befell upon a night
Whann there was nought but sterre light,
She was vanished right as hir list,
That no wight but herself wist:
And that was at midnight tide,
The world was still on every side."

SCENE I.— ——"*she doth stray about*
By holy crosses."

These holy crosses still, as of old, bristle the land in Italy, and sanctify the sea. Besides those contained in churches, they mark the spots where heroes were born, where saints rested, where travellers died. They rise on the summits of hills, and at the intersection of roads; and there is now a shrine of the Madonna del Mare in the midst of the sea between Mestre and Venice, and another between Venice and Palestrina, where the gondolier and the mariner cross themselves in passing, and whose lamp nightly gleams over the waters in moonlight or storm. The days are past when pilgrims of all ranks, from the queen to the beggar-maid, might be seen kneeling and praying "for happy wedlock hours," or for what ever else lay nearest their hearts; and the reverence of the passing traveller is now nearly all the homage that is paid at these shrines.—(M.)

[5] SCENE I.—"*How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.*"

One characteristic of an Italian garden is that its trees and shrubs are grown in avenues and gathered into thickets, while the grass-plots and turfy banks are studded with parterres of roses and other flowers, which lie open to the sunshine and the dews. The moonlight thus *sleeps* upon such lawns and banks, instead of being disturbed by the flickering of overshadowing trees.—(M.)

[6] SCENE I.—"*Sit, Jessica,*" &c.

Mr. Hallam, in his very interesting account of the philosophy of Campanella, thus paraphrases one of the most imaginative passages of the Dominican friar:—"The sky and stars are endowed with the keenest sensibility; nor is it unreasonable to suppose that they signify their mutual thoughts to each other by the transference of light, and that their sensibility is full of pleasure. The blessed spirits, that inform such living and bright mansions, behold all things in nature, and in the divine ideas; they have also a more glorious light than their own, through which they are elevated to a supernatural beatific vision." Mr. Hallam adds: "We can hardly read this, without recollecting the most sublime passage perhaps in Shakspeare;" and he then quotes the following lines, which our readers will thank us for offering to them apart from the general text:—

"Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."*

Campanella was of a later period than Shakspere, who probably found the idea in some of the Platonic works of which his writings unquestionably show that he was a student. In his hands it has

* Literature of Europe, vol. iii. p. 147. Mr. Hallam has quoted from memory; having put "vault" for "floor," with two or three minor variations.

reached its utmost perfection of beauty. After these glorious lines, the parallel passage in Milton's 'Arcades,' fine as it is, appears to us less perfect in sentiment and harmony :—

> "In deep of night when drowsiness
> Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
> To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
> That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
> And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
> And turn the adamantine spindle round,
> On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
> Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
> To lull the daughter of Necessity,
> And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
> And the low world in measur'd motion draw
> After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
> Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear."

Coleridge has approached the subject in lines which are worthy to stand by the side of those of Shakspere and Milton :—

> "Soul of Alvar!
> Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell;—
> So may the gates of Paradise, unbarr'd,
> Cease thy swift toils! Since haply thou art one
> Of that innumerable company
> Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
> Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
> With noise too vast and constant to be heard;—
> Fitliest unheard! For oh, ye numberless
> And rapid travellers! what ear unstunn'd,
> What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against
> The rushing of your congregated wings?"
> (*Remorse*, Act III., Sc. I.)

[7] SCENE I.—"*The man that hath no music in himself.*"

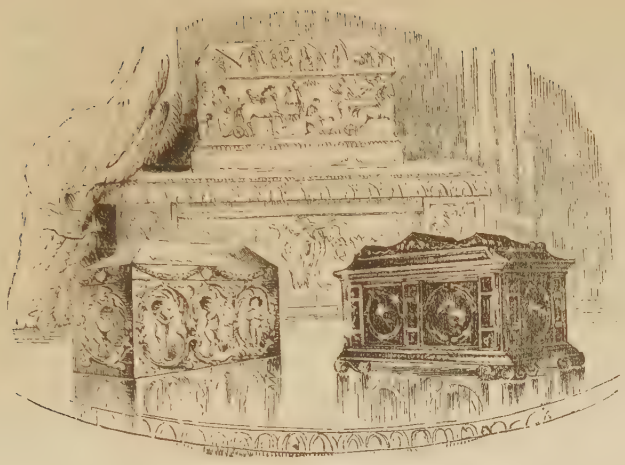
There is a great controversy amongst the commentators upon the moral fitness of this passage; and those who are curious in such matters may turn to the variorum edition, for a long and perilous attack upon Shakspere's opinions by Steevens, and to a defence of them, in their separate works, by Douce and Monck Mason. The interest of the dispute wholly consists in the solemn stupidity with which it is conducted. The summing-up of Steevens is unequalled :—"Let not this capricious sentiment of Shakspeare descend to posterity unattended by the opinion of the late Lord Chesterfield upon the same subject;" and then he quotes one of his Lordship's letters, containing an insolent attack upon "fiddlers."

[8] SCENE I.—"*The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,*" &c.

The animals mentioned in this play are all proper to the country, and to that part of it, to which the play relates. The wren is uncommon; but its note is occasionally heard. The crow, lark, jay, cuckoo, nightingale, goose, and eel, are all common in Lombardy.—(M.)

[9] SCENE I.—"*This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick.*"

The light of moon and stars in Italy is almost as yellow as sunlight in England. The planets burn like golden lamps above the pinnacles and pillared statues of the city and the tree-tops of the plain, with a brilliancy which cannot be imagined by those who have dwelt only in a northern climate. The infant may there hold out its hands, not only for the full moon, but for "the old moon sitting in the young moon's lap,"—an appearance there as obvious to the eye as any constellation. Two hours after sunset, on the nights of new moon, we have seen so far over the lagunes, that the night seemed indeed only a paler day,—"a little paler."—(M.)



[The Caskets.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

Mrs. Inchbald, in her edition of the Acted Drama, thus describes Lord Lansdown's *arrangement, with variations*, of The Merchant of Venice:—"The Jew of Venice, by Lord Lansdown, is an alteration of this play, and was acted in 1701. The noble author made some *emendations* in the work; but having made *the Jew a comic character*, as such he caused *more laughter than detestation*, which wholly *destroyed the moral* designed by the original author." A *comic* Shylock is certainly the masterpiece of the improvements upon Shakspere. We have reached a period when it is scarcely necessary to discuss whether this *emendation* of Shakspere were right or wrong; nor, indeed, whether Mrs. Inchbald herself be perfectly correct in assuming that, if the trial scene were now brought upon the stage for the first time, "the company in the side-boxes would faint or withdraw." The Merchant of Venice of the stage is, in many respects, the play of Shakspere. Macklin put down Lord Lansdown. But it is, with green-room propriety, accommodated to the taste of "the company in the side-boxes," by the omission of a great deal of what is highest in its poetry, and by the substitution, in some cases, of the actor's verses for Shakspere's. It is scarcely worth while to enter into details upon matters which, with regard to Shakspere in a large sense, are so intrinsically worthless; but we will furnish our readers with one parallel between the uncorrupted text and the text of the "prompt-book," to justify an opinion, which we venture to express with becoming diffidence,—that the sooner the prompt-books of Shakspere are burnt, the more creditable it will be to all those who interpret Shakspere to the public ear. Our specimen will simply consist of a lyric, which has been cast out of the prompt-book, as compared with one which has found its way into it. We may add that all the editions of this Acted Drama contain several other specimens of composition, equally worthy of being compared with the "old and antique song" of Voltaire's "barbarian."

A Duet by Shakspere, *not found in the Prompt-Book.*

"Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell,
All. Ding, dong, bell."
(Act III., Edit. of 1623.)

A Duet from the Prompt-Book, *not found in Shakspere.*

Lorenzo.
"For thee, my gentle Jessy,
What labour would seem hard!
Jessica.
For thee, each task how easy
Thy love the sweet reward.
Lorenzo and Jessica.
The bee thus, uncomplaining,
Esteems no toil severe,
The sweet reward obtaining,
Of honey all the year."
(Act v. of the Acted Drama.)

Passing from such truly insignificant matters, (but which, insignificant as they are, occasionally demand a slight observation,) we come to an opinion in which Mrs. Inchbald is by no means singular—that *detestation* of the Jew is "*the moral designed* by the original author." It is probable that, even in Shakspere's time, this was the popular notion. In an anonymous MS. 'Elegy on Burbage,' "one of the characters he is represented to have filled is that of Shylock, who is called 'the red-hair'd Jew.' This establishes that the part was dressed in an artificial red beard and wig, in order to render it more odious and objectionable to the audience."* This circumstance, however, is by no means a proof to us that Shakspere intended the Jew to move the audience to unmitigated odium. The players might have thought, indeed, that he was not odious enough for the popular appetite, and in consequence made him "more odious and objectionable." The question may be better understood as we proceed in an analysis of the characters and incidents of this drama.

A contemporary German critic, Dr. Ulrici†, has presented to us the entire plot of The Merchant of Venice under a very original aspect. His object has been to discover—what he maintains had not been previously discovered—the fundamental idea of the drama—the link which holds together all its apparently heterogeneous parts. We are scarcely yet accustomed to the profound views which the philosophical critics of Germany are disposed to take of the higher works of art, and of the creations of Shakspere especially. We are more familiar with the common opinion that genius works upon no very settled principles, and produces the finest combinations by some happy accident. It is thus that some of us are disposed to reject the opposite doctrines as mystical and paradoxical; and that nearly all of us are inclined to agree that "'twere to consider too curiously to consider so" as Tieck, and Ulrici, and others of their school consider. We, of England, however—strong as our determination may be to cling to what we call the common-sense view of a subject—are learning to receive with respect, at least for their ingenuity, those criticisms which look beyond the external forms of poetry; and for this reason we do not hesitate to offer to our readers a rapid notice of Dr. Ulrici's judgment upon the drama before us. The critic first passes the several characters in review. Antonio is the noble and great hearted, yielding to a passive melancholy, produced by the weight of a too agitating life of action; Bassanio, somewhat inconsiderate, but generous and sensible, is the genuine Italian gentleman, in the best sense of the word; Portia is most amiable, and intellectually rich *(geistreich)*; Jessica is a child of nature, lost in an oriental love enthusiasm. The critic presents these characteristics in a very few words; but his portrait of Shylock is more elaborate. He is the well-struck image of the Jewish character in general—of the fallen member of a race dispersed over the whole earth, and enduring long centuries of persecution. Their firmness had become obstinacy; their quickness of intellect, craft; their love of possessions, a revolting avarice. "Nothing," says Dr. Ulrici, "had kept its rank in their universal decay, but the unconquerable constancy, the dry mummy-like tenacity of the Jewish nature. So appears Shylock—a pitiable ruin of a great and significant by-past time—the glimmering ash-spark of a faded splendour which can no longer warm or preserve, but can yet burn or destroy. We are as little able to deny him our compassion, as we can withhold our disgust against his modes of thinking and acting."

Dr. Ulrici next proceeds to notice Shakspere's mastership in the composition, uniting, and unfolding of the intricate plot. "We have three curious, and in themselves very complicated,

* Collier's 'New Particulars,' &c.

† 'Ueber Shakspeare s dramatische Kunst und sein Verhältniss zu Calderon un Göthe.

knots wound into each other :—first, the process between Antonio and Shylock ; next, the marriages of Bassanio and Portia, of Gratiano and Nerissa ; and, lastly, the elopement of Jessica, and her love's history with Lorenzo. These various interests, actions, and adventures are disposed with such a clearness and fixedness—one so develops itself out of and with the others,—that we never lose the thread that everywhere reveals an animated and harmoniously-framed principle." The critic then proceeds to say, that, although an *external* union of the chief elements is clearly enough supported, the whole seems in truth to be inevitably falling asunder; and that "we have now to inquire where lies the *internal* spiritual unity which will justify the combination of such heterogeneous elements in one drama."

Throughout many of Shakspere's plays, according to Dr. Ulrici, the leading fundamental idea, concentrated in itself, is so intentionally hidden—the *single* makes itself so decidedly important, and comes before us so free, and self-sustained, and complete,—that the entire work is occasionally exposed to the ungrounded reproach of looseness of plan and want of coherency. On the other hand, there are sufficient intimations of the meaning of the whole scattered throughout ; so that whoever has in some degree penetrated into the depths of the Shaksperian art cannot well go wrong. The sense and significancy of the process between Antonio and the Jew rest clearly upon the old juridical precept, *Summum jus, summa injuria*—(the highest law, the highest injustice.) Shylock has, clearly, all that is material, except justice, on his side; but while he seizes and follows his right to the letter, he falls through it into the deepest and most criminal injustice ; and the same injustice, through the internal necessity which belongs to the nature of sin, falls back destructively on his own head. The same aspect in which this principle is presented to us in its extremest harshness, in the case of Shylock, shows itself in various outbursts of light and shadow throughout all the remaining elements of this drama. The arbitrary will of her father, which fetters Portia's inclination, and robs her of all participation in the choice of a husband, rests certainly upon paternal right; but even this right, when carried to an extreme, becomes the highest injustice. The injustice which lies in the enforcement of this paternal right would have fallen with tragical weight, if *chance* had not conducted it to a fortunate issue. The flight and marriage of Jessica, against her father's will, comprehends a manifest injustice. Nevertheless, who will condemn her for having withdrawn herself from the power of such a father? In the sentence laid upon the Jew, by which he is compelled to recognise the marriage of his daughter, is again reflected the precept—*Summum jus, summa injuria;* right and unright are here so closely driven up into the same limit, that they are no longer separated, but immediately pass over one to the other. Thus we see that the different, and apparently heterogeneous, events unite themselves in the whole into one point. They are only variations of the same theme. All human life is a great lawsuit; where right is received as the centre and basis of our being. From this point of view proceeds the drama. But the more this basis is built upon, the more insecure does it exhibit itself. Unquestionably, right and law ought to uphold and strengthen human life. But they are not its basis and true centre. In them the whole truth of human existence does not lie enclosed. In their one-sidedness right becomes unright, and unright becomes right. Law and right have their legality and truth, not through and in themselves ; but they rest upon the higher principles of the true morality, from which they issue only as single rays. Man has in and for himself no rights, but only duties. But, at the same time, against others his duties are rights: and there is no true living right that does not include, and may be itself indeed, a duty. Not upon right, then, but upon the heavenly grace rests the human being and life. The union of the human with the Divine will is the true animating morality of mankind—through which right and unright first receive their value and significancy. Shakspere indicates this in the following beautiful verses :—

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy."

We have thus very briefly, and, therefore, somewhat imperfectly, exhibited the views of Dr. Ulrici, with reference to the idea in which this drama is conceived. They belong to that philosophy which, whether for praise or for blame, has been called transcendental. We cannot avoid expressing our opinion that, although Shakspere might not have proposed to himself so *systematic* a display of the contest that is unremittingly going forward in the world between our conventional and our natural being, he did intend to represent the anomalies that have always existed between the circumstances by which human agents are surrounded, and the higher motives by which they should act. And this idea, as it appears to us, is the basis of the large toleration which belongs to this drama, amidst its seeming intolerance. Men are to be judged upon a higher principle than belongs to mere edicts,—by and through all the associations amidst which they have been nurtured, and by which they have been impelled. We will take a case or two in point.

Antonio is one of the most beautiful of Shakspere's characters. He does not take a very prominent part in the drama: he is a sufferer rather than an actor. We view him, in the outset, rich, liberal, surrounded with friends; yet he is unhappy. He has higher aspirations than those which ordinarily belong to one dependent upon the chances of commerce; and this uncertainty, as we think, produces his unhappiness. He will not acknowledge the forebodings of evil which come across his mind. Ulrici says "It was the over-great magnitude of his earthly riches, which, although his heart was by no means dependent upon their amount, unconsciously confined the free flight of his soul." We doubt if Shakspere meant this. He has addressed the reproof of that state of mind to Portia, from the lips of Nerissa:—

"*Por.* By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

"*Ner.* You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: And yet, for aught I see, *they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing.*"

Antonio may say—

"In sooth, I know not why I am so sad;"

but his reasoning denial of the cause of his sadness is a proof to us that the foreboding of losses—

"Enough to press a royal merchant down,—"

is at the bottom of his sadness. It appears to us as a self-delusion, which his secret nature rejects, that he says,—

"My ventures are not in one bottom trusted.
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.'

When he has given the fatal bond, he has a sort of desperate confidence, which to us looks very unlike assured belief:—

"Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, *I do expect* return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond."

And, finally, when his calamity has become a real thing, and not a shadowy notion, his deportment shows that his mind has been long familiar with images of ruin:—

"Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view, with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off."

The generosity of Antonio's nature unfitted him for a contest with the circumstances amid which his lot was cast. The Jew says—

> "In low simplicity,
> He lends out money gratis."

He himself says—

> "I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
> Many that have at times made moan to me."

Bassanio describes him, as—

> "The kindest man,
> The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
> In doing courtesies."

To such a spirit, whose "means are in supposition"—whose ventures are "squander'd abroad"—the curse of the Jew must have sometimes presented itself to his own prophetic mind:—

> "This is the fool that lends out money gratis."

Antonio and his position are not in harmony. But there is something else discordant in Antonio's mind. This kind friend—this generous benefactor—this gentle spirit—this man "unwearied in doing courtesies"—can outrage and insult a fellow-creature, because he is of another creed:—

> *Shy.* "Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
> You spurn'd me such a day; another time
> You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
> I'll lend you thus much monies.
> *Ant.* I am as like to call thee so again,
> To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too."

Was it without an object that Shakspere made this man, so entitled to command our affections and our sympathy, act so unworthy a part, and not be ashamed of the act? Most assuredly the poet did not intend to justify the indignities which were heaped upon Shylock; for in the very strongest way he has made the Jew remember the insult in the progress of his wild revenge:—

> "Thou call'dst me dog, before thou had'st a cause:
> But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs."

Here, to our minds, is the first of the lessons of charity which this play teaches. Antonio is as much to be pitied for his prejudices as the Jew for his. They had both been nurtured in evil opinions. They had both been surrounded by influences which more or less held in subjection their better natures. The honoured Christian is as intolerant as the despised Jew. The one habitually pursues with injustice the subjected man that he has been taught to loath; the other, in the depths of his subtle obstinacy, seizes upon the occasion to destroy the powerful man that he has been compelled to fear. The companions of Antonio exhibit, more or less, the same reflexion of the prejudices which have become to them a second nature. They are not so gross in their prejudices as Launcelot, to whom "the Jew is the very devil incarnation." But to Lorenzo, who is about to marry his daughter, Shylock is a "faithless Jew." When the unhappy father is bereft of all that constituted the solace of his home, and before he has manifested that spirit of revenge which might well call for indignation and contempt, he is to the gentlemanly Solanio "the villain Jew," and "the dog Jew." When the unhappy man speaks of his daughter's flight, he is met with a brutal jest on the part of Salarino, who, within his own circle, is the pleasantest of men:—"I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal." We can understand the reproaches that are heaped upon Shylock in the trial scene, as something that might come out of the depths of any passion-stirred nature; but the habitual contempt with which he is treated by men who in every other respect are gentle and good-humoured and benevolent, is a proof to us that Shakspere meant to represent the struggle that must inevitably ensue, in a condition of society where the innate sense of justice is deadened in the powerful by those hereditary prejudices which make cruelty virtue; and where the powerless, invested by accident with the means of revenge, say with Shylock, "The villainy you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction." The climax of this subjection of our higher and better natures to conventional circumstances is to be found in the character of the Jew's daughter. Young, agreeable, intelligent, formed for happiness, she is shut up by her father in a dreary solitude. One opposed to her in creed gains her affections; and the ties which bind the father and the child are broken for ever. But they are not broken without compunction:—

"Alack! what heinous sin is it in me
To be asham'd to be my father's child."

This is nature. But when she has fled from him—robbed him—spent fourscore ducats in one night—given his turquoise for a monkey—and, finally, revealed his secrets, with an evasion of the ties that bound them, which makes one's flesh creep,—

"When I was *with him*,"—

we see the poor girl plunged into the most wretched contest between her duties and her pleasures by the force of external circumstances. We grant, then, to all these our compassion; for they commit injustice ignorantly, and through a force which they cannot withstand. Is the Jew himself not to be measured by the same rule? We believe that it was Shakspere's intention so to measure him.

When Pope exclaimed of Macklin's performance of Shylock,—

"This is the Jew
That Shakspere drew!"

the higher philosophy of Shakspere was little appreciated. Macklin was, no doubt, from all traditionary report of him, perfectly capable of representing the subtlety of the Jew's malice and the energy of his revenge. But it is a question with us, whether he perceived, or indeed if any actor ever efficiently represented, the more delicate traits of character that lie beneath these two great passions of the Jew's heart. Look, for example, at the extraordinary mixture of the personal and the national in his dislike of Antonio. He hates him for his gentle manners:—

"How like a fawning publican he looks!"

He hates him, "for he is a Christian;"—he hates him, for that "he lends out money gratis;"—but he hates him more than all, because

"He hates our sacred nation."

It is this national feeling which, when carried in a right direction, makes a patriot and a hero, that assumes in Shylock the aspect of a grovelling and fierce personal revenge. He has borne insult and injury "with a patient shrug;" but ever in small matters he has been seeking retribution:—

"I am not bid for love, they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian."

The mask is at length thrown off—he has the Christian in his power; and his desire of revenge, mean and ferocious as it is, rises into sublimity, through the unconquerable energy of the oppressed man's wilfulness. "I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands; organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that." It is impossible, after this exposition of his feelings, that we should not feel that he has properly cast the greater portion of the odium which belongs to his actions upon the social circumstances by which he has been hunted into madness. He has been made the thing he is by society. In the extreme wildness of his anger, when he utters the harrowing imprecation,—"I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin;" the tenderness that belongs to our common humanity, even in its most passionate forgetfulness of the dearest ties, comes across him in the remembrance of the mother of that execrated child:—"Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor."

It is in the conduct of the trial scene that, as it appears to us, is to be sought the concentration of Shakspere's leading idea in the composition of this drama. The merchant stands before the Jew a better and a wiser man than when he called him "dog:"—

"I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm d
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his."

Misfortune has corrected the influences which, in happier moments, allowed him to forget the gentleness of his nature, and to heap unmerited abuse upon him whose badge was sufferance. The Jew is unchanged. But if Shakspere in the early scenes made us entertain some compassion for his wrongs, he has now left him to bear all the indignation which we ought to feel against one "uncapable of pity." But we cannot despise the Jew. His intellectual vigour rises supreme over the mere reasonings by which he is opposed. He defends his own injustice by the example of as great an injustice of everyday occurrence—and no one ventures to answer him :—

> You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
> Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
> You use in abject and in slavish parts,
> Because you bought them :—Shall I say to you,
> Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
> Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
> Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
> Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
> The slaves are ours :—So do I answer you.
> The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
> Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it:
> If you deny me, fye upon your law!"

It would have been exceedingly difficult for the merchant to have escaped from the power of the obdurate man, so strong in the letter of the law, and so resolute to carry it out by the example of his judges in other matters, had not the law been found here, as in most other cases, capable of being bent to the will of its administrators. Had it been the inflexible thing which Shylock required it to be, a greater injustice would have been committed than the Jew had finally himself to suffer. Mrs. Jameson has very justly and ingeniously described the struggle which Portia had, in abandoning the high ground which she took in her great address to the Jew :—"She maintains at first a calm self-command, as one sure of carrying her point in the end: yet the painful heart-thrilling uncertainty in which she keeps the whole court, until suspense verges upon agony, is not contrived for effect merely; it is necessary and inevitable. She has two objects in view: to deliver her husband's friend, and to maintain her husband's honour by the discharge of his just debt, though paid out of her own wealth ten times over. It is evident that she would rather owe the safety of Antonio to anything rather than the legal quibble with which her cousin Bellario has armed her, and which she reserves as a last resource. Thus all the speeches addressed to Shylock, in the first instance, are either direct or indirect experiments on his temper and feelings. She must be understood from the beginning to the end, as examining with intense anxiety the effect of her own words on his mind and countenance; as watching for that relenting spirit which she hopes to awaken either by reason or persuasion." *

Had Shylock relented after that most beautiful appeal to his mercy, which Shakspere has here placed as the exponent of the higher principle upon which all law and right are essentially dependent, the real moral of the drama would have been destroyed. The weight of injuries transmitted to Shylock from his forefathers, and still heaped upon him even by the best of those by whom he was surrounded, was not so easily to become light, and to cease to exasperate his nature. Nor would it have been a true picture of society in the sixteenth century had the poet shown the judges of the Jew wholly magnanimous in granting him the mercy which he denied to the Christian. We certainly do not agree with the Duke, in his address to Shylock, that the conditions upon which his life is spared are imposed—

> "That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit.

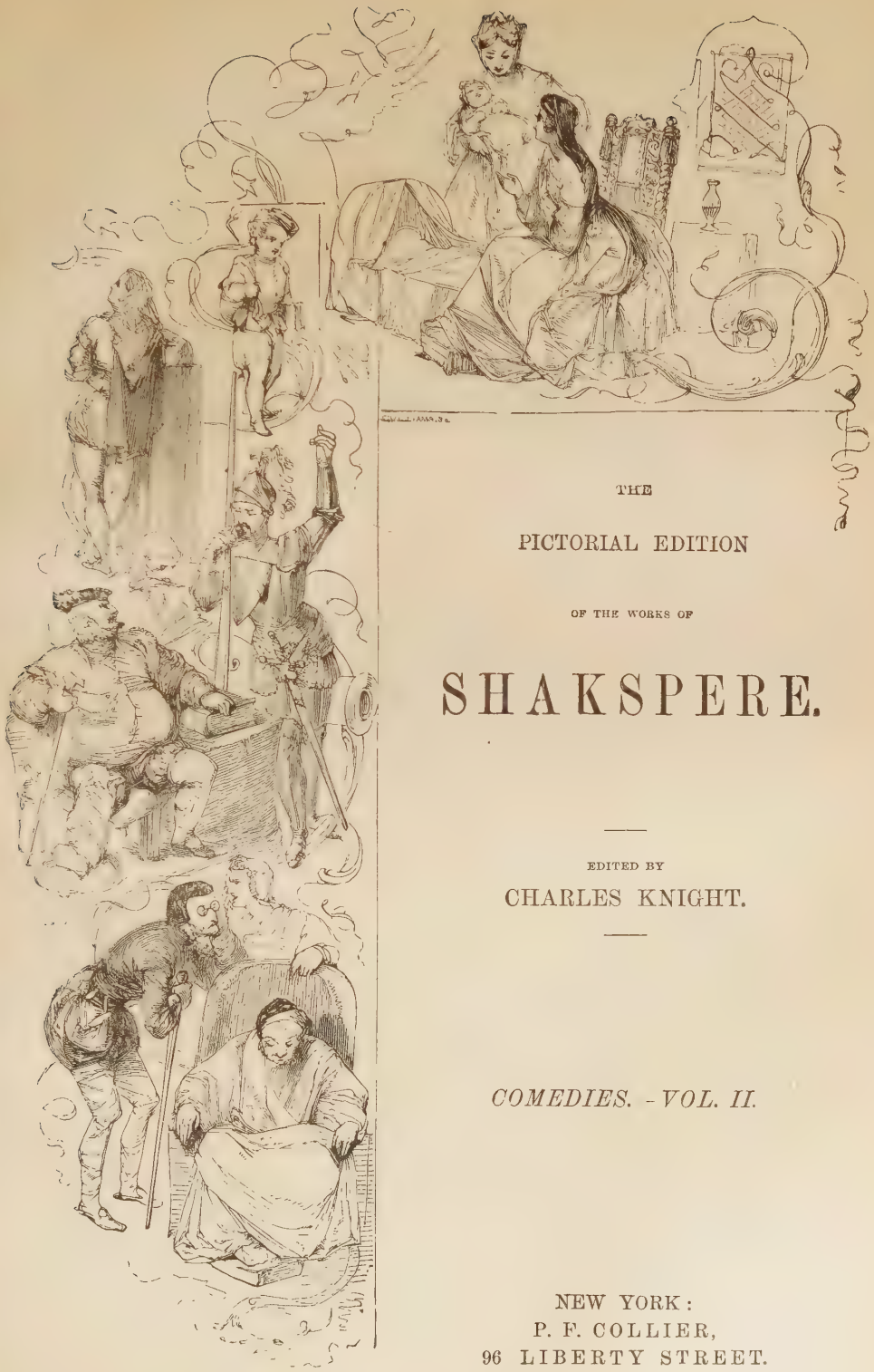
Nor do we think that Shakspere meant to hold up these conditions as anything better than examples of the mode in which the strong are accustomed to deal with the weak. There is still something discordant in this, the real catastrophe of the drama. It could not be otherwise, and yet be true to nature.

But how artistically has the poet restored the balance of pleasurable sensations! Throughout the whole conduct of the play, what may be called its tragic portion has been relieved by the romance which belongs to the personal fate of Portia. But after the great business of the drama is wound up, we fall back upon a repose which is truly refreshing and harmonious. From the lips of Lorenzo and

* 'Characteristics of Women,' vol. i. p. 75.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

Jessica, as they sit in the "paler day" of an Italian moon, are breathed the lighter strains of the most playful poetry, mingled with the highest flights of the most elevated. Music and the odours of sweet flowers are around them. Happiness is in their hearts. Their thoughts are lifted by the beauties of the earth above the earth. This delicious scene belongs to what is universal and eternal, and takes us far away from those bitter strifes of our social state which are essentially narrow and temporary. And then come the affectionate welcomes, the pretty, pouting contests, and the happy explanations of Portia and Nerissa with Bassanio and Gratiano. Here again we are removed into a sphere where the calamities of fortune, and the injustice of man warring against man, may be forgotten. The poor Merchant is once more happy. The "gentle spirit" of Portia is perhaps the happiest, for she has triumphantly concluded a work as religious as her pretended pilgrimage "by holy crosses." To use the words of Dr. Ulrici, "the sharp contrarieties of right and unright are played out."



THE

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ALL'S WELL
THAT
ENDS WELL

[Boccaccio.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of All's Well that ends Well.

This comedy was first printed in the folio collection of 1623; and it was entered at Stationers' Hall by Blount and Jaggard, on the 8th November, 1623, as being one of those "not formerly entered to other men." In the original copy the play is divided into acts, but not into scenes. There are several examples of corruption in the text; but, upon the whole, it is very accurately printed, both with regard to the metrical arrangement and to punctuation.

We have already expressed an opinion as to the date of this comedy. "Meres has also mentioned, amongst the instances of Shakspere's excellence for comedy, Love's Labour Won. This is generally believed to be All's Well that ends Well; and probably, in some form or other, this was an early play." * After this opinion was expressed by us, Mr. Hunter's 'Disquisition on the Tempest' was published, in which he repudiates the notion that Love's Labour Won and All's Well that ends Well are identical. Mr. Hunter states that a passing remark of Dr. Farmer, in the Essay on the Learning of Shakspere, first pointed out this supposed identity; and he adds, "the remark has since been caught up and repeated by a thousand voices. Yet it was made in the most casual, random, and hasty manner imaginable. It was supported by no kind of argument or evidence; and I cannot find that any persons who have repeated it after him have shown any probable grounds for the opinion." It is not in the spirit of controversy that we are now about to show "some probable grounds for the opinion." In supporting our view of this question we must necessarily dissent from Mr. Hunter's theory; but we shall endeavour to enforce our own "argument" without being betrayed into the spirit which too often has degraded Shaksperian criticism, and which we described in our original Prospectus as "doubly disagreeable in connexion with the works of the most tolerant and expansive mind that ever lifted us out of the region of petty hostilities and prejudices."

The remark in Farmer's Essay to which Mr. Hunter alludes was certainly made in a "casual"

* Merchant of Venice. Introductory Notice, p. 388.

manner; because Farmer's object was not to establish the identity of Love's Labour Won and All's Well that ends Well, but to show that Shakspere did not go to the Italian source for the plot of the latter play. The passage is as follows:—"The story of All's Well that ends Well, or, as I suppose it to have been sometimes called, Love's Labour Wonne," (and here Farmer inserts a reference to Meres' 'Wits' Treasury,' 1598,) "is originally indeed the property of Boccace, but it came immediately to Shakspere from Painter's 'Giletta of Narbon.'" Now this remark, although passing and casual, is not of necessity "random and hasty." Farmer might have well considered this question of identity without entering upon it in his Essay. Malone, in the *first* edition of his 'Chronological Order of Shakspeare's Plays,' assigns the date of this comedy to 1598, upon the authority of the passage in Meres. He says, "No other of our author's plays could have borne that title (Love's Labour Won) with so much propriety as that before us; yet it must be acknowledged that the present title is inserted in the body of the play:—

'All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown.

"This line, however, might certainly have suggested the alteration of what has been thought the first title, and affords no decisive proof that this piece was originally called All's Well that ends Well." We shall presently recur to Malone's different opinion in the posthumous edition of his 'Chronological Order.' He certainly, in the first edition, adopted the title of Love's Labour Won as identical with this comedy, and not without showing "probable grounds for the opinion." "*No other of our author's plays could have borne that title with so much propriety.*" This is, in truth, the real argument in the matter; and when Coleridge, therefore, describes this play as "originally intended as the *counterpart* of Love's Labour's Lost,"—when Mrs. Jameson, with reference to the nature of the plot and the suitableness of the title found in Meres, states, complainingly, "Why the title was altered, or by whom, I cannot discover,"—and when Tieck says, "The *poet* probably first called this play Love's Labour Won,"—we may add the opinions of these eminent writers on Shakspere to the original opinion of Malone, in opposition to the assertion of Mr. Hunter, (which is also unsupported by "argument,") that "the leading features of the story in All's Well cannot be said to be aptly represented by the title in Meres' list."

When Coleridge described this play as the *counterpart* of Love's Labour's Lost, we do not think he spoke in a "casual, random, and hasty manner." Shakspere's titles, in the judgment of our philosophical critic, always exhibit "great significancy." The Labour of Love which is *Lost* is not a very earnest labour. The king and his courtiers are fantastical lovers. They would win their mistresses by "bootless rhymes" and "speeches penn'd," and their most sincere declarations are thus only received as "mocking merriment." The concluding speeches of the ladies to their lovers show clearly that Shakspere meant to mark the cause why their labour was lost—it was labour hastily taken up, pursued in a light temper, assuming the character of "pleasant jest and courtesy." The princess and her ladies would not accept it as "labour," without a year's probation. It was offered, they thought, "in heat of blood;"—theirs was a love which only bore "gaudy blossoms." What would naturally be the counterpart of such a story? One of passionate, enduring, all-pervading love,—of a love that shrinks from no difficulty, resents no unkindness, fears no disgrace, but perseveres, under the most adverse circumstances to vindicate its own claims by its own energy, and to achieve success by the strength of its own will. This is the Labour of Love which is Won. Is not this the story of All's Well that ends Well?

When Helena, in the first scene, so beautifully describes the hopelessness of her love—

"It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me"—

could she propose to come within "his sphere" without some extraordinary effort? "Hic labor, hoc opus est." She does resolve to make the effort; it is within the bounds of possibility that her labour may be successful, and therefore her "intents are fix'd:"—

"The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose
What hath been cannot be."

Inferior natures that estimate their labours by a common standard—"that weigh their pains in sense"—that are not supported in their labours by a spirit which rejects all fear and embraces all hope,—confound the difficult with the impossible; they know that courage has triumphed over difficulty, but they still think "what hath been cannot be" again. Helena is not of their mind :—

> "My project may deceive me,
> But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me."

This is the purpose avowed from the commencement of the dramatic action; which marks every stage of its progress; which is essentially "Love's Labour" whether it be won or be lost. How beautifully does Shakspere relieve us from the feeling that it is unsexual for the labour to be undertaken by Helena, through the compassion which she inspires in the good old Countess :—

> "It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
> Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth."

How delicately, too, does he make Helena hold to her determination. even whilst she confesses to the Countess the secret of her ambitious love :—

> "My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love.
> Be not offended: for it hurts not him
> That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
> By any token of presumptuous suit;
> Nor would I have him, *'till I do deserve him.*

Again :—

> "There 's something hints,
> More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
> Of his profession, that his good receipt
> Shall, *for my legacy*, be sanctified
> *By the luckiest stars in heaven*"—

not for the cure of the King only, but for the winning of her labour. To obtain the full advantage of her legacy no common qualities were required in Helena. "Wisdom and constancy" are her characteristics, as Lafeu truly describes. The "constancy" with which she enforces her power upon the mind of the incredulous King is prominently exhibited by the poet. Her modesty never overcomes the ruling purpose of her soul. She indeed says,

> "I will no more enforce mine office on you;"

but she immediately after presses her "fix'd intents:"—

> "What I can do can do no hurt to try."

She succeeds :—

> Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak.'

The reward, however, which she seeks is avowed without hesitation. Her will was too strong to admit of that timidity which might have clung to a feebler mind :—

> "Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
> What husband in thy power I will command."

Up to this point all has been "labour"—the conception of a high and dangerous purpose—the carrying it through without shrinking. When the cure is effected, and she has to avow her choice, comes a still greater labour. The struggle within herself is most intense :—

> "Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;"

and—

> "The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,—
> 'We blush, that *thou* should'st choose,' "—

these expressions sufficiently give the key to what passes within her. Her feelings amount almost to agony when Bertram refuses her, and for a moment she abandons her fix'd intent :—

> "That you are well restor'd, my lord, I m glad;
> *Let the rest go.*"

"But shall she weakly relinquish the golden opportunity, and dash the cup from her lips at the moment it is presented? Shall she cast away the treasure for which she has ventured both life

and honour, when it is just within her grasp? Shall she, after compromising her feminine delicacy by the public disclosure of her preference, be thrust back into shame, 'to blush out the remainder of her life,' and die a poor, lost, scorned thing? This would be very pretty and interesting and characteristic in Viola or Ophelia, but not at all consistent with that high determined spirit, that moral energy, with which Helena is portrayed."* Helena suffers Bertram to be forced upon her—and this is the greatest "labour" of all.

After the marriage and the desertion "Love's labour" is still most untiringly tasked. Love next assumes the sweet and smiling aspect of duty:—"What's his will else?"—"what more commands he?"—

"In everything I wait upon his will"—

are all the replies she makes to the harsh commands of her lord, conveyed by a frivolous messenger. In her parting interview with Bertram, in which his coldness and dislike are scarcely attempted to be concealed, the same spirit alone exists. She has still a harder trial. Her lord avows his final abandonment of her, except upon apparently impossible conditions. She has only one complaint,—

"This is a dreadful sentence;"

but her intense love has destroyed in her all the feeling of self through which she was enabled to accomplish the triumph of her own will:—

"Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war?

When she says "I will be gone," she probably had no purpose of seeking Bertram, and of endeavouring to reverse his "dreadful sentence" by her own management. But "love's labours" were not yet ended. Her mind was not framed to shrink from difficulty; and we soon meet her at Florence. The plot, after this, is such a one as Shakspere could only have found in the legendary history of an unrefined age, preserved from oblivion by one who was imbued with the kindred genius of unveiling the brightness of the poetical, even when it was concealed from ordinary vision by the clouds of a prosaic atmosphere. Mrs. Jameson has truly observed, "All the circumstances and details with which Helena is surrounded are shocking to our feelings, and wounding to our delicacy: and yet the beauty of the character is made to triumph over all." The beauty of the character is in its intensity. By that is Helena enabled to pass through all the slough of her last "labours" without contamination; her purpose sanctifies her acts. From the first scene to the last her life is one continued struggle. But the hopeful quality of her soul never forsakes her:—

"The time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp."

She repines at no exertion—she shrinks from no fatigue:—

"But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear *your* spirits low,"

has no reference to herself. When she finds the King has left Marseilles she has no regrets:—

"All's well that ends well, yet;
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit"

Her final triumph at last arrives; but it is a happiness that cannot be spoken of. Her feelings find vent in—

"O, my dear *mother*, do I see you living?"

She can now, indeed, call the Countess mother. In the early scenes she dared only to name her as "mine honourable mistress." By her energy and perseverance she has conquered. Is this, or is it not, Love's Labour Won?

Malone, as we have already expressed our belief, has applied the true test to the application of Meres' title of Love's Labour Won: "*No other* of our author's plays could have borne that title with so much propriety as that before us." The application, be it understood, is limited to the

* Mrs. Jameson's 'Characteristics.' Vol. I., p. 212.

comedies. The title cannot be applied to The Two Gentlemen of Verona, The Comedy of Errors, Love's Labour's Lost, A Midsummer Night's Dream, The Merchant of Venice, for those are also mentioned in Meres' list as existing in 1598. Can it have reference to the Merry Wives of Windsor, than which no title can be more definite;—to The Taming of the Shrew, equally defined;—to Twelfth Night, or Measure for Measure, or Much Ado about Nothing, or As you Like it, or The Winter's Tale?—We think not;—we are sure that none of our readers who are familiar with the plots of these plays can believe that either of them was so named. We, of course, here put the question of chronology out of view. Mr. Hunter, to support his opinion that The Tempest was written in 1596, boldly maintains the following opinion:—"But, if not to the All's Well, to what play of Shakspeare was this title once attached? I answer, that, of the existing plays, there is only The Tempest to which it can be supposed to belong: and, so long as it suits so well with what is a main incident of this piece, we shall not be driven to the gratuitous and improbable supposition that a play once so called is lost." The "main incident" relied upon by Mr. Hunter for the support of this theory is the following speech of Ferdinand, in the third Act:—

"There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off, some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures. O, she's
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours."

"Here, then," says Mr. Hunter, "are the *Love Labours.* In the end they *won* the lady." We venture to say that our belief in the significancy of Shakspere's titles would be at an end if even a "main incident" was to suggest a name, instead of the general course of the thought or action. In this case there are really no Love Labours at all. The lady is *not* won by the piling of the logs; the audience know that both Ferdinand and Miranda are under the influence of Prospero's spells, and the magician has explained to them why he enforces these harsh "labours." In the first Act, when Ferdinand and Miranda are thrown together, Prospero says,—

"It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee
Within two days for this."

Again:—

"At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes: Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this."

Yet he adds,—

'They are both in either's powers: *But this swift business*
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light."

Would Shakspere have chosen this incident—not a "main incident," for we all along know Prospero's real intentions,—as that which would furnish a title to his play? The pain which Ferdinand endures is very transient; and Prospero, when he removes the infliction, says,—

"All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test."

We know that the Love's Labours of Ferdinand are not severe trials, and that at their worst they were refreshed with "sweet thoughts." Can they be compared with the Love's Labour of Helena?

Mr. Hunter rejects the claim of All's Well that ends Well to be named Love's Labour Won most decisively;—but upon one ground only: "If ever there was a play," he says, "which itself bespoke its own title from the beginning, it is this:—

> 'We must away;
> Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:
> *All 's Well that ends Well*: still the fine 's the crown;
> Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.'

"Again:—

> '*All 's Well that ends Well*, yet;
> Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.

"And, as if this were not sufficient, in the epilogue:—

> 'The king 's a beggar, now the play is done.
> *All is well ended*, if this suit is won.'"

We venture to think that the use of the word *won* in the last line might have suggested to Mr. Hunter the possibility of the play having a double title—the one derived from the one great incident of the piece,—the other from the application of its dramatic action. Mr. Hunter, however, rejects the claim of All's Well that ends Well to the title of Meres, upon the assumption that it could only have had a single title; whilst he seeks to establish the claim of The Tempest to the title of Meres, upon the assumption that it had a double title: "I suspect that the play originally had a double title, The Tempest, or Love's Labour Won; just as another of the plays had a double title, Twelfth Night, or What You Will." This reasoning is, to say the least of it, illogical. If the argument is good for The Tempest, it is good for All's Well that ends Well.

But "something too much of this." Whether, or no, The Tempest, looking at the internal evidence of its date, could have been included in Meres' list, there can be no doubt that All's Well that ends Well has many evidences of having been an early composition—unquestionably so in parts. When Malone changed his theory with regard to the date, and assigned it to 1606, in the posthumous edition of his 'Chronological Order,' he relied principally upon the tone of a particular passage: "The beautiful speech of the sick King in this play has much the air of that moral and judicious reflection that accompanies an advanced period of life, and bears no resemblance to Shakspeare's manner in his earlier plays." The mind of Shakspere was so essentially dramatic, that when he puts serious and moral words into the mouth of a sick King, who is growing old, we should be no more disposed to believe that the sentiment has reference to the individual feelings of the poet than we should believe that all the exuberant gaiety of some of his comic characters could only have been produced by the reflection of his own spirit of youth. "Shakspeare's *manner* in his earlier plays" has, however, much more to assist us in approximating to a date. The manner—by which we mean the metrical arrangement and the peculiarities of construction—in All's Well that ends Well, certainly places it, for the most part, in the class of his earlier plays. Where, except in the class of the earlier plays, shall we find one in which the rhyming couplet so constantly occurs? But then, again, we occasionally encounter all the music and force of thought of his most perfect blank-verse. Tieck is of opinion that the play, as we have it, contains an engrafting of the poet's later style upon his earlier labours. He says, "Rich subject-matter, variety of situation, marvellous development, and striking catastrophe, allured the young poet, who, probably, later in life, would not have chosen a subject so unsuited to dramatic treatment. Some passages, not merely difficult but almost impossible to be understood, remain out of the first attempt; and here the poet combats with language and thought—the verse is artificial, the expressions forced. Much of what I consider later alterations reminds us of the Sonnets, and of Venus and Adonis. The prose, particularly in the last Acts, is so pure and clear,—the scenes with Parolles are so excellently written,—that in all that concerns the language we must reckon them amongst Shakspere's best efforts. The first Act is the most obscure; and here are probably the most extensive remains of the older work. The last half of the delineation of Parolles must belong to Shakspere's later period."

Malone assigns his second conjectural date of this play to 1606 upon other ground than that of Shakspere's manner: "Another circumstance which induces me to believe that this is a later play than I had formerly supposed, is the satirical mention made of the puritans, who were the objects of King James's aversion." Surely the poet might allude to the famous contention about wearing the surplice, without being led to it by the aversions of King James. A friend has given us a valuable note (see Illustrations of Act I.) showing that the contest had been going on for many years, and that Hooker, in his fifth book of 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' published in 1597, refutes the puritanical opinions upon this matter at great length. Upon the subject of the surplice he distinctly says that

the hostility of the puritans was much modified when he wrote. The controversy had raged with the greatest violence at the period when Shakspere, according to our belief, was most likely to have produced All's Well that ends Well,—perhaps not as it has been handed down to us, but in an imperfect form. That period was probably not very widely separated from the period when Love's Labour's Lost was produced; to which, as we do not hesitate to think with Coleridge, this play was the counterpart.

Supposed Source of the Plot.

Farmer, as we have seen, says that the story of this play "came immediately to Shakspeare from Painter's 'Giletta of Narbon.'" The 'Palace of Pleasure' was printed in 1575; and no doubt Shakspere was familiar with the book. But we have yet to learn that Shakspere was not familiar with the Italian writers, who were as commonly read by the educated classes in England at the end of the 16th century as the French writers are read now. Whether received by him directly or indirectly, the story came from Boccaccio. Shakspere has made the character of Helena more interesting, in some respects, by representing her solely dependent on the bounty of the good Countess, whose character is a creation of his own; in the novel she is rich, and is surrounded with suitors. After her marriage and desertion by her husband, Giletta returns to the country of her lord, and governs it in his absence with all wisdom and goodness; Helena is still a dependant upon her kind friend and mother. The main incidents of the story are the same; the management, by the intervention of the comic characters, belongs to Shakspere.

Instead of wearying our readers by tracing the minute differences between the great Italian novelist and the greater English dramatist, we subjoin Hazlitt's spirited character of Boccaccio as a writer:—

"The story of All's Well that ends Well, and of several others of Shakspere's plays, is taken from Boccaccio. The poet has dramatised the original novel with great skill and comic spirit, and has preserved all the beauty of character and sentiment without *improving upon* it, which was impossible. There is, indeed, in Boccaccio's serious pieces a truth, a pathos, and an exquisite refinement of sentiment, which is hardly to be met with in any other prose-writer whatever. Justice has not been done him by the world. He has in general passed for a mere narrator of lascivious tales or idle jests. This character probably originated in his obnoxious attacks on the monks, and has been kept up by the grossness of mankind, who revenged their own want of refinement on Boccaccio, and only saw in his writings what suited the coarseness of their own tastes. But the truth is, that he has carried sentiment of every kind to its very highest purity and perfection. By sentiment we would here understand the habitual workings of some one powerful feeling, where the heart reposes almost entirely upon itself, without the violent excitement of opposing duties or untoward circumstances. In the way, nothing ever came up to the story of 'Frederigo Alberigi and his Falcon.' The perseverance in attachment, the spirit of gallantry and generosity displayed in it, has no parallel in the history of heroical sacrifices. The feeling is so unconscious, too, and involuntary, is brought out in such small, unlooked-for, and unostentatious circumstances, as to show it to have been woven into the very nature and soul of the author. The story of 'Isabella' is scarcely less fine, and is more affecting in the circumstances and in the catastrophe. Dryden has done justice to the impassioned eloquence of the 'Tancred and Sigismunda;' but has not given an adequate idea of the wild preternatural interest of the story of 'Honoria.' 'Cimon and Iphigene' is by no means one of the best, notwithstanding the popularity of the subject. The proof of unalterable affection given in the story of 'Jeronymo,' and the simple touches of nature and picturesque beauty in the story of the two holiday lovers who were poisoned by tasting of a leaf in the garden at Florence, are perfect masterpieces. The epithet of divine was well bestowed on this great painter of the human heart. The invention implied in his different tales is

immense: but we are not to infer that it is all his own. He probably availed himself of all the common traditions which were floating in his time, and which he was the first to appropriate. Homer appears the most original of all authors—probably for no other reason than that we can trace the plagiarism no farther. Boccaccio has furnished subjects to numberless writers since his time, both dramatic and narrative. The story of 'Griselda' is borrowed from his 'Decameron' by Chaucer; as is the 'Knight's Tale' ('Palamon and Arcite') from his poem of the 'Theseid.'"

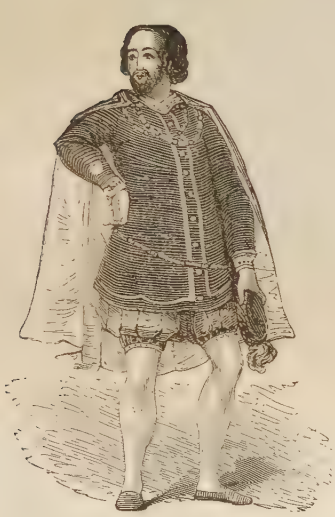
COSTUME.

[Henry II. of France.]

[Duke of Florence.]

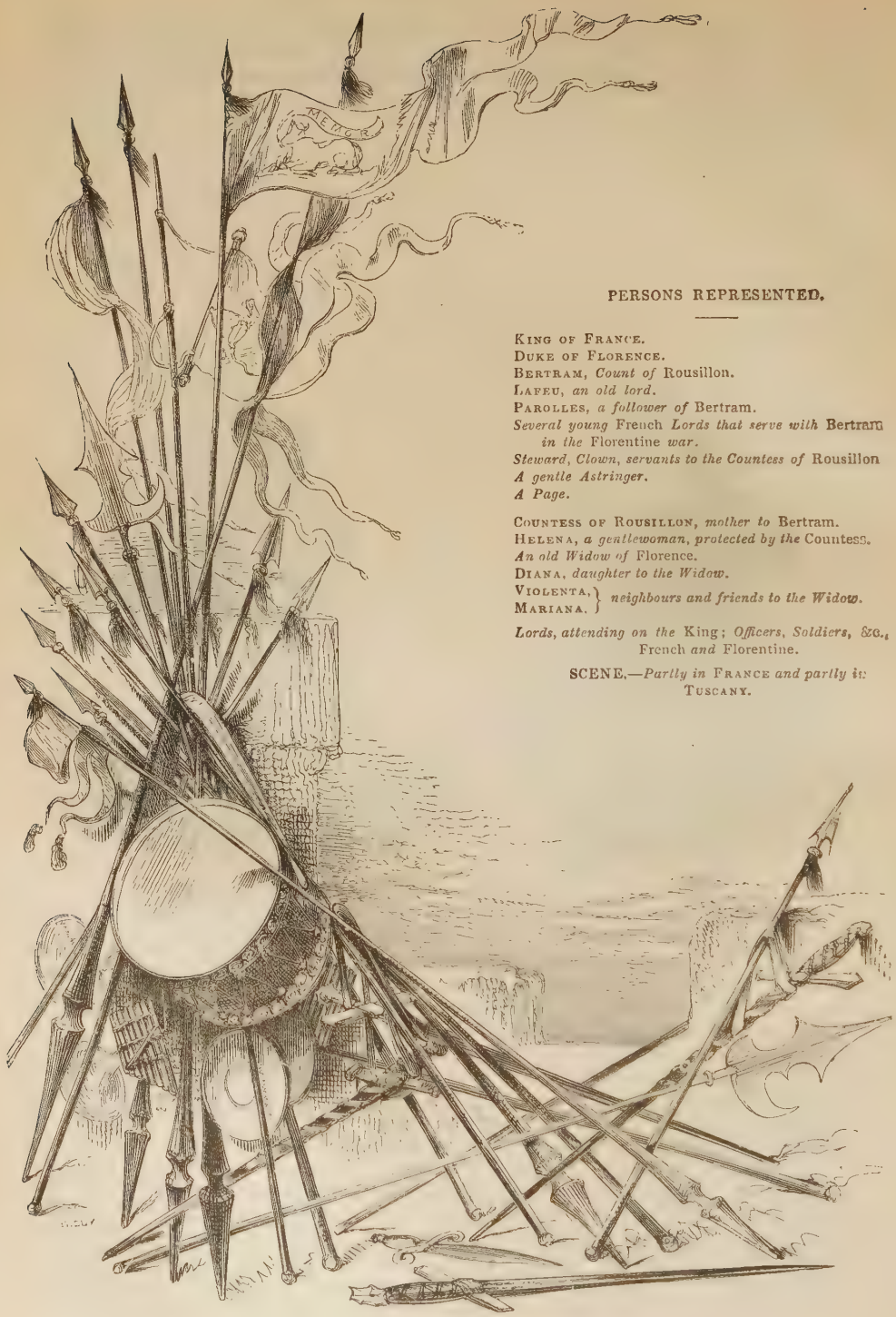
THE costume of this play, for anything that appears to the contrary, might be either of the age of Boccaccio or of Shakspere. The Florentines and the Siennois were continually at strife during the middle ages, and the mention of a "Duke of Austria" would, strictly, place its date anterior to 1457, Ladislaus, the last Duke of Austria, having died King of Hungary and Bohemia in that year; whilst the allusion to Austria as a power *per se* would drive the period of action still further back amongst the dukes and margraves of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It is our opinion, however, that in all cases where there is no positive violence committed against history—where the foundation of the plot is either fanciful or legendary—that the nearest possible period to that of the writing of the play should be fixed upon as that of its action, as by so doing the best illustration is obtained of the author's ideas and the manners of the age which he depicted. With this view we should place the date of 'All's Well that ends Well' just previous to 1557, in which year, on the 3rd of July, Sienna was given to Cosmo de Medicis, Grand Duke of Tuscany, by Philip of Spain, who had been invested with its sovereignty by his father Charles V. The last war between the Florentines and the Siennois, and in which the former were supported by the troops of the emperor, and the latter by those of France, broke out in 1552 and ended in 1555, the King of France at that period being Henry II., and the Duke of Florence Cosmo de Medicis aforesaid. Our illustrations have, therefore, been taken from Montfaucon's 'Monarchie Francaise' (sub anno), and the Florentine costume is furnished us by Vecellio, which, though a little later, is sufficiently near for the purpose.

The hair was worn very short by gentlemen in France at this time, a fashion which arose from an accident that happened to Henry's father, Francis I., who, in a twelfth-night frolic, was hurt by the fall of a lighted firebrand on his head, and was compelled in consequence to have his hair shaved off.



[French Nobleman.]

[French Noble Lady.]



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF FLORENCE.
BERTRAM, *Count of* Rousillon.
LAFEU, *an old lord.*
PAROLLES, *a follower of* Bertram.
Several young French *Lords that serve with* Bertram *in the* Florentine *war.*
Steward, Clown, servants to the Countess of Rousillon
A gentle Astringer.
A Page.

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, *mother to* Bertram.
HELENA, *a gentlewoman, protected by the* Countess.
An old Widow of Florence.
DIANA, *daughter to the Widow.*
VIOLENTA, } *neighbours and friends to the Widow.*
MARIANA, }

Lords, attending on the King; *Officers, Soldiers,* &c., French *and* Florentine.

SCENE,—*Partly in* FRANCE *and partly in* TUSCANY.

[Interior of Palace in Rousillon.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, *the* COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, HELENA, *and* LAFEU, *in mourning.*

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward,[1] evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband,[a] madam;—you, sir, a father: He that so generally is at all times good must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it[b] where there is such abundance.

a Mr. White observes that this purely French construction is noteworthy.—"Vous trouverez de le Roi un mari."
b *Lack it.* This is the reading of the old copies; but Theobald, Hanmer, and others, have *slack it.*

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physician, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how sad a passage[a] 't is!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would[b] have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

a *Passage.* This use of the word is now little known; but it is highly expressive. Modern writers have substituted *event* and *circumstance*—words that do not convey the meaning of *passage*—what passes. Henry IV, in his reproof of his son, says, "My *passages of life* make me believe," &c.
b *Would*—it would.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity,—they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.[a]

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'T is the best brine a maiden can season her praise in.[b] The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena—go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.[a]

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Hel. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.[b]

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord,
'T is an unseason'd courtier; good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

[a] To understand this passage we must define the meaning of "virtuous qualities." The Countess has distinguished between "dispositions" and "fair gifts." By the one is meant the natural temper and affections—by the other the results of education. In like manner "virtuous qualities" mean the same as "fair gifts"—they are the acquirements which might find a place in "an unclean mind," as well as in one of honest "dispositions." Then "they are virtues and traitors too"—they are good in themselves, but they betray to evil, by giving the "unclean mind" the power to deceive. The "virtuous qualities" in Helena are unmixed with any natural defect—"they are the better for their simpleness." The concluding expression, "she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness," is one of the many examples of Shakspere's beautiful discrimination as a moralist. How many that are honest by nature can scarcely be called good! "Goodness," in the high sense in which our poet uses it, can only be "achieved."

[b] "To *season*," says Malone, "has here a culinary sense; to preserve by salting." Upon this, Pye, in his 'Comments upon the Commentators,' says, "Surely, this coarse and vulgar metaphor neither wanted nor merited a note." But why "coarse and vulgar"? The "culinary sense" of Malone may raise up associations of the kitchen, which are not perfectly genteel; but suppose he had said "*chemical* sense"—would the metaphor have been itself different? We would rather make our estimate of what is "coarse and vulgar" upon the authority of Shakspere himself than upon that of Mr. Pye. With our poet this was a favourite metaphor, repeated almost as often as "the canker" of the rose. In the Rape of Lucrece we have,

> "But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
> *Seasoning* the earth with showers of silver *brine*."

In Romeo and Juliet,

> "Jesu Maria! What a deal of *brine*
> Hath wash'd thy sallow cheek for Rosaline!
> How much salt water thrown away in waste,
> To *season* love, that of it doth not taste!"

In Twelfth Night,

> "And water once a day her chamber round
> With eye-offending *brine*: all this to *season*
> A brother's dead love, which she would keep *fresh*
> And *lasting*, in her sad remembrance."

The metaphor which these critics call "coarse and vulgar" and "culinary" has the sanction of the very highest authority, in whose mouth the most familiar allusions are employed in connexion with the most sacred things: "Ye are the salt of the earth."

[a] Malone here points out an inaccuracy of construction, and says the meaning is—lest *you* be rather thought *to* affect a sorrow than to have. This construction can scarcely be called inaccurate. It belongs not only to Shakspere's phraseology, but to the freer system upon which the English language was written by the most correct writers in his time. We have lost something in the attainment of our present precision.

[b] Tieck assigns this speech, and we think correctly, to Helena, in the belief that she means it as a half-obscure expression, which has reference to her love for Bertram. Such are her first words—"I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too." In the original copies, and in most modern editions, the passage before us is given to the Countess. In her mouth it is not very intelligible; in Helena's, though purposely obscure, it is easily comprehensible. The living enemy to grief for the dead is Bertram; and the grief of her unrequited love for him destroys the other grief—makes it mortal. To this mysterious expression of Helena, Lafeu addresses himself when he says, "How understand we that?"

Count. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram. [*Exit.*

Ber. The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts [*to* Helena] be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your father.

[*Exeunt* Bertram *and* Lafeu.

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him.[a] What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table;[b] heart too capable
Of every line and trick[c] of his sweet favour:[d]
But now he 's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake;
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.[e]

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain[a] of soldier in you; let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up!—Is there no military policy how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity, being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 't is too cold a companion; away with it.

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in 't; 't is against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't: Out with 't: within ten year it will make itself two,[b] which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: Away with 't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him that

[a] The "great tears" which the departure of Bertram causes her to shed, being imputed to her grief for her father, grace his remembrance more than those which she really shed for him.

[b] *Table*—the tabular surface, tablet, upon which a picture is painted, and thence used for the picture itself.

[c] *Trick*—peculiarity.

[d] *Favour*—countenance.

[e] *Monarch*—When Parolles calls Helena "queen," she answers by a sarcastic allusion to the *Monarcho*—an Italian who figured in London about 1580, possessed with the notion that he was sovereign of the world. (See Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV., Sc. I.)

[a] *Stain*—tincture;—you have some slight mark of the soldier about you.

[b] We print the text as in the folio. It is commonly read *ten;* which the Cambridge editors adopt. Mr. White proposes "within *one* year."

ne'er it likes. 'T is a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept the less worth: off with 't, while 't is vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now: Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 't is a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet,[a] 't is a withered pear: Will you anything with it?[b]

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There, shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—
The court's a learning-place;—and he is one—

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well.—'T is pity—

Par. What 's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [*Exit.*

[a] *Yet*, an instance of the use of *yet* for *now*.—*Staunton.*

[b] There is evidently something wanting here—and it is possible that "will you anything with it?" is a misprint for "will you anything wi' the court?" or "to the court." Hanmer makes Helena say, "You're for the court," before she goes on, "There, shall your master," &c. Her meaning, however obscure the connexion with the speech of Parolles, is, that Bertram will find at the court (which she afterwards describes as "the court's a learning place,") some love, which will have all the opposite qualities united which belong to "a thousand loves." The—

"Pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips,"

of which we have here an example, are taken from the fashionable love-phrases of the day, which were adopted from the Italian poets.

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsier Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: But the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalise thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose
What hath been cannot be:[a] Who ever strove
To show her merit that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Paris. *A Room in the* King's *Palace.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France, *with letters;* Lords *and others attending.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;

[a] Walker suggests that *not* has been omitted, and would read, "What hath not been can't be."

Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord.* So 't is reported, sir.

King. Nay, 't is most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What 's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

1 *Lord.* It is the count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself, in friendship,
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father: In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour,
So like a courtier; contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd his hand:[a] who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled:[a] Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. 'Would I were with him! He would always say,
(Methinks I hear him now: his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,[2])—'Let me not live,'——
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—'Let me not live,' quoth he,
'After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions:'——This he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 *Lord.* You're lov'd, sir:
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know 't.—How long is 't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son 's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

SCENE III.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter Countess, Steward, *and* Clown.

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

[a] The metaphor of a "clock" is continued; his tongue, in speaking what "exception" bade him, obey'd the hand of honour's clock—*his* hand being put for *its* hand.

[a] Malone deems the construction to be, "in their poor praise he *being* humbled."

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours: for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: The complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe; 't is my slowness that I do not: for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.[3]

Clo. 'T is not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 't is not so well that I am poor; though many of the rich are damned: But, if I may have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world,[a] Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage: and I think I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for, they say, barnes are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You're shallow, madam, in great friends;[b] for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He that ears my land spares my team, and gives me leave to in the crop: If I be his cuckold, he 's my drudge: He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend; *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage: for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one,—they may jowl horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:[a]

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she, [*Singing.*
Why the Grecians sacked Troy.[b]
Fond done, done fond,
Was this king Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam, which is a purifying o' the song: 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we 'd find no fault with the tithe woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but for every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 't would mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

[a] In much Ado about Nothing (Act II. Sc. I.), Beatrice says, "Thus goes every one to the world but I." The commentators explain the phrase of Beatrice by the Clown's speech in the text, and say that "to go to the world" is *to be married*. It appears to us that the Clown asks his freedom when he begs her ladyship's "good-will to go to the world." The domestic fool was ordinarily in the condition of a slave, and was sold or given away. The Clown here adds, "Service is no heritage." And yet, "to go to the world" may also mean to marry—as we still say, to settle in the world. A son or daughter, having the paternal leave to marry, goes to the world, in the sense of encountering its responsibilities.

[b] *In great friends*—so the original. The modern reading is *e'en* great friends. Surely no alteration is necessary; the meaning clearly being—You are shallow in the matter of great friends.

[a] *The next way*—the nearest way.

[b] The mention of Helen is associated in the mind of the Clown with some popular ballad on the war of Troy.

[c] *And*, of the original, we think should be *an*, and altered accordingly.

[d] *For*,—the original reads *ore*. Steevens omits the word altogether. The slight correction of *for* appears to us to give a sense.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you!

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.[4]—I am going, forsooth; the business is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward:[a] This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt: Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon.

[*Exit* Steward.

Enter Helena.

Count. Even so it was with me when I was young:
If ever we are nature's, these are our's; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong:
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults;—or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on 't; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother;
Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine: 'T is often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood
To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why?—that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam;
The count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is: and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die:
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam. ('Would you were
So that my lord, your son, were not my brother.)
Indeed, my mother!—(Or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister.[a]) Can't be other
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law:

a The passage in the original stands thus:—"Love, no god, that would not extend his might only where qualities were level; queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised without rescue," &c. The introduction of "*Diana, no,*" was made by Theobald, and "*to be*" by Rowe. As the text is corrupt, we prefer a reading that has been generally received to any new conjecture. It would certainly be a less violent alteration to let the description of Fortune and Love terminate without the introduction of Diana; and to suppose the Steward to be translating into narrative an apostrophe of Helena to the Queen of Virgins.

a We venture to point this very difficult passage differently from the received mode. It appears to us that the passages which we give between parentheses are spoken half aside. Farmer explains that "I care no more for" means "I care as much for."

God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,
So strive upon your pulse: What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness,[a] and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 't is gross.
You love my son; invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 't is so:—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected: Speak, is 't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forswear 't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me.

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in 't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose
The state of your affection; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son:—
My friends were poor but honest; so 's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible[b] sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love; O then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,
And manifest experience, had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note: amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help: How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. There 's something hints,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day and hour.

[a] *Loneliness*—in the original, *loueliness*. There can be no doubt that *loneliness*, and not *loveliness*, is intended.

[b] *Captious and intenible*—capable of receiving (taking) but not of retaining.

Count. Dost thou believ't?
Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.
Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court; I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.
[*Exeunt.*

[Gate of Perpignan.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

[1] SCENE I.—"*To whom I am now in ward.*"

"IT is now almost forgotten in England," says Johnson, "that the heirs of great fortunes were the king's *wards*. Whether the same practice prevailed in France it is of no great use to inquire, for Shakspeare gives to all nations the manners of England." The particular expression here used by Shakspere does not necessarily imply that the feudal rights of the sovereign over tenants in chief, during their minority, were assumed to be exercised in the case of Bertram. Those rights, certainly, did not extend to all France, but were confined to Normandy. Our poet seems to have followed, without much regard to the general question of wards, the story of Boccaccio, in which the Bertram of the novel is represented as being left by his father under the guardianship of the king. But in Shakspere's day the rights of wardship were exercised by the crown very oppressively, and an English audience would quite understand how a sovereign could claim the privilege of disposing of his tenant in marriage. There is a very curious state paper addressed by Lord Cecil to Sir John Savile and others, in 1603, upon the accession of James, in which the king announces his desire to compromise his right of wardship for a pecuniary compensation. The Court of Wards was not abolished till 1656; but James, half a century before the nation got rid of this badge of feudality, thought that the existence of this species of tyranny afforded him a capital opportunity of making a merit of being gracious to his subjects, and of putting a round sum into his pocket at the same time. The scheme, however, failed, although very cleverly set forth. The letter of Cecil is long; but a sentence will show its objects and tone:—"His Majesty observing, among other things, what power he hath by the ancient laws of the realm to dispose of the marriages of all such subjects as hold their lands of him by tenures in capite, or knights' service, and shall be under ages at the time of their ancestors' death from whom their estates are derived; and conceiving well in his own great judgment what a comfort it would be to give them assurance that those might now be compounded for in the life of such ancestors, upon reasonable conditions, I thought it my duty, being privy to his Majesty's gracious purpose of affording his subjectis at this time some such condition of favour, to consider of and propound some convenient courses to his Majesty," &c. (Lodge's Illustrations, vol. iii., 4to., page 189.)

[2] SCENE II.— "*His plausive words*
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear."

Of course from the collect in the Liturgy:—

"Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that the words which we have heard this day with our outward ears may through thy grace *be so grafted inwardly in our hearts, that they may bring forth the fruit* of good living," &c.

But it is noticeable that Shakspere's reverential mind very seldom adopted the phraseology of scripture or prayer for the mere sake of ornamenting his diction, as moderns perpetually do. The passage noted is an exception; but such are very rare. Doubts have been entertained as to Shakspere's religious belief, because few or no notices of it occur in his works. This ought to be attributed to a tender and delicate reserve about holy things, rather than to inattention or neglect. It is not he who talks most about scripture, or who most frequently adopts its phraseology, who most deeply feels it.—(s)

[3] SCENE III.—"*What does this knave here,*" &c.

Douce classes the Clown of this comedy amongst the domestic fools. Of this genus the same writer gives us three species:—The mere natural, or idiot; the silly by nature, yet cunning and sarcastical; the artificial. Of this latter species, to which it appears to us the Clown before us belongs, Puttenham, in his 'Art of English Poesie,' has defined the characteristics:—"A buffoon, or counterfeit fool, to hear him speak wisely, which is like himself, it is no sport at all. But for such a counterfeit to talk and look foolishly it maketh us laugh, because it is no part of his natural." Of the real domestic fools of the artificial class—that is of the class of clever fellows who were content to be called fools for their hire, Gabriel Harvey has given us some minor distinctions:—"Scoggin, the jovial fool; or Skelton, the melancholy fool; or Elderton, the bibbing fool; or Will Sommer, the choleric fool." (Pierce's Supererogation, book ii.) Shakspere's fools each united in his own person all the peculiar qualities that must have made the real domestic fool valuable. He infused into them his wit and his philosophy, without taking them out of the condition of realities. They are the interpreters, to the multitude, of many things that would otherwise "lie too deep" for words.

[4] SCENE III.—"*Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.*"

This passage refers to the sour objection of the puritans to the use of the surplice in divine service, for which they wished to substitute the black Geneva gown. At this time the controversy with the puritans raged violently. Hooker's fifth book of 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' which, in the 29th chapter, discusses this matter at length, was published in 1597. But the question itself is much older—as old as the Reformation, when it was agitated between the British and continental reformers. During the reign of Mary it troubled Frankfort, and on the accession of Elizabeth it was brought back to England, under the patronage of Archbishop Grindal, whose residence in Germany, during his exile in Mary's reign, had disposed him to Genevan theology. The dispute about ecclesiastical vestments may seem a trifle, but it was at this period made the ground upon which to try the first principles of church authority: a point in itself unimportant becomes vital when so large a question is made to turn upon it. Hence its prominency in the controversial writings of Shakspere's time; and few among his audience would be likely to miss an allusion to a subject fiercely debated at Paul's Cross and elsewhere.—(s.)

[Interior of the Louvre.]

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—PARIS. *A Room in the* King's *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING, *with young* Lords, *taking leave for the* Florentine *war;* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *and* Attendants.

King. Farewell, young lord,[a] these warlike principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lord, farewell:—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain, all
The gift doth stretch itself as 't is receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* It is our hope, sir,
After well enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords:
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy[a]) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

2 *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They say our French lack language to deny,
If they demand; beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*The* KING *retires to a couch.*

1 *Lord.* O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

Par. 'T is not his fault; the spark—

2 *Lord.* O, 't is brave wars!

a *Young lord*—Here, and in the passage of the following line which we print "my *lord*," the original reads *lords.* The subsequent passage,—

"Share the advice *betwixt you*; if *both* gain all,"—

shows that the correction of the plural to the singular, made by Hanmer, was called for

a Johnson explains the epithet *higher* to have reference to geographical situation—*upper* Italy, where the French lords were about to carry their service. *Those 'bated*, &c., he interprets as, those abated or depressed by the wars, who have now lost their ancient military fame, and inherit but the fall of the last monarchy. The construction of the whole sentence in the original (in which the parenthetical punctuation is found) inclines us to think that the King applies the epithet *higher* to the general dignity of Italy, as the nation descended from ancient Rome — the last monarchy. Be you the sons of worthy Frenchmen; let higher Italy (the Italian nation or people) see that you come to wed honour; but I except those, as unfit judges of honour, who inherit, not the Roman virtues, but the humiliation of the Roman decay and fall.

Par. Most admirable; I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with,
'Too young,' and 'the next year,' and ''t is too early.'

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with![a] By heaven, I'll steal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 *Lord.* I am your accessary; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:—You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.

2 *Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! [*Exeunt* Lords.] What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king— [*Seeing him rise.*

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu; be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time; there, do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men.

[*Exeunt* Bertram *and* Parolles.

Enter Lafeu.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, [*kneeling*] for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll see[b] thee to stand up.

Laf Then here's a man stands that has brought his pardon.
I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,
And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had: so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for 't.

Laf. Good faith, across: But, my good lord, 't is thus;
Will you be cured of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them: I have seen a medicine,
That's able to breathe life into a stone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay,
To give Great Charlemain a pen in's hand
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor she; My lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will see her:—Now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke

[a] The sword of fashion—the *dress-sword* as we still call it. The rapier was worn in halls of peace as well as in fields of war; in the inaction of which Bertram complains his sword was only "one to dance with."

[b] *See.*—So the original. In modern editions, *fee.* "I'll see thee to stand up" is, I'll notice you when you stand up.

[a] Mr. Leigh Hunt, in the preface to his very beautiful drama of 'The Legend of Florence,' has the following observation on the rhythm of Shakspere:—"That dramatist, high above all dramatists, has almost sanctified a ten-syllable regularity of structure, scarcely ever varied by a syllable, though rich with every other diversity of modulation. But, noble as the music is which he has accordingly left us, massy, yet easy, and never failing him, any more than his superhuman abundance of thought and imagery—I dare venture to think, that, had he lived farther off from the times of the princely monotony of 'Marlowe's mighty line,' he would have carried still farther that rhythmical freedom, of which he was the first to set his own fashion, and have anticipated, and far surpassed, the sprightly licence of Beaumont and Fletcher."

Without entering into the general theory here involved, we may express an opinion that, in many instances, the freedom of Shakspere's lighter dialogue has been impaired by his editors. We have an instance before us. The three lines spoken by Lafeu are printed by us as in the original copy. Nothing can be more buoyant than their metrical flow, and nothing, therefore, more characteristic of the speaker. To get rid of the short line spoken by the king, some of the "regulators" have transposed the lines after this fashion, and so they are often printed:—

"*Laf.* Then here's a man
Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would, you
Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and
That at my bidding you could so stand up."

In the same way the succeeding lines, which we also print as in the original, are changed by the syllable-counting process into the following:—

"*King.* I would I had, so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for 't.
"*Laf.* Good faith, across:
But, my good lord, 'tis thus; will you be cured
Of your infirmity?
"*King.* No.
"*Laf.* O, will you eat
No grapes, my royal fox? Yes, but you will
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox
Could reach them: I have seen a medicine," &c.

With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,[a]
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: Will you see her
(For that is her demand) and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.
King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wondering how thou took'st it.
Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit.*
King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter Lafeu, *with* Helena.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.
King. This haste hath wings indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears: I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together: fare you well.
[*Exit.*
King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?
Hel. Ay, my good lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father.
In what he did profess well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bad me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so:
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.
King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate,—I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empiricks; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.
Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.
King. I cannot give thee less to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But, what at full I know thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.
Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy:
He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.[a]
King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.
Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent:
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.
King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?
Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

a *Profession*—declaration of purpose.

a *Fits*—in the original, *shifts*, Pope altered to *sits*. Mr Dyce and the Cambridge editors read *fits*, after Mr. Collier.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?
Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; no[a] worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.
King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak;
His powerful sound within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all[b]
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.
Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deserv'd: Not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?
King. Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it even?
King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.[c]
Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.
King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd;
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know could not be more to trust;
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—But rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, hoa!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

[a] *No*—in the original *ne*, the old word for *nor*.
[b] The line is usually printed—

"Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, *virtue*, all."

Virtue was added by Theobald, "to supply a defect in the measure." This mode of emendation is most unsatisfactory. The King enumerates all the qualities which are apparent in Helena—which she has displayed in her interview with him.
[c] *Heaven*—in the original, *help*. The rhyme is lost without the correction.

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter Countess *and* Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.
Clo. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.
Count. To the court? why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt—But to the court?
Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.
Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.
Clo. It is like a barber's chair,[1] that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock.
Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?
Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day,[2] as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.
Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?
Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.
Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.
Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to 't: ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.
Count. To be young again, if we could, I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer—I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?
Clo. O Lord, sir,——There's a simple putting off;—more more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think

Clo. O Lord, sir,—spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir,' at your whipping, and 'spare not me?' Indeed, your 'O Lord, sir,' is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.[3]

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my—'O Lord, sir:' I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time,
To entertain it so merrily with a fool.[a]

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Why, there 't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir: To your business:[b] Give Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son;
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: You understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—Paris. *A Room in the* King's *Palace.*

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, *and* Parolles.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless.[c] Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why 't is the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 't is.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists,—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 't is; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right: as 't were a man assured of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in,—What do you call there?[a]

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That 's it: I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier:[b] 'fore me I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, Helena, *and* Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says:[c] I'll like

a These lines are ordinarily printed as prose, as they stand in the original. But we have no doubt that they were written as verse, to mark the change in the tone of the Countess.

b This is generally printed, "An end, sir, to your business." The Countess means,—an end to this trifling; now to your business.

c Coleridge has the following note on this passage ('Literary Remains,' vol. ii. p. 121): "Shakspeare, inspired, as it might seem, with all knowledge, here uses the word 'causeless' in its strict philosophical sense;—cause being truly predicable only of *phenomena*, that is, things natural, and not of *noumena*, or things supernatural."

a *What do you call there?* Equivalent to "What d' ye call it?"

b Steevens and Malone have a controversy on this passage. Steevens maintains that *your dolphin* means the dauphin—the heir-apparent of France. Walker holds this opinion, saying that in the original the word is printed with a capital. Malone contends that the allusion is to the gambols of the dolphin.

c *Lustick.*—Capell has a valuable note on this passage, which is not found in any of the variorum editions: "An old play, that has a great deal of merit, called 'The Weakest Goeth to the Wall' (printed in 1600, but how much earlier written, or by whom written, we are nowhere informed), has in it a Dutchman, called Jacob van Smelt, who speaks a jargon of Dutch and our language, and upon several occasions uses this very word which in English is—lusty."

a maid the better whilst I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. Mort du Vinaigre! Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.— [*Exit an* Attendant.

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this heathful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please—marry to each—but one.[a]

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid:—
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,—
'We blush, that thou should'st choose; but, be refus'd,
Let the white death[b] sit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again.'

King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipped; or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid [*to a* Lord] that I your hand should take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure thy father drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say I take you; [*to* Bertram] but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well;
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which

[a] But one—except one. She wishes each of the lords one fair and virtuous mistress, except one lord. She excepts Bertram, "whose mistress" (says M. Mason) "she hoped she herself should be; and she makes the exception out of modesty, for otherwise the description of a fair and virtuous mistress would have extended to herself."

[b] *The white death*—the paleness of death.

I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty: If she be
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good without a name; vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir,
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire: Honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave,
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou can'st like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue, and she,
Is her own dower; honour, and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad;
Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to defeat,
I must produce my power: Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow: Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the staggers,[a] and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity: Speak! thine answer!

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: When I consider
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 't were, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise; if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[*Exeunt* King, Bertram, Helena, Lords, *and* Attendants.[b]

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation?—My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay: Is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one; and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir: let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries,[c] to

a *The staggers.* Johnson supposes the allusion is to the disease so called in horses. Surely it is a metaphorical expression for uncertainty, insecurity. In Cymbeline, Posthumus says,

"Whence come these staggers on me?"

b In the original, the following curious stage direction here occurs:—"Parolles and Lafeu stay behind, commenting of this wedding."

c *For two ordinaries*—during two ordinaries at the same table.

be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden.[a] I have now found thee; when I lose thee again I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial;—which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it: and I will not bait thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Even as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry.[b] You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be concealed a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is,
I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy, to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box unseen
That hugs his kickie-wickie here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed: To other regions!

[a] Parolles, from this, and several passages of a similar nature appears to have been intended for a great coxcomb in dress; and Lafeu here compares his trappings to the gaudy decorations of a pleasure-vessel, not "of too great a burden." Hall, in his Satires (b. iv. s. 6), has described a soldier so scarfed:—

"The sturdy ploughman doth the soldier see
All *scarfed* with pied colours to the knee,
Whom Indian pillage hath made fortunate;
And now he 'gins to loath his former state."

[a] *To breathe upon* here is to take exercise, which is to be had by beating Parolles. Hamlet says (Act v. Sc. ii), "It is the breathing time of day with me."

[b] The passage is ordinarily printed thus: "than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission."

France is a stable; we, that dwell in 't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house;
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields
Where noble fellows strike: War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.[a]

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there 's noise in it. 'T is hard:
A young man married is a man that 's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:
The king has done you wrong: but, hush! 't is so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter Helena *and* Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: Is she well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she 's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she 's very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail that she 's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she 's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she 's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she 's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on: and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou 'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night:
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What 's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In everything I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another room in the same.*

Enter Lafeu *and* Bertram.

Laf. But, I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

[a] Bertram would say—the strife of war is nothing, *compared* to that of the dark house, &c. By the "dark house" we understand the house which is the seat of gloom and discontent.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.[a]

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done, sir.
[*To* Bertram.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who 's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf O, I know him well: Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king?
[*Aside to* Parolles.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you 'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End ere I do begin.[b]

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard;[4] and out of it you 'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil.
[*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting; only, he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular: prepar'd I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled: This drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you:
For my respects are better than they seem;
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother:
[*Giving a letter*
'T will be two days ere I shall see you; so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great: Farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say 't is mine; and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed.—
I would not tell you what I would: my lord—'faith, yes;—
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

[a] The lark and the common bunting greatly resemble each other, but the bunting has no song.

[b] The reading of the original is—
"And, ere I do begin."
This valuable correction is derived from a MS. alteration of a copy of the first folio, and is given in Mr. Collier's "Reasons for a New Edition of Shakespeare's Works."

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewell. [*Exit* Helena.

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum:—
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt*

[General View of Paris.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

[Barber's Chair.]

[1] SCENE II.—*"It is like a barber's chair."*

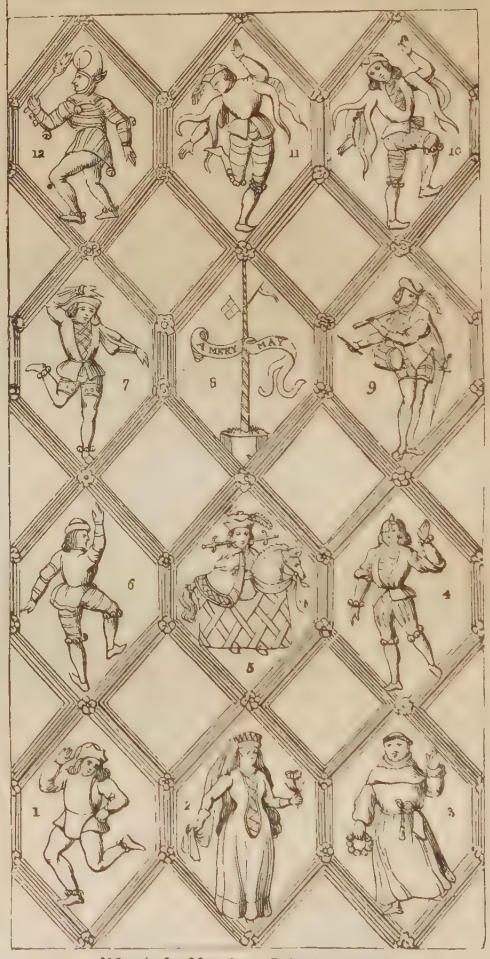
"As common as a barber's chair" was a proverbial expression, which we find used by Burton (Anatomy of Melancholy, edit. 1652, p. 665). In a collection of epigrams, entitled 'More Fooles yet,' 1610, we have these lines:—

> 'Moreover, satin suits he doth compare
> Unto the service of a barber's chair;
> As fit for every Jack and journeyman,
> As for a knight or worthy gentleman."

The barber's shop, in Shakspere's time, was "a place where news of every kind circled and centered." So Scott has described it in the 'Fortunes of Nigel.' The "knight or worthy gentleman" was nothing loth to exchange gossip with the artist who presided over the chair; and, while "the Jack or journeyman" took his turn, many a gay gallant has filled up the minutes by touching the ghittern to some favourite roundelay. Jose Amman, one of the most spirited of designers, has given us a representation of a German barber's shop, which may well enough pass for such an English "emporium of intelligence.'

[2] SCENE II.—*"A morris for May-day."*

In A Midsummer Night's Dream (Illustrations of Act I.) we have given a general notice of the May-games. We take the opportunity of here introducing a copy of an ancient painted window at Betley, in Staffordshire, an engraving and description of which is generally found in the variorum editions of Shakspere, appended to Henry IV., Part I.



[Morris for May-day—Tollet's Window.

Douce believes that this window "exhibits, in all probability, the most curious as well as the oldest representation of an English May-game and morris-dance that is anywhere to be found." Mr. Tollet, the possessor of this window, supposed it to have been painted in the youthful days of Henry VIII.; but Douce is of opinion "that the dresses and costume of some of the figures are certainly of an older period, and may, without much hazard, be pronounced to belong to the reign of Edward IV."

Robin Hood and Little John were prominent characters in the May-games. We do not find them in the painted window, unless some of the undistinguished dancers may be taken to personate them. The lady with a crown on her head and a flower in her hand (2) is taken to be Maid Marian, the Queen of the May; and the friar (3) to be the no less famous Friar Tuck. (See Two Gentlemen of Verona, Illustrations of Act IV.) The rider of the hobby-horse (5) is deemed by Mr. Tollet to be the King of the May: at any rate, the hobby-horse was one of the greatest personages of the May-games. (See Love's Labour's Lost, Illustrations of Act III.) The Fool of the Morris (12) is plainly indicated by his cap and bauble; and the Piper, or Taborer, (9) in the painted window, is pursuing his avocation with his wonted energy. Drayton has described this personage as Tom Piper,

> "Who so bestirs him in the morris-dance
> For penny wage."

Mr. Tollet thinks that the dancers in his window were representatives of the various ranks of life, and that the peasant, the franklin, and the nobleman are each to be found here. All the dancers, it will be observed, have bells attached to their ancles or knees; and Douce says "there is good reason for believing that the morris-bells were borrowed from the genuine *Moorish dance*." At any rate the bells were indispensable even in Shakspere's time. Will Kemp, the celebrated comic actor, was a great morris-dancer, and in 1599 he undertook the extraordinary feat of dancing the morris from London to Norwich. This singular performance is recorded by himself in a rare tract, lately republished by the Camden Society, entitled 'Kemp's Nine Daies Wonder; performed in a Dance from London to Norwich.' The following extract is amusing in itself, and illustrates some of the peculiarities of the morris:—

"In this town of Sudbury there came a lusty, tall fellow, a butcher by his profession, that would in a morrice keep me company to Bury. I, being glad of his friendly offer, gave him thanks, and forward we did set; but, ere ever we had measured half a mile of our way, he gave me over in the plain field, protesting that, if he might get 100 pound, he would not hold out with me; for indeed my pace in dancing is not ordinary.

"As he and I were parting, a lusty country lass, being among the people, called him faint-hearted lout, saying, 'If I had begun to dance, I would have held out one mile though it had cost my life.' At which words many laughed. 'Nay,' saith she, 'if the dancer will lend me a leash of his bells, I'll venture to tread one mile with him myself.' I looked upon her, saw mirth in her eyes, heard boldness in her words, and beheld her ready to tuck up her russet petticoat; I fitted her with bells, which she merrily taking, garnished her thick short legs and with a smooth brow bade the tabrer begin. The drum struck; forward marched I with my merry Maid Marian, who shook her fat sides, and footed it merrily to Melford, being a long mile. There parting with her, I gave her (besides her skin full of drink) an English crown to buy more drink; for, good wench, she was in a piteous heat: my kindness she requited with dropping some dozen of short curtsies, and bidding God bless the dancer. I bade her adieu; and, to give her her due, she had a good ear, danced truly, and we parted friendly."

[3] SCENE II.—"*Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir,' at your whipping?*" &c.

The now vulgar expression "O Lord, sir," was for a long time the fashionable phrase, and has been ridiculed by other writers. The whipping of a domestic fool was not an uncommon occurrence. Sir Dudley Carleton writes to Mr Winwood, in 1604,—"There was great execution done lately upon Stone, the fool, who was well whipped in Bridewell for a blasphemous speech, that there were sixty fools in Spain besides my lord admiral and his two sons. But he is now at liberty again, and for that unexpected release gives his lordship the praise of a very pitiful lord."—(Memoirs of the Peers, by Sir E. Brydges.)

[4] SCENE V.—"*Like him that leaped into the custard.*"

Ben Jonson has a passage which well illustrates this:—

> "He may perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner,
> Skip with a rhyme on the table, from New-nothing,
> And take his Almain-leap into a custard,
> Shall make my lady mayoress and her sisters
> Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders."
>
> *Devil is an Ass*, Act I. Sc. I.

The leaper into the custard was the city fool. Gifford has a note on the above passage of Jonson, which we copy:—"Our old dramatists abound with pleasant allusions to the enormous size of their 'quaking custards,' which were served up at the city feasts, and with which such gross fooleries were played. Thus Glapthorne:—

> 'I'll write the city annals
> In metre, which shall far surpass Sir Guy
> Of Warwick's history, or John Stow's, upon
> The custard, with the four-and-twenty nooks
> At my lord mayor's feast.'—*Wit in a Constable.*

"Indeed, no common supply was required; for, besides what the corporation (great devourers of custard) consumed on the spot, it appears that it was thought no breach of city manners to send or take some of it home with them for the use of their ladies. In the excellent old play quoted above, Clara twits her uncle with this practice:—

> 'Nor shall you, sir, as 't is a frequent custom,
> 'Cause you 're a worthy alderman of a ward,
> Feed me with custard and perpetual white broth,
> Sent from the lord mayor's feast, and kept ten days,
> Till a new dinner from the common-hall
> Supply the large defect.'"

[Court of the Duke's Palace, Florence.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Florence. *A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, *attended; two* French Lords, *and others.*

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.
1 *Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.
Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.
2 *Lord.* Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it; since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.
Duke. Be it his pleasure.
2 *Lord.* But I am sure, the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
Come here for physic.
Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff,[a] and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this trick of melancholy hold a goodly manor for a song.[b]

[a] The top of the loose boot, which turned over, was called the *ruff*, or *ruffle*. Ben Jonson has the latter word: "Not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels catch'd hold of the *ruffle* of my boot." (Every man out of his Humour, Act IV., Sc. VI.)

[b] The reading of the original, and of the second folio, is "*hold* a goodly manor," &c. In the third folio it was

THAT END I WELL

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court; our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*

Count. [*Reads.*]

'I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the *not* eternal. You shall hear I am run away; know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,

'Bertram.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to 't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more: for my part, I only hear your son was run away. [*Exit.*

Enter Helena *and two* Gentlemen.

1 *Gen.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 *Gen.* Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto 't,—Where is my son, I pray you?

2 *Gen.* Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my passport. [*Reads.*]

'When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a *then* I write a *never*.'

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 *Gen.* Ay, madam;
And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer:
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety: He was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

2 *Gen.* Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 *Gen.* Such is his noble purpose: and, believe 't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 *Gen.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.'
'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply, which his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only she: and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him?

1 *Gen.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was 't not?

1 *Gen.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

changed to *sold*, which has been the received reading in several editions. That a melancholy man should *sell* a manor for a song is no illustration of the Clown's argument that singing is a symptom of melancholy; but, as manors were *held* under every sort of service, it is not improbable (though we find no example in 'Blount's Tenures') that one originally granted to a minstrel for his song may have been held by a melancholy successor, and that he, by the musical effects of his melancholy, may have been as competent to discharge the service to the letter as his ancestor of the gay science.

1 *Gen.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have.
Count. You are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.
2 *Gen.* We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.
Count. Not so; but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near?
[*Exeunt* Countess *and* Gentlemen.
Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.'
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France,
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is 't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets?[1] O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-peering[a] air,
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected: better 't were,
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 't were,
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once: No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all; I will be gone:
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.
[*Exit.*

[a] *Still-peering.* This is the reading of the original. It is usually printed *still-piercing*, which has no meaning. Malone adopts *still-piecing*—the air that closes immediately. The sense of the original reading—*still-peering*—appearing still—seems quite as good.

SCENE III.—Florence. *Before the* Duke's *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, *and others.*

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.
Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength: but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go thou forth;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!
Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts; and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter Countess *and* Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. I am St. Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,
My dearest master, your dear son may hie;
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify:
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free.

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!—
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much
As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.
Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.
Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,

FLORENCE: THE WALL WITH THE S. NICOLO GATE.

All's Well that Ends Well. Act iii., sc. 5.

Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife:
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger:—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction:—Provide this messenger:—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Without the Walls of* Florence.

A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow *of* Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, *and other* Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour: they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions[a] for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example that so terrible shows in the wrack of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

[a] *Suggestions*—temptations.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, *in the dress of a pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another: I'll question her.—God save you, pilgrim! Wither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le grand.
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry is it.—Hark you! [*A march afar off.*
They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you

Dia. The count Rousillon: Know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 't is reported, for[a] the king had married him
Against his liking: Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the count
Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'T is a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

[a] *For*—because.

Wid. Ay, right;[a] good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn if she pleas'd.
Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.
Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit[b]
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Enter, with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine *army,* Bertram, *and* Parolles.

Mar. The gods forbid else!
Wid. So, now they come:—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.
Hel. Which is the Frenchman?
Dia. He;
That with the plume: 't is a most gallant fellow;
I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honester
He were much goodlier:—Is 't not a handsome gentleman?
Hel. I like him well.
Dia. 'T is pity he is not honest: Yond 's that same knave,
That leads him to these places; were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.
Hel. Which is he?
Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is he melancholy?
Hel. Perchance he 's hurt i' the battle.
Par. Lose our drum! well.
Mar. He 's shrewdly vexed at something:
Look, he has spied us.
Wid. Marry, hang you!
Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!
[*Exeunt* Bertram, Parolles, *Officers, and Soldiers.*
Wid. The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There 's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.
Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.
Both. We 'll take your offer kindly.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Camp before* Florence.

Enter Bertram, *and the two* French Lords.

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to 't; let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he 's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hood-wink him, so that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer[a] of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents: Be but your lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in anything.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for 't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment,[2] your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour[b] of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

[a] *Ay, right.* The original reads, *I write;* which Malone adopts. But *ay* is so invariably printed *I*, that we doubt the propriety of retaining this forced expression, when the simple assent of the Widow to Diana's reflection is obvious.
[b] *Brokes.* To *broke* (an obsolete verb), is to transact business for others.

[a] *Leaguer* is from the German *lager*, a camp.
[b] *Humour*—in the original *honour.*

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on 't, let it go; 't is but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is 't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet.*

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to 't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I 'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant; and to the possibility of thy soldiership will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do 't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

1 *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost embossed[a] him; you shall see his fall to-night: for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

2 *Lord.* We 'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

1 *Lord.* I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 *Lord.* As 't please your lordship: I 'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.

2 *Lord.* But, you say she 's honest.

Ber. That 's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done: She 's a fair creature;
Will you go see her?

2 *Lord.* With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Florence. *A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter Helena *and* Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband;
And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,

[a] *Embossed.* The word is probably here used in the sense of *exhausted.* In the Induction to the Taming of the Shrew, "the poor cur is *emboss'd*"—swollen with hard running. In the old field language, the *weary* stag was *embossed.*

By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well approves
You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how't is best to bear it,
Now his important blood will nought deny
That she'll demand: A ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house,
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then: It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent; after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: It nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*

[Without the Walls of Florence.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

[1] SCENE II.—"*Smoky muskets.*"

PORTABLE fire-arms, according to Sir Samuel Meyrick, were first used by the Lucquese in 1430. The *hand-cannon*, and the *hand-gun*, were little more than tubes of brass fitted on a piece of wood, and fired with a match held in the hand. In a French translation of Quintus Curtius, written in 1468, and preserved amongst the Burney MSS. in the British Museum, we find the earliest representations of hand fire-arms which are known. The following is a copy of part of an illumination in this volume:

The *arquebus* conveyed the match to the pan by a trigger. This was the first great improvement in portable fire-arms. The following description of the *musquet* is extracted from the 'English Cyclopædia' (Art. *Arms*):—

"The *musquet* was a Spanish invention. It is said to have first made its appearance at the battle of Pavia, and to have contributed in an especial manner to decide the fortune of the day. Its use, however, seems for a while to have been confined.

It appears not to have been generally adopted till the Duke of Alba took upon himself the government of the Netherlands in 1567. M. de Strozzi, colonel-general of the French infantry under Charles IX., introduced it into France. The first Spanish musquets had straight stocks; the French, curved ones. Their form was that of the haquebut, but so long and heavy, that something of support was required; and hence originated the *rest*, a staff the height of a man's shoulder, with a kind of fork of iron at the top to receive the musquet, and a ferule at bottom to steady it in the ground. On a march, when the piece was shouldered, the rest was at first carried in the right hand, and subsequently hung upon the wrist by means of a loop tied under its head. A similar rest had been first used by the mounted arquebusiers. In the time of Elizabeth, and long after, the English musqueteer was a most encumbered soldier. He had, besides the unwieldy weapon itself, his coarse powder for loading in a flask; his fine powder for priming in a touch-box; his bullets in a leathern bag, the strings of which he had to draw to get at them; while in his hand was his burning match and his musquet-rest; and, when he had discharged his piece, he had to draw his sword in order to defend himself. Hence it became a question for a long time, even among military men, whether the bow did not deserve a preference over the musquet."

[2] SCENE VI.—"*John Drum's entertainment.*"

There is an old interlude, printed in 1601, called 'Jack Drum's Entertainment;' and it appears that this species of hospitality to which Jack Drum, or John Drum, or Tom Drum (for he is called by each name) was subjected, consisted in abuse and beating. Holinshed, speaking of the hospitality of the Mayor of Dublin in 1551, says, "No guest had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family; so that his jester or any other officer durst not, for both his ears, give the simplest man that resorted to his house *Tom Drum his entertainment*, which is, to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders."

[Florentine Camp, and General View of Florence]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the* Florentine *Camp.*

Enter first Lord, *with five or six* Soldiers *in ambush.*

1 *Lord.* He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner: When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will; though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him; unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 *Sold.* Good captain, let, me be the interpreter.

1 *Lord.* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 *Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

1 *Lord.* But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again?

1 *Sold.* E'en such as you speak to me.

1 *Lord.* He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, hoa! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 't will be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me: and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 *Lord.* This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*

Par. What the devil should move me to un-

dertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it: They will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule,[a] if you prattle me into these perils.

1 *Lord.* Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aside.*

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 *Lord.* We cannot afford you so. [*Aside.*

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem.

1 *Lord.* 'T would not do. [*Aside.*

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

1 *Lord.* Hardly serve. [*Aside.*

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

1 *Lord.* How deep? [*Aside.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 *Lord.* Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*Aside.*

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear I recovered it.

1 *Lord.* You shall hear one anon. [*Aside.*

Par. A drum now of the enemy's!

[*Alarum within.*

1 *Lord.* *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O! ransom, ransom: do not hide mine eyes. [*They seize him and blindfold him,*

1 *Sold.* *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language:
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

1 *Sold.* *Boskos vauvado:*—
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—
Kerelybonto:—Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

1 *Sold.* O, pray, pray, pray.—
Manka revania dulche.

1 *Lord.* *Oscorbi dulchos volivorco.*

1 *Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hood-wink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

1 *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 *Sold.* *Acordo linta.*—
Come on, thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with* Parolles *guarded.*

1 *Lord.* Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sold.* Captain, I will.

1 *Lord.* He will betray us all unto ourselves;—
Inform on that.[a]

2 *Sold.* So I will, sir.

1 *Lord.* Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Florence. *A Room in the* Widow's *House.*

Enter Bertram *and* Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that!
I prithee do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee

[a] *Mule.* So the original. It was proposed by Warburton with great plausibility, to read "Bajazet's *mute.*"

[a] *On.* So the original. The common reading is "*inform 'em that.*" But the change is scarcely wanted. "Inform *on* that" is, give information on that point.

By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn!

Dia. 'T is not the many oaths that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the highest to witness: Then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him: Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions; but unseal'd;
At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persever.

Dia. I see that men make ropes, in such a scarre,
That we'll forsake, ourselves.[a] Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

[a] The reading which we here give, that of the original, is startling and difficult. The common reading, that of Rowe, is,

"I see that men make *hopes*, in such *affairs*."

Malone reads,

"I see that men make *hopes*, in such a *scene*."

Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector would read,

"in such a suit,"

But it is not likely that a printer or transcriber would mistake such a remarkable word as *scarre* for *scene* or *suit*. Phillips, in his "World of Words," says that *scar* "signifies a steep rock," and is the origin of the name of Scarborough; and *scaur* is still used for a precipitous rock in Scotland. Thus, figuratively, it may be used for a difficulty to be surmounted. Men, according to Diana, pretend to show how we can overpass the obstacle, by furnishing the ropes by which the rock is to be climbed. The alterations are all feeble. Mr. Dyce prints "*hopes* in such a *case*;" Mr. Staunton, "in such a *snare*." If *hopes* is substituted for *ropes*, and *scarre* retained, the sense then may be, that men hope, in such a position of difficulty, that we'll forsake ourselves—cease to rely upon ourselves.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose: Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window;
I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee. [*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end.—
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he has sworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,[a]
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid:
Only, in this disguise, I think 't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The* Florentine *Camp.*

Enter the two French Lords, *and two or three* Soldiers.

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour since: there is something in 't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

[a] *Braid*—crafty, according to Steevens. Horne Tooke has a curious notion that the word here means *brayed*—as a fool is said to be in a mortar. Mr. Richardson, in his Dictionary, considers that in this passage it bears the sense of *violent*.

2 *Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it 't is dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord.* Now, God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company[a] anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished: and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this justified?

1 *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily sorry that he 'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where 's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter Bertram.

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here 's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is 't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke; done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained my convoy; and, between these main parcels of despatch, effected many nicer needs;[a] the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module; he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

[a] *Company*—companion.

[a] *Needs.* So the original. The common reading is *deeds* which change is certainly not an improvement.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth: [*Exeunt* Soldiers.] he hath sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 *Lord.* I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood,—he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: And what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, *with* Parolles.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes![a] *Porto tartarossa.*

1 *Sold.* He calls for the tortures: What will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty I can say no more.

1 *Sold.* *Bosko chimurcho.*

2 *Lord.* *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

1 *Sold.* You are a merciful general:—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* 'First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong.' What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

1 *Lord.* You are deceived, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theorick of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir; a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

1 *Sold.* 'Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot' What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowic, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 *Lord.* Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down. 'You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt.' What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories: Demand them singly.

1 *Sold.* Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child; a dumb innocent that could not say him nay.

[*First* Lord *lifts up his hand in anger*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

[a] An allusion to the game of blindman's buff, formerly called *hoodman blind.*

[a] Walker suggests *Julian.*

1 *Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1 *Sold.* Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 *Sold.* Here 'tis; here's a paper. Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

1 *Sold.*

'Dian. The count's a fool, and full of gold,'—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 *Sold.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue!

1 *Sold.*

'When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;
After he scores, he never pays the score:
Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;
He ne'er pays after debts, take it before;
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this,
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss:
For count of this the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,
PAROLLES.'

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 *Sold.* I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live.

1 *Sold.* We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has everything that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

1 *Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war?

Par Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villained villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

1 *Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu*[a] he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 *Sold.* What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

1 *Sold.* What's he?

Par. E'en a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

1 *Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all

[a] *Quart d'ecu*—sometimes written *cardecue*—a French piece of money, being the fourth part of the gold crown.

drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken? [*Aside.*

1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

1 *Sold.* That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*
So, look about you; Know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.
[*Exeunt* Bertram, Lords, &c.

1 *Sold.* You are undone, captain: all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France, too; we shall speak of you there. [*Exit*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great
'T would burst at this: Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall; simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Florence. *A room in the Widow's House.*

Enter Helena, Widow, *and* Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 't is needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd
His grace is at Marseilles;[a] to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love; doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away:
But more of this hereafter:—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,—
But with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepar'd,[1] and time revives us:
All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown;[b]
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.
[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Marseilles* is here pronounced as a tri-syllable, as in the Taming of the Shrew:

"That now is lying in *Marseilles'* road."

Mr. Hunter says that this line, as we print it, is inharmonious; but that Shakspere wrote

"That now is lying in *Marsellis* road,"

which he adds was, no doubt, the approved pronunciation of the time. But we must venture to observe that orthography is a very fallacious guide in such matters. In the passage in the text the original has *Marcellæ*; and in the last act we find *Marcellus*.

[b] From the Latin, *finis coronat opus.*

SCENE V.—Rousillon. *A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter Countess, Lafeu, *and* Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffata fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home more advanced by the King, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'T was a good lady, 't was a good lady: we may pick a thousand sallets, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the sallet, or, rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not sallet-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have not much skill in grass.[a]

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself—a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who 's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, 'a has an English name; but his phisnomy is more h tter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir, *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there 's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

[a] *Grass*—in the original *grace*—an evident misprint.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they 'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.[a]

Count. So he is. My lord, that 's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 't is not amiss: And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder 's my lord your son

[a] *Unhappy*—unlucky—mischievous.

with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 't is a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man.

[*Exeunt.*

['So, look about you; know you any here?']

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT IV.

SCENE IV.—"*Our waggon is prepar'd.*"

IN Love's Labour's Lost, unquestionably an early play, Shakspere has used the term *coach*:—

"No drop but as a coach doth carry thee."

In the Merry Wives of Windsor, Mrs. Quickly tells us that "there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches—coach after coach, I warrant you." The probability therefore is, that, in using the term *waggon* in the text, our poet meant a public vehicle. Certainly the early coaches were not much unlike waggons. Mr. Markland, in his interesting paper in the Archæologia, 'On the early Use of Carriages in England' (vol. xx.), has given us a representation from an ancient Flemish Chronicle of the fifteenth century in the British Museum (Royal MSS. 16 F. III.), representing Emergard, the wife of Salvard, Lord of Roussillon, driven in a covered cart or waggon. She is attended by a female, and in the front of

the cart is placed her fool. The carriages in which Queen Elizabeth and her suite travelled are exhibited in the copy which we gave, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, of Hoefnagel's front of Nonsuch House (1582). We repeat here, however, the representation of the carriage of Elizabeth's attendants, the form of which is certainly more commodious than that of the Countess of Roussillon.

Stow, in his Annals, speaks of *long waggons* for passengers and commodities in 1564; and these, he says, were similar to those which travelled in the beginning of the next century to London from Canterbury and other large towns. These, it seems then, in Shakspere's time were called *waggons*, though they afterwards were occasionally named *caravans*. As late, however, as 1660, we find from Sir William Dugdale's Diary that his daughter "went towards London in Coventre waggon."

[Marseilles.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Marseilles. *A Street.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, *and* DIANA, *with two* Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;
But since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

Enter a gentle Astringer.[1]

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.
Ast. And you.
Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.
Ast. I have been sometimes there.
Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.
Ast. What 's your will?
Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.
Ast. The king 's not here.
Hel. Not here, sir?
Ast. Not, indeed:
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!
Hel. All's well that ends well, yet;
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
Ast. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.
Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which I presume shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.
Ast. This I'll do for you.
Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again;—
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rousillon. *The inner Court of the* Countess's *Palace.*

Enter Clown *and* Parolles.

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood,[a] and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Prithee allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, prithee stand away; A paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter Lafeu.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may, for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes[b] of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit.*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 't is too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than word then.—Cox' my passion! give me your hand: How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the* Countess's *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, *&c.*

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.
Count. 'T is past, my liege:
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze[c] of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.
King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.
Laf. This I must say,—
But first I beg my pardon,—The young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,

a *Mood*—caprice. Warburton changed the word to *moat.*
b *Similes*—in the original, *smiles.* Theobald's correction.
c *Blaze.* The original has *blade.* Theobald made the emendation.

Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither;—
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition:—Let him not ask our pardon;
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 't is our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege. [*Exit.*

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me
That set him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on 't.

King. I am not a day of season,[a]
For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail
In me at once: But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let 's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them: You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege: at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warped the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object: Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself
Since I have lost have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou didst love her strikes some scores away
From the great compt: But love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, That 's good that 's gone: our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what 's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we 'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet in me, O nature cesse.[a]

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that 's on 't, Helen, that 's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that ere I took her leave at court,[b]
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to it.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

[a] *A day of season*—a seasonable day. Sunshine and hail mark a day out of season.

[a] *Cesse.* So the original. Some modern editors have substituted *cease.* The word is used by Chaucer in Troilus and Cressida, Book II.—

"But *cesse* cause, and aie cessith maladie."

[b] This line is probably corrupt, though the meaning is obvious.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood ingag'd:[a] but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: 't was mine, 't was Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 't was hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come,) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'t will not prove so;—
And yet I know not:—thou did'st hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—
[Guards *seize* Bertram.
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him;—
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was.
[*Exit* Bertram, *guarded.*

Enter the Astringer.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Ast. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes,[a] come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [*Reads.*]

'Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a widower; his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: Grant it me, O king; in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone. Diana Capulet.'

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this: I'll none of him.[b]

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:
Go speedily, and bring again the count.
[*Exeunt the* Astringer *and some* Attendants.
I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Enter Bertram, *guarded.*

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman 's that?

Re-enter the Astringer, *with* Widow, *and* Diana.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count: Do you know these women?

[a] *Ingag'd.* Malone thinks this is used in the sense of *un-engaged*, as "inhabitable" is used for uninhabitable. We think that the lady is represented by Bertram to have considered him "ingag'd"—*pledged*—to herself.

[a] *Removes*—stages.

[b] This is usually printed, "I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll *him;* for this, I'll none of him." We follow the original, which has an equally clear meaning. The *tolling* in a fair was necessary to the validity of a bargain, and Lafeu will get rid of Bertram by toll and sale, according to one reading, or he will buy a son-in-law, and toll him, according to the other. The custom is described in 'Hudibras:'

"How shall I answer hue and cry,
For a roan gelding, twelve hands high,
All spurr'd, and switch'd, a lock on 's hoof,
A sorrel mane? Can I bring proof
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold for,
And in the open market toll'd for?"

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?
Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?
Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.
Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none.
Laf. Your reputation [*to* Bertram.] comes too short for my daughter; you are no husband for her.
Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.
King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!
Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.
King. What say'st thou to her?
Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.
Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.
Count. He blushes, and 't is his:[a]
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thousand proofs.
King. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.
Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's Parolles.
Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.
King. Find him, and bring him hither.
Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd;
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth:
Am I or that, or this, for what he 'll utter,
That will speak anything?
King. She hath that ring of yours.
Ber. I think she has: certain it is I lik'd her,
And boarded[a] her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her insuit coming[b] with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.
Dia. I must be patient;
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.
Ber. I have it not.
King. What ring was yours, I pray you?
Dia. Sir, much like the same upon your finger.
King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.
Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.
King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.
Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.
King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.—
Is this the man you speak of?
Dia. Ay, my lord.
King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding I 'll keep off,)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?
Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him which gentlemen have.
King. Come, come, to the purpose: Did he love this woman?
Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her: But how?
King. How, I pray you?

[a] *His.* The original has *hit.* We adopt Mr. Collier's reading of *his* instead of the usual *it.*

[a] *Boarded*—accosted.
[b] Mr. Singer reads *infinite cunning;* and, although we do not reject the original, we believe he is right.

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave:—What an equivocal companion is this!

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promised me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty: I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: But thou art too fine[a] in thy evidence, therefore stand aside.—This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To prison with her: and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 't was you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty:
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to 't:
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to* Lafeu.

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir; [*Exit* Widow
The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd;
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick;
So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, *with* Helena.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is 't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both; O, pardon

Hel. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here's your letter; This it says,
'When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child,' &c.—This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!—
O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:—
Good Tom Drum, [*to* Parolles] lend me a handkerchief: So, I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

[a] *Too fine*—too full of finesse. So, in Bacon's Apophthegms where the word is used in a complimentary sense: "Your majesty was *too fine* for my Lord Burghley."

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:—
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
[*To* Diana.
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and, if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.
[*Flourish.*

(Advancing.)

The king's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and y urs our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and ake our hearts.
[*Exeunt.*

[Court of Countess's Palace—Paro'les and Clown.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT V.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Enter a gentle* Astringer."

AN *astringer* is a falconer. "They be called ostringers," says Markham, the great authority on hawking, "which are the keepers of gosshawks or tercells." A "gentle astringer" probably meant the head of the king's hawking establishment—not a menial, but an officer of rank in his household. The grand falconer of England is a noble.

[Gentle Astringer.]

"Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more."

Act I., Sc. III.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

We have already traced the principal dramatic action of All's Well that ends Well in the endeavour to show that it is identical with 'Love's Labour Won.' We may therefore, as far as may be, limit this notice to a brief sketch of its characters.

Of Helena we have necessarily spoken at length. Mrs. Jameson quotes a passage from Foster's 'Essays,' to explain the general idea of her character: — "To be tremblingly alive to gentle impressions, and yet be able to preserve, when the prosecution of a design requires it, an immoveable heart amidst even the most imperious causes of subduing emotion, is perhaps not an impossible constitution of mind, but it is the utmost and rarest endowment of humanity." This "constitution of mind" has been treated by Shakspere in his Helena; and who can doubt the truth and nature of the conception?

Bertram, like all mixed characters, whether in the drama or in real life, is a great puzzle to those who look with tolerance on human motives and actions. In a one-sided view he has no redeeming qualities. Johnson says, "I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helena as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness sneaks home to a second marriage: is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness." If the Bertram of the comedy were a real personage of flesh and blood, with whom the business

of life associated us, and of whom the exercise of prudence demanded that we should form an accurate estimate, we should say—

> "Too bad for a blessing, too good for a curse,
> I wish from my soul thou wer' t better or worse."

But we are called upon for no such judgment when the poet presents to us a character of contradictory qualities. All that we have then to ask is, whether the character is natural, and consistent with the circumstances amidst which he moves? We have no desire to reconcile our hearts to Bertram; all that we demand is, that he should not move our indignation beyond the point in which his qualities shall consist with our sympathy for Helena in her love for him. And in this view, the poet, as it appears to us, has drawn Bertram's character most skilfully. Without his defects the dramatic action could not have proceeded; without his merits the dramatic sentiment could not have been maintained. Shakspere, from the first, makes us understand that the pride of birth in Bertram constrained him to regard Helena as greatly his inferior. His parting with her is decisive:—"The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you." This is the kindness of one who had known her long, and pitied her dependent state. But he leaves no doubt as to the sense which he entertains of her condition: "Be comfortable to my mother, *your mistress*, and make much of her." When the King proposes Helena to him as his wife, he assigns but one reason for his rejection of her—but that is all in all:—

> "I know her well;
> She had her breeding at my father's charge:
> A poor physician's daughter my wife!"

If Bertram had seen Helena with the eyes of his mother, as

> "A maid too virtuous
> For the contempt of empire"—

or with those of the King and of Lafeu—he would not have rejected her, and the comedy would have been only a common love-tale. Johnson says, he marries Helena "as a coward." This is unjust. Johnson overlooked the irresistible constraint to which his will was subjected, and the scorn with which he spoke out his real purposes even at the moment of submission:—

> "Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
> My fancy to your eyes: When I consider
> What great creation, and what dole of honour,
> Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late
> Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
> The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
> Is, as 't were, born so."

Nothing can be less like cowardice than this speech. It is the bitterest irony of a desperate will, bowed for a time, but not subdued. Nor does Bertram leave Helena as "a profligate." We, who know the intensity of her love, which he could not know, may think that he was unwise to fly from his own happiness; but he believed that he fled from constraint and misery; from

> "The dark house, and the detested wife."

The Bertram of the Florentine wars has something to recommend him besides his ancestry: "he has done worthy service." But the young, proud, courageous Bertram, is also a libertine. Schlegel asks, "Did Shakspere ever attempt to mitigate the impression of his unfeeling pride and giddy dissipation? He intended merely to give us a military portrait." This is quite true The libertines of the later comedy are the only generous, spirited, intellectual persons of the drama; the virtuous characters are as dull as they are discreet. Shakspere goes out of his usual dramatic spirit in this play, to mark emphatically the impression which Bertram's actions produce upon his own associates. In the third scene of the fourth act they comment with indignation upon his desertion of Helena, and his practices towards Diana:—"As we are ourselves what things are we!" But then, all the Shaksperian tolerance is put forth to make us understand that Bertram is not isolated in his vices, and that even his vices, as those of all other men, are not alone to be regarded in our estimates of character:—"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues." This is philosophy, and, what is more, it is religion—for it is charity. In this spirit the poet undoubtedly intended that we should judge Bertram. He is certainly not a

hypocrite; and, when he returns to Rousillon, we are bound to believe him when he speaks of Helena as

> "She, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself
> Since I have lost have lov'd."

For ourselves, we can see no poetical injustice that he is "dismissed to happiness;" for, unless he has become a "sadder and a wiser man," he will not be happy.

"In this piece," says Schlegel, "*age* is exhibited to singular advantage: the plain honesty of the King, the good-natured impetuosity of old Lafeu, the maternal indulgence of the Countess to Helena's love of her son, seem all, as it were, to vie with each other in endeavours to conquer the arrogance of the young Count." The general benevolence of these characters, and their particular kindness towards Helena, are the counterpoises to Bertram's pride of birth, and his disdain of virtue, unaccompanied by adventitious distinctions. The love of the Countess towards Helena is habit,—that of the King is gratitude: in Lafeu the admiration which he perseveringly holds towards her is the result of his honest sagacity. He admires what is direct and unpretending, and he therefore loves Helena: he hates what is evasive and boastful, and he therefore despises Parolles.

Parolles has been called by Ulrici "the little appendix of the great Falstaff." Schlegel says, "Falstaff has thrown Parolles into the shade." Johnson goes farther, and declares, "Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falstaff." We have thought, and still think, that this opinion of Johnson exhibits a singular want of discrimination in one who relished Falstaff so highly. Parolles is literally what he is described by Helena:—

> "I know him a notorious liar,
> Think him a great way fool, solely a coward."

For the "fool," take the scene in the second act in which he pieces out the remarks of Lafeu upon the King's recovery with the most impertinent commonplaces—ending "Nay, 't is strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it." It was in this dialogue that Lafeu "smoked him;" and he makes no secret, afterwards, of his opinion: "I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou did'st make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee." To the insults of Lafeu the boaster has nothing to oppose,—neither wit nor courage. His very impudence is overborne. We thoroughly agree with Lafeu, that "there can be no kernel in this light nut." All this is but a preparation for the comic scenes in which he is to play so conspicuous a part—in which his folly, his falsehood, and his cowardice, conspire to make him odious and ridiculous. Before this exhibition he is denounced to Bertram, by his companions in warfare, as "a hilding"—"a bubble"—"a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality." The disclosure which he makes of his own folly before he is seized, when the lords overhear him, is perfectly true to nature, and therefore in the highest degree true comedy:—

> "*Par.* Ten o'clock: within these three hours 't will be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me: and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.
>
> "*1 Lord.* This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aside.*
>
> "*Par.* What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it: They will say, came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.
>
> "*1 Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?* [*Aside.*"

The last sentence is worth a folio of "Moral Essays." But Parolles certainly knows himself. There is nothing but plain knavery, mistaking its proper tools, in his lies and his treacheries. The meanness of his nature is his safeguard: after his detection the consolations of his philosophy are most characteristic:—

"Yet am I thankful: *if my heart were great*
'T would burst at this: Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall; simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd by foolery thrive!
There's place and means for every man alive."

And he will "live.' Lafeu understands him to the last, when he says, "Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat."

And is this crawling, empty, vapouring, cowardly representative of the off-scourings of social life, to be compared for a moment with the unimitable Falstaff?—to be said to have "many lineaments in common" with him—to be thrown into the shade by him—to be even "a little appendix" to his greatness? Parolles is drawn by Shakspere as utterly contemptible, in intellect, in spirit, in morals. He is diverting from the situations into which his folly betrays him; and his complete exposure and humiliation constitute the richness of the comedy. If he had been a particle better Shakspere would have made his disgrace less; and it is in his charity even to the most degraded that he has represented him as utterly insensible to his own shame, and even hugging it as a good:—

"If my heart were great
'T would burst at this."

But Falstaff, witty beyond all other characters of wit—cautious, even to the point of being thought cowardly—swaying all men by his intellectual resources under the greatest difficulty—boastful and lying only in a spirit of hilarity which makes him the first to enjoy his own detection—and withal, though grossly selfish, so thoroughly genial that many love him and few can refuse to laugh with him—is Falstaff to be compared with Parolles, the notorious liar—great way fool—solely a coward? The comparison will not bear examining with patience, and much less with pains-taking.

But Parolles in his own way is infinitely comic. "The scene of the drum," according to a French critic, "is worthy of Molière."* This is the highest praise which a French writer could bestow; and here it is just. The character belongs to the school of which Molière is the head, rather than to the school of Shakspere.

And what shall we say of the Clown? He is "the artificial fool;" and we do not like him, therefore, quite so much as dear Launce and dearer Touchstone. To the Fool in Lear he can no more be compared than Parolles to Falstaff. But he is, nevertheless, great—something that no other artist but Shakspere could have produced. Our poet has used him as a vehicle for some biting satire. There can be no doubt that he is "a witty fool," "a shrewd knave, and an unhappy."

* Letourneur, Traduction, tome ix., p. 329.

[Fool's Bauble, &c.]

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

[Ariosto.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of Much Ado about Nothing.

Much Ado about Nothing was first printed in 1600, under the following title:—'Much Adoe about Nothing. As it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by William Shakespeare. Printed by V. J. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley, 1600.' It had been entered at Stationers' Hall on the 23rd of August of the same year. There had probably been an attempt to pirate this play; for in a leaf of irregular entries prefixed to a volume of the Stationers' Register we find, under date of August 4th, but without a year,

"As You Like It, a book.
"Henry the Fift, a book.
"Comedy of Much Ado about Nothing.
} to be staied."

Wise and Aspley were, no doubt, the authorised publishers of this play, as they were of others of the original quartos. The first edition is not divided into acts; but in the folio of 1623 we find this division. There was no other separate edition. The variations between the text of the quarto and that of the folio are very few: we have pointed out any important difference. There is a remarkable peculiarity, however, in the text of the folio, which indicates very clearly that it was printed from the playhouse copy. In the second act (Scene III.) we find this stage direction:—"Enter

Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and *Jack Wilson.*' In the third act, when the two inimitable guardians of the night first descend upon the solid earth in Messina, to move mortals for ever after with unextinguishable laughter, they speak to us in their well-known names of Dogberry and Verges; but in the fourth act we find the names of mere human actors prefixed to what they say: Dogberry becomes *Kempe*, and Verges *Cowley*. Here, then, we have a piece of the prompter's book before us. Balthazar, with his "Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more," is identified with Jack Wilson; and Kempe and Cowley have come down to posterity in honourable association with the two illustrious "compartners of the watch." We could almost believe that the player-editors of the folio in 1623 purposely left these anomalous entries as an historical tribute to the memory of their fellows. Kempe, we know, had been dead some years before the publication of the folio; and probably Cowley and Jack Wilson had also gone where the voice of their merriment and their minstrelsy was heard no more.

The chronology of this comedy is sufficiently fixed by the circumstance of its publication in 1600, coupled with the fact that it is not mentioned by Meres in 1598. Chalmers has a notion that the return of the prince and his companions from "the wars" conveys a temporary allusion to the Irish campaign of Essex in 1599. When Beatrice says "Yes; you had musty victuals, and he hath holp to eat it," Chalmers detects a sarcasm upon the badness of the provisions furnished to Essex's army, which, according to Camden and other historical authorities, were not of the daintiest. We have little faith in this species of evidence.

Supposed Source of the Plot.

"The story is taken from Ariosto," says Pope. To Ariosto then we turn; and we are repaid for our labour by the pleasure of reading that long but by no means tedious story of Genevra, which occupies the whole of the fifth book, and part of the sixth, of the Orlando Furioso. "The tale is a pretty comical matter," as Harrington quaintly pronounces it. The famous town of St. Andrew's forms its scene; and here was enacted something like that piece of villainy by which the Claudio of Shakspere was deceived, and his Hero "done to death, by slanderous tongues." In Harrington's good old translation of the Orlando there are six-and-forty pictures, as there are six-and-forty books; and, says the translator, "they are all cut in brass, and most of them by the best workmen in that kind that have been in this land this many years; yet I will not praise them too much because I gave direction for their making." The witty godson of Queen Elizabeth—"that merry poet my godson"—adds, "the use of the picture is evident, which is that having read over the book you may read it as it were *again* in the very picture." He might have said, you may read it as it were *before;* and if we had copied this picture,—in which the whole action of the book is exhibited at once in a bird's-eye view, and were yet, as he who gave "direction for its making" truly says, "the personages of men, the shapes of horses, and such like, are made large at the bottom and lesser upward,"—our readers would have seen at a glance how far "the story is taken from Ariosto." For here we have, "large at the bottom," a fair one at a window, looking lovingly upon a man who is ascending a ladder of ropes, whilst at the foot of the said ladder an unhappy wight is about to fall upon his sword, from which fate he is with difficulty arrested by one who is struggling with him. We here see at once the resemblance between the story in Ariosto and the incident in Much Ado about Nothing upon which both the tragic and comic interest of the play hinges. But here the resemblance ceases. As we ascend the picture, we see the King of Scotland seated upon a royal throne,—but no Dogberry; his disconsolate daughter is placed by his side,—but there is no veiled Hero; King, and Princess, and courtiers, and people, are looking upon a tilting-ground, where there is a fierce and deadly encounter of two mailed knights,—but there is no Beatrice and no Benedick. The truth is, that Ariosto found the incident of a lady betrayed to suspicion and danger by the personation of her own waiting-woman amongst the popular traditions of the south of Europe—this story has been traced to Spain; and he interwove it with the adventures of his Rinaldo as an integral part of his chivalrous romance. The lady *Genevra*, so falsely accused, was doomed to die unless a true knight came within a month

to do battle for her honour. Her lover, *Ariodant*, had fled, and was reported to have perished. The wicked duke, *Polinesso*, who had betrayed *Genevra*, appears secure in his treachery. But the misguided woman, *Dalinda*, who had been the instrument of his crime, flying from her paramour, meets with *Rinaldo*, and declares the truth; and then comes the combat, in which the guilty duke is slain by the champion of innocence, and the lover reappears to be made happy with his spotless princess. We have selected from Harrington's translation such portions of the narrative of *Dalinda* as may show the resemblance which led Pope mistakingly to say "the story is taken from Ariosto:"—

"Intending by some vile and subtle train
To part Genevra from her faithful lover,
And plant so great mislike between them twain,
Yet with so cunning show the same to cover,
That her good name he will so foul distain,
Alive nor dead she never shall recover.
* * * * * *
"To please my fond conceit this very night,
I pray thee, dear, to do as I direct:
When fair Genevra to her bed is gone,
Take thou the clothes she ware and put them on.
* * * * * *
"And so went Ariodant into his place,
And undiscover'd closely there did lie,
Till having looked there a little space,
The crafty duke to come he might descry,
That meant the chaste Genevra to deface,
Who having made to me his wonted signs,
I let him down the ladder made of lines.

"The gown I ware was white, and richly set
With aglets, pearl, and lace of gold well garnish'd;
My stately tresses cover'd with a net
Of beaten gold most pure and brightly varnish'd;
Not thus content, the veil aloft I set,
Which only princes wear; thus stately harnish'd,
And under Cupid's banner bent to fight,
All unawares I stood in all their sight.
* * * * * *
"But Ariodant that stood so far aloof
Was more deceiv'd by distance of the place,
And straight believ'd, against his own behoof,
Seeing her clothes, that he had seen her face."

The motive which influences the *Polinesso* of Ariosto is the hope that by vilifying the character of *Genevra* he may get rid of his rival in her love. Spenser has told a similar story in the "Faerie Queene" (Book II., Canto IV.), in which *Phedon* describes the like treachery of his false friend *Philemon*. The motive here was not very unlike that of Don John in Much Ado about Nothing:—

"He, either envying my toward good,
Or of himself to treason ill dispos'd,
One day unto me came in friendly mood,
And told, for secret, how he understood
That lady, whom I had to me assign'd,
Had both distain'd her honourable blood,
And eke the faith which she to me did bind;
And therefore wish'd me stay till I more truth should find."

The story as told by Spenser is a purely tragical one; and its moral is the mischief of "intemperance:"—

"This graceless man, for furtherance of his guile,
Did court the handmaid of my lady dear,
Who, glad t' embosom his affection vile,
Did all she might more pleasing to appear.
One day, to work her to his will more near,
He woo'd her thus: Pryené (so she hight),
What great despite doth fortune to thee bear,
Thus lowly to abase thy beauty bright,
That it should not deface all others' lesser light?

"But if she had her least help to thee lent,
T' adorn thy form according thy desart,
Their blaying pride thou wouldest soon have blent,
And stain'd their praises with thy least good part:
Ne should fair Claribell with all her art,
Though she thy lady be, approach thee near:
For proof thereof, this evening, as thou art,
Array thyself in her most gorgeous gear,
That I may more delight in thy embracement dear.

"The maiden, proud through praise and mad through love,
Him hearken'd to, and soon herself array'd;
The whiles to me the treachour did remove
His craftv engine; and, as he had said,
Me leading, in a secret corner laid,
The sad spectator of my tragedy:
Where left, he went, and his own false part play'd,
Disguised like that groom of base degree,
Whom he had feign'd th' abuser of my love to be.

"Eftsoons he came unto th' appointed place,
And with him brought Pryené, rich array'd
In Claribella's clothes: Her proper face
I not discerned in that darksome shade,
But ween'd it was my love with whom he play'd.
Ah, God! what horror and tormenting grief
My heart, my hands, mine eyes, and all assay'd!
Me liefer were ten thousand deathës prief,
Than wound of jealous worm, and shame of such reprief.

"I home returning, fraught with foul despite,
And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
Soon as my loathed love appear'd in sight,
With wrathful hand I slew her innocent;
That after soon I dearly did lament:
For, when the cause of that outrageous deed
Demanded I made plain and evident,
Her faulty handmaid, which that bale did breed,
Confess'd how Philemon her wrought to change her weed."

The European story, which Ariosto and Spenser have thus adopted, has formed also the groundwork of one of Bandello's Italian novels. And here the wronged lady has neither her honour vindicated in battle, as in Ariosto; nor is slain by her furious lover, as in Spenser; but she is rejected, believed to be dead, and finally married in disguise, as in Much Ado about Nothing. Mr. Skottowe has given a brief analysis of this novel, which we copy:—

"Fenicia, the daughter of Lionato, a gentleman of Messina, is betrothed to Timbreo de Cardona. Girondo, a disappointed lover of the young lady, resolves, if possible, to prevent the marriage. He insinuates to Timbreo that his mistress is disloyal, and offers to show him a stranger scaling her chamber-window. Timbreo accepts the invitation, and witnesses the hired servant of Girondo, in the dress of a gentleman, ascending a ladder and entering the house of Lionato. Stung with rage and jealousy, Timbreo the next morning accuses his innocent mistress to her father, and rejects the alliance. Fenicia sinks into a swoon; a dangerous illness succeeds; and to stifle all reports injurious to her fame, Lionato proclaims that she is dead. Her funeral rights are performed in Messina, while in truth she lies concealed in the obscurity of a country residence.

"The thought of having occasioned the death of an innocent and lovely female strikes Girondo with horror; in the agony of remorse he confesses his villainy to Timbreo, and they both throw themselves on the mercy, and ask forgiveness of the insulted family of Fenicia. On Timbreo is imposed only the penance of espousing a lady whose face he should not see previous to his marriage: instead of a new bride, whom he expected, he is presented, at the nuptial altar, with his injured and beloved Fenicia."

Ariosto made this story a tale of chivalry; Spenser a lesson of high and solemn morality; Bandello an interesting love-romance. It was for Shakspere to surround the main incident with those accessories which he could nowhere borrow, and to make of it such a comedy as no other man has made—a comedy not of manners or of sentiment, but of *life* viewed under its profoundest aspects, whether of the grave or the ludicrous.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Costume.

We have already stated it to be our opinion that, in affixing by the costume a particular period to any of Shakspere's plays which are not historical, care should be had to select one as near as possible to the time at which it was written. The comedy of Much Ado about Nothing commences with the return of certain Italian and Spanish noblemen to Sicily after the wars. Now the last war in which the Italians under Spanish dominion were concerned previous to the production of this comedy was terminated by the peace of Cambray, called "La Paix des Dames," in consequence of its being signed (August 3rd, 1529) by Margaret of Austria in the name of the Emperor Charles V., and the Duchess d'Angoulême in that of her son Francis I. This peace secured to Charles the crown of Naples and Sicily; and, after vanquishing the Saracens at Tunis, he made triumphal entries into Palermo and Messina in the autumn of 1535. Of the costume of this period we have given a detailed description and several pictorial illustrations in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, to which we must refer the reader.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of* Arragon.
DON JOHN, *his bastard brother.*
CLAUDIO, *a young lord of* Florence, *favourite of* Don Pedro.
BENEDICK, *a young lord of* Padua, *favourite likewise of* Don Pedro.
LEONATO, *governor of* Messina.
ANTONIO, *his brother.*
BALTHAZAR, *servant to* Don Pedro.
BORACHIO, CONRADE, } *followers of* Don John.
DOGBERRY, VERGES, } *two city-officers.*
A Sexton.
A Friar.
A Boy.

HERO, *daughter to* Leonato.
BEATRICE, *niece to* Leonato.
MARGARET, URSULA, } *gentlewomen attending on* Hero.

Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.

SCENE.—MESSINA.

[Street in Messina.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Street in* Messina.

Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others, with a* Messenger.[a]

Leon. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort,[b] and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.[a]

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer than those that are so washed

[a] In the stage direction of the early copies, we have—"Enter Leonato, Governor of Messina, Innogen his wife," &c. But the mother takes no part in the action or dialogue. She appears again in the stage direction of the last scene of Act. II.

[b] *Any sort.* The obvious meaning here is, of any condition. There can be no doubt of this, for the Messenger adds, "and none of name." The word occurs again, and is used by the same speaker: "there was none such in the army of any *sort.*"

[a] *In great measure*—abundantly.

How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto[a] returned from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.[b]

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he is returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills[1] here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.[2] I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you,[c] I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencherman, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady:—But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed[d] with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed: he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits[e] went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference[a] between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith[b] but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.[3]

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.[c]

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer[d] now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You 'll ne'er run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter Don Pedro, *attended by* Balthazar *and others, Don* John, Claudio, *and* Benedick.

D. Pedro. Good signior Leonato, you are come[e] to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

a *Montanto.* Beatrice thus nicknames Benedick, after a term of the fencing-school.

b See note a preceding page.

c *He'll be meet with you*—he 'll be *even* with you. So in The Tempest:—

"We must prepare to *meet* with Caliban."

d *Stuffed*—stored, furnished.

e *Five wits* Shakspere here uses the term *wits* in the sense of intellectual powers. In his 141st Sonnet he distinguishes between the *five wits* and the *five senses*:—

"But my five wits, nor my five senses, can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee."

By the early writers the *five wits* was used synonymously with the five senses; as in Chaucer ('The Persones Tale'), "Certes delites ben after the appetites of the *five wittis;* as, sight, hering, smelling, savouring, and touching" Johnson says, "The *wits* seem to have been reckoned *five*, by analogy to the five *senses*, or the five inlets of ideas."

a *Bear it for a difference*—for a distinction—as in heraldry.

b *His faith*—his belief generally—here, his confidence in a friend.

c *In your books.* The meaning of this expression, which we retain to the present day, is generally understood. He who is *in your books*—or, as we sometimes say, in your *good* books—is he whom you think well of—whom you trust. It appears tolerably obvious, then, that the phrase has a commercial origin; and that, as he who has obtained *credit*, buys upon *trust*, is in his creditor's *books*, so he who has obtained in any way the confidence of another is said to be in his books. None of the earlier commentators have suggested this explanation. Johnson says it means "to be in one's codicils or will:" Steevens, that it is to be in one's visiting-book,—or in the books of an university,—or in the books of the Herald's Office; Farmer and Douce, that it is to be in the list of a great man's retainers, because the names of such were entered in a book. This is the most received explanation. Our view of the matter is more homely, and for that reason it appears to us more true.

d *Squarer*—quarreller. To *square* is to dispute—to confront hostilely. So in A Midsummer Night's Dream:—

"And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do *square*."

e The quarto reads—"are you come."

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedick; nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible Disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat:—But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart: for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 't were such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all, Leonato.—Signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all.[a] I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together. [*Exeunt all but* Benedick *and* Claudio.

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not: but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise; only this commendation I can afford her: that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack; to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter?[4] Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?[b]

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is 't come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? Go to, i' faith: an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

[a] The punctuation here given is that of the Cambridge edition. Pedro and Leonato have been talking apart, and "the sum" is that Leonato gives the invitation.

[b] To join in the song.

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance:—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark how short his answer is:—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: 'it is not so, nor 't was not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.'[5]

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth I speak my thought.

Claud. And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat[a] winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick,[b] all women shall pardon me: Because, I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine[c] is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me let him be clapped on the shoulder and called Adam.[6]

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:
'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'[a]

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever this sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, 'Here is good horse to hire,' let them signify under my sign,—'Here you may see Benedick the married man.'

Claud. If this should ever happen thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house (if I had it)—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded[b] with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further,[7] examine your conscience; and so I leave you. [*Exit* BENEDICK.

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir:
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,

[a] *Recheat.* The huntsman's note to recall the hounds.
[b] *Baldrick*—a belt.
[c] *The fine*—the conclusion.

[a] This line is from Hieronymo.
[b] *Guarded*—trimmed—as with *guards* on apparel.

All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will break with her; [and with her father,
And thou shalt have her:[a]] Was't not to this end,
That thou begann'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity:
Look, what will serve is fit: 't is once,[b] thou lovest;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine:
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you news[c] that you yet dream not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus overheard[d] by a man of mine: The prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece, your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow; I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross the stage.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend: go you with me, and I will use your skill:—Good cousins, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Don John *and* Conrade.

Con. What the good year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet[a] a patient sufferance.

D. John. I wonder that thou, being (as thou say'st thou art), born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take root,[b] but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace;[8] and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: If I had my

a The words in brackets are not in the folio.
b *Once*—once for all. So in Coriolanus: "Once, if he do require our voices we ought not to deny him."
c In the quarto, *strange news.*
d In the quarto, *thus much overheard*

a *Yet.* The quarto *at least.*
b In the quarto, *true root.*

mouth I would bite; if I had my liberty I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room,[9] comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad[a] conference: I whipt behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her give her to count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way I bless myself every way: You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued: 'Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We 'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Sad*—serious.

[Scene II. 'Walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard.']

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

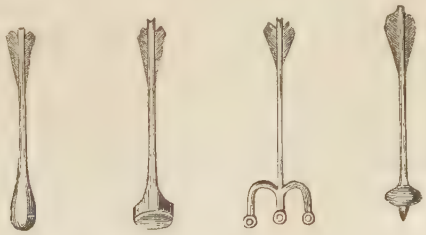
[1] SCENE I.—"*He set up his bills.*"

THE history of advertising, if well worked out, would form one of the most curious chapters of any account of the progress of English civilisation. We are here in the rude stages of that history, and see the beginnings of the craving for publicity which was to produce that marvel of society, a *Times* newspaper of our day. In Shakspere's day the bear-wards, fencing-masters, mountebanks, and players, "set up their bills upon posts;" masterless men "set up their bills in Paul's for services;" schoolmasters "pasted up their papers on every post for arithmetic and writing;" and it is recorded as a somewhat clever proceeding, that a man having lost his purse "set up bills in divers places, that if any man of the city had found the purse and would bring it again to him he should have well for his labour." These were very simple and straightforward operations. The mysteries of advertising were not then studied. Men had to make their plain announcements, and to be attended to. "The puff direct, and the puff collateral, and the puff oblique" were not then invented. We shall probably return in some degree to the simplicity of the old time, and once more be content to "set up our bills;" for puffery has destroyed itself. When everything has become alike superlative, there are no superlatives.

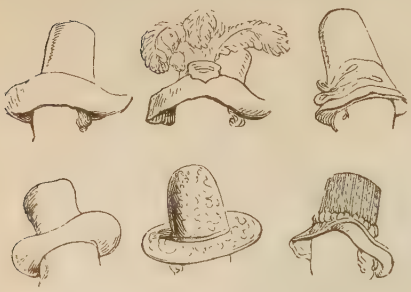
[2] SCENE I.—"*Challenged Cupid at the flight: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.*"

In Ben Jonson's 'Cynthia's Revels' Mercury says to Cupid, "I fear thou hast not arrows for the purpose;" to which Cupid replies, "O yes, here be of all sorts, *flights*, rovers, and butt-shafts." Gifford explains that "flights were long and light-feathered arrows which went level to the mark." These were the weapons for Cupid; and Benedick therefore is said to have "challenged Cupid at the flight," with arrows such as these:—

But "my uncle's fool" thought Benedick was better qualified to match with him in the skilful use of that blunt and heavy weapon whose employment by those of his vocation has passed into a proverb—"a fool's *bolt* is soon shot." Douce has preserved the forms of some of these *bird-bolts*:—



[Fulk Greville, first Lord Brooke.]



[3] SCENE I.—"*He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.*"

In the perpetual change of fashions which was imputed to the English of Elizabeth's day, (and which we shall have more particularly to notice in Act II.,) the *hat* underwent every possible transition of form. We had intended to have illustrated this by exhibiting the principal varieties which we find in pictures of that day; but if our *blocks* had been as numerous as these *blocks*, we should have filled pages with the graceful or grotesque caprices of the exquisites from whom Brummell inherited his belief in the powers of the hat: "Why, Mr. Brummell, does an Englishman always look better dressed than a Frenchman?" The oracular reply was, "'T is the hat." We present, however, the portrait of one ancient Brummell, with a few hats at his feet to chose from.

[4] SCENE I.—"*Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter.*"

The English commentators can give no explanation of this passage; except Steevens, who makes it the vehicle for one of his *Collins* notes. Tieck says that Ayrer, of Nürnberg,—who has treated after his own manner the novel of Bandello upon which this comedy is founded,—introduces Venus complaining that Cupid has shot many arrows in vain at the Count Claudio of his story, and that Vulcan will make no more arrows.

We have received an explanation from two correspondents, to both of whom we beg to express our obligation:—

"Benedick is laughing at Claudio for his love of Hero, which indeed he still scarcely credits. He asks him,—'Speak you this with a sad brow?'—*i.e.* are you serious in your passion?—or are you flouting or mocking us,—as though you were to say that Cupid, the *blind* god, has the *keenest sight* to spy a hare, and that Vulcan, the *smith*, is a rare *carpenter?*"

[5] SCENE I.—"*Like the old tale, my lord: 'it is not so, nor 't was not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.'*"

Mr. Blakeway, who has contributed a few valuable notes to Shakspere which will be found in Boswell's edition of Malone, has given us an illustration of this passage, in his own recollections of an *old tale* to which he thinks our poet evidently alludes, "and which has often froze my young blood, when I was a child, as, I dare say, it had done his before me."

"Once upon a time there was a young lady (called Lady Mary in the story) who had two brothers. One summer they all three went to a country-seat of theirs, which they had not before visited. Among the other gentry of the neighbourhood who came to see them was a Mr. Fox, a bachelor, with whom they, particularly the young lady, were much pleased. He used often to dine with them, and frequently invited Lady Mary to come and see his house. One day that her brothers were absent elsewhere, and she had nothing better to do, she determined to go thither, and accordingly set out unattended. When she arrived at the house, and knocked at the door, no one answered. At length she opened it and went in. Over the portal of the hall was written, '*Be bold, be bold, but not too bold.*' She advanced: over the staircase, the same inscription. She went up: over the entrance of a gallery, the same. She proceeded: over the door of a chamber,—'*Be bold, be bold, but not too bold, lest that your heart's blood should run cold*' She opened it—it was full of skeletons, tubs full of blood, &c. She retreated in haste. Coming down stairs she saw, out of a window, Mr. Fox advancing towards the house, with a drawn sword in one hand, while with the other he dragged along a young lady by her hair. Lady Mary had just time to slip down and hide herself under the stairs before Mr. Fox and his victim arrived at the foot of them. As he pulled the young lady up stairs she caught hold of one of the banisters with her hand, on which was a rich bracelet. Mr. Fox cut it off with his sword: the hand and bracelet fell into Lady Mary's lap, who then contrived to escape unobserved, and got home safe to her brothers' house.

"After a few days Mr. Fox came to dine with them as usual (whether by invitation or of his own

accord this deponent saith not) After dinner, when the guests began to amuse each other with extraordinary anecdotes, Lady Mary at length said she would relate to them a remarkable dream she had lately had. 'I dreamt,' said she, 'that as you, Mr. Fox, had often invited me to your house, I would go there one morning. When I came to the house, I knocked, &c., but no one answered. When I opened the door, over the hall was written, *Be bold, be bold, but not too bold.* But,' said she, turning to Mr. Fox, and smiling, '*It is not so, nor it was not so;*' then she pursues the rest of the story, concluding at every turn with '*It is not so, nor it was not so,*' till she comes to the room full of dead bodies, when Mr. Fox took up the burden of the tale, and said, '*It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so:*' which he continues to repeat at every subsequent turn of the dreadful story, till she came to the circumstance of his cutting off the young lady's hand, when, upon his saying as usual, '*It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so,*' Lady Mary retorts, '*But it is so, and it was so, and here the hand I have to show,*' at the same time producing the hand and bracelet from her lap: whereupon the guests drew their swords, and instantly cut Mr. Fox into a thousand pieces."

[6] SCENE I.—"*Hang me in a bottle like a cat,*" &c.

This is very obvious. A cat was hung in a bottle and shot at;—as cocks were thrown at. Yet we have a story of a cat being closed up in a wooden bottle, containing also soot, and he that beat out the bottom of the bottle, and escaped the soot, running under it, was the winner. The cat *shot* at was probably a real cat on some occasions, and on others a stuffed cat; as the popinjay in Old Mortality had probably a fluttering predecessor. He that should be "clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam," was to be so honoured, in allusion to the famous old archer Adam Bell, who

"sat in Englyshe wood,
Under the green-wood tre."

[7] SCENE I.—"*Ere you flout old ends any further.*"

The "old ends" flouted at were probably the formal conclusions of letters, such as we find in *The Paston Letters*:—"No more at this time, but the Trinity have you in protection, &c. Written on the feast of All Saints, between mass and matins, calamo festinante." (New edit. by A. Ramsay, vol. i. p. 3.)

[8] SCENE III.—"*I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace.*"

In an illustration of The Two Gentlemen of Verona (Act I. Sc. I.) we have shown how frequently Shakspere uses the image of the *canker* in the rose-bud. In the passage before us, a peculiar rose—the common *dog-rose* of the hedges—is meant. Mr. Richardson says, in his Dictionary, that in *Devonshire* the dog-rose is called the canker-rose. The name had probably a more universal application; and as "the bud bit with an envious worm" was cankered, so the small uncultivated rose was compared to the rose of the garden whose beauty was impaired, by the name of *canker*.

[Canker—Rosa canina.]

[9] SCENE III.—"*Smoking a musty room.*"

Burton, in his 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' says, "The smoke of juniper is in great request with us at Oxford, to sweeten our chambers." Where the "perfumer" had been, the real cleanliness of the house or the person was doubtful: as in Ben Jonson's song:—

"Still to be neat, still to be drest,
Still to be perfum'd as for a feast," &c.

[Scene I. 'My visor is Philemon's roof; Within the house is Jove.']

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others.*

Leon. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick; the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she is too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns;' but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him

in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man I am not for him: Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bearward,[a] and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:' so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter: for the heavens, he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, [*to* Hero] I trust you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, 'Father, as it please you:'—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, 'Father, as it please me.'

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make acount of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important,[b] tell him there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer.[c] For hear me, Hero; Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother, make good room.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar; *Don* John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, *and others, masked.*

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend[a] the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof;
Within the house is Jove.[b]

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.
[*Takes her aside.*

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake, for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better; the hearers may cry, Amen.[c]

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man: Here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come; do you think I do not

a *Bearward;*—in the original, *berrord.* The modern editions have *bear-herd.* In Henry VI., Part II., it is *bearard.* The pronunciation is indicated by both of the ancient modes of spelling; and *bearward* appears to be the word meant, when rapidly uttered.

b *Important*—importunate.

c The technical meaning of *measure,* a particular sort of dance, is here played upon. Beatrice's own description of that dance, "full of state and ancientry," is the most characteristic account we have of it.

a *Defend*—forbid,

b The line, which is in the rhythm of Chapman's Homer, and Golding's Ovid, is an allusion to the story of Baucis and Philemon.

c These three speeches, which are assigned to *Benedick* in the originals, really belong to *Balthazar.* There is a series of dialogues between four masked pairs—Hero and Don Pedro, Margaret and Balthazar, Ursula and Antonio, Beatrice and Benedick. Tieck conjectured this; but Mr Dyce shows that Theobald had also made this correction.

know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred merry Tales;'[1] —Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders:[a] none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit but in his villainy; for he both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him: I am sure he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded[b] me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge' wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music within.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning

[*Dance. Then exeunt all but Don* John, Borachio, *and* Claudio.

D. John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamour'd on Hero; I pray you dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don* John *and* Borachio.

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'T is certain so;—the prince woos for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negociate for itself,
And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof
Which I mistrusted not: Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither.

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count.[a] What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain?[b] or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 't was the boy that stole your meat and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you.

[*Exit.*

Bene. Alas! poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges. But that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha, it may be I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base though bitter[c] disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

[a] In a subsequent passage of this scene we have "*impossible* conveyance." The commentators make difficulties of both these passages; and would change the adjective to *impassable* or *importable*. Mr. Dyce says that Shakspere employs the word *impossible* with great license.

[b] *Boarded*—accosted.

[a] *Count.* The original has the more ancient and more poetical, *county*.

[b] *An usurer's chain*—the ornament of a wealthy citizen, or goldsmith. The Jews were not in Shakspere's time the only class who took *use* for money.

[c] *Base though bitter.* So the old copies. But the phrase has been changed into "the base, *the* bitter." Benedick means to say that the disposition of Beatrice, which pretends to speak the opinion of the world, is a grovelling disposition although it *is* sharp and satirical.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count; Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and I think told[a] him true, that your grace had got the will[b] of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him[c] a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a schoolboy; who being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? the transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block: an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answer'd her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, and[d] that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me: She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations,[e] there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary: and people sin upon purpose because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Re-enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato, *and* Hero.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot;[a] fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pigmies,—rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him use for it—a double heart for a single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I 'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and

a In the quarto, *I told him.* b In the quarto, *good will.*
a In the quarto, *bind him up.* d The quarto omits *and.*
e *Terminations.* Mr. Walker suggests that Shakspere wrote "her *minations,*" one of his many comings from the Latin. The editor of Mr. Walker's "Critical Examination" points out that *termination* never occurs elsewhere in Shakspeare (as he might gather from Mrs. Clarke's 'Concordance'). But *determination* is used both in the singular and plural in the sense of *resolve.* *Termination,* used in a similar sense, is either a typographical error, or a colloquial abbreviation.

with her my fortunes; his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord, I thank it; poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care:—My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburned;[a] I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh-ho for a husband![b]

D Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day: But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit* Beatrice.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say she hath often dreamt of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

[a] Shakspere, in All's Well that Ends Well, has used the phrase *to go to the world* in the sense of being married.

[b] *Heigh ho for a husband* was probably a popular exclamation in Shakspere's time, as now. It has given a name to a modern comedy.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O lord, my lord, if they were but a week married they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us; I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain,[a] of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Don John *and* Borachio.

D. John. It is so; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord, but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes

[a] *Strain*—is breed or lineage.

athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour anything.

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw don Pedro and the count Claudio, alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in a love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio;[a] and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

a Theobald and other editors would here read *Borachio.* The very expression *term me* shows that the speaker assumes that Margaret, by connivance, would call him by the name of Claudio.

SCENE III.—Leonato's *Garden.*

Enter Benedick *and a* Boy.

Bene. Boy!

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit* Boy.]—I do much wonder that one man seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: And such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armour: and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet.[3] He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[*Withdraws.*

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, *and* Claudio.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord:—How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,
We'll fit the kid fox with a pennyworth.

Enter BALTHAZAR, *with music.*

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection:—
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing:
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos;
Yet will he swear, he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come:
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and noting![a] [*Music.*

Bene. Now, 'Divine air!' now is his soul ravished!—Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

BALTHAZAR *sings.*

I.

Balth. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

II.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha? no; no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. [*Aside.*] An he had been a dog that should have howled thus they would have hanged him: and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; [*to* CLAUDIO.]—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exeunt* BALTHAZAR.] Come hither, Leonato: What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay:—Stalk on, stalk on: the fowl sits.[4] [*Aside to* PEDRO.] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner? [*Aside.*

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite. [*Aside.*

Leon. What affects, my lord! She will sit you,—You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [*Aside*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide itself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up. [*Aside.*

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: 'Shall I,' says she, 'that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?'

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night: and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

[a] The original copies have *nothing.* Mr. White says, "one of the many proofs that *th* was pronounced like *t*."

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O!—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

Claud. That.

Leon. O! she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence;[a] railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: 'I measure him,' says she, 'by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.'

Claud Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses:[b]—'O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!'

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him: She 's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In everything, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daff'd[c] all other respects, and made her half myself: I pray you tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she make her love known: and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love 't is very possible he 'll scorn it: for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible[a] spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may see[b] he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a Christian-like[c] fear.

Leon. If he do fear God he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece: Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that 's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter. Let it cool the while. I love Benedick well: and I could wish he would modestly examine himself to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. [*Aside.*

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her: and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter; that 's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show Let us send her to call him in to dinner. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt Don* PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* LEONATO.

BENEDICK *advances from the arbour.*

Bene. This can be no trick: The conference was sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give

a Steevens ingeniously suggests that a farthing, and perhaps a *halfpenny*, was used to signify any small particle or division. Capell says that the allusion is to the cross of the old silver penny, which could be broken into halfpence or farthings, as Beatrice is said to have torn her letter.

b *Curses.* Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector has *cries.*

c *Daff'd*—put aside; as in Othello, Act IV. Sc. II.:—"Every day thou *dafts* me with some new device;" and in Act V. Sc. I. of the present Comedy, "canst thou so *daff* me?"

a *Contemptible* is here used in the sense of *contemptuous.*

b In the quarto, *say.*

c In the quarto, *most Christian like.*

any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry—I must not seem proud:—Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 't is a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous—'t is so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me:—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age: Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: The world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice: By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal:—You have no stomach, signior; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner'—there's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me'—that's as much as to say Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks:—If I do not take pity of her I am a villain; if I do not love her I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. I. p. 85.—"Till he *sink* into his grave."
"Till he *sink apace* into his grave."

Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector has added *apace* after *sink*, and he may be right as far as supplying a pun which is very obvious. But the Cambridge editors say this had been suggested by Capell, and is supported by a passage in Marston's 'Insatiate Countess,' edited by Mr. Halliwell—

"Think of me as the man
Whose dancing days you see are not yet done.
Len. Yet you sinke a pace, sir"

[Scene III. 'Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more']

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

[1] SCENE I.—"*That I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales.'*"

THE "good wit" of Beatrice consisted in sharp sayings and quaint allusions, and Benedick might naturally enough have twitted her with what we now call a familiarity with 'Joe Miller.' 'The Hundred Merry Tales' were known only by their title; and a great controversy therefore sprang up whether they were a translation of the 'Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles' or of the 'Decameron.' We need not enter upon this question; for a fragment of the identical Tales has been discovered, since the days of Reed and Steevens, by Mr. Coneybeare, which shows that the work was literally a jest-book—most probably a chapman's penny book. A copy would now be above all price, if it could be recovered entire. But its loss has occasioned more printing, in the way of speculation upon its contents; and thus the world keeps up its stock of typographical curiosities.

[2] SCENE I.—"*Bring you the length of Prester John's foot.*"

The inaccessibility of Prester John has been described by Butler:—

> "While like the mighty *Prester John*,
> Whose person none dares look upon,
> But is preserv'd in close disguise
> From being made cheap to vulgar eyes."

[3] SCENE III.—"*Carving the fashion of a new doublet.*"

This is the representation of an Englishman thus described by Coryat, in his 'Crudities:'—"We wear more fantastical fashions than any nation under the sun doth, the French only excepted; which hath given occasion to the Venetian and other Italians to brand the Englishman with a notable mark of levity, by painting him stark naked, with a pair of shears in his hand, making his fashion of attire according to the vain conception of his brain-sick head, not to comeliness and decorum." The print from which we copy is in Borde's 'Introduction of Knowledge;' and we subjoin the verses which are given under it:—

> "I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
> Musing in my mynde what rayment I shall were,
> For now I will were this, and now I will were that,
> Now I will were I cannot tell what."

[4] SCENE III.—"*Stalk on, stalk on: the fowl sits.*"

The stalking-horse is thus described in an ancient tract, 'New Shreds of the Old Snare,' by John Gee:—"Methinks I behold the cunning fowler, such as I have known in the fen-countries and elsewhere, that do shoot at woodcocks, snipes, and wild-fowl, by sneaking behind a painted cloth which they carry before them, having pictured on it the shape of a horse; which, while the silly fowl gazeth on it is knocked down with hail-shot and so put in the fowler's budget." There were stalking-bulls as well as stalking-horses; and the process of decoying partridges in this way into a net is described in Willughby's 'Ornithology.'

[Scene III. 'Are you good men and true?']

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Leonato's *Garden.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter;—like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it:—there will she hide her,
To listen our propose:[a] This is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick

[a] *Propose.* So the quarto: the folio, *purpose.* The words have the same meaning—that of conversation—and were indifferently used by old writers. In the third line of this scene we have,

"*Proposing* with the prince and Claudio."

In Spenser,

"For she in pleasant *purpose* did abound."

Is sick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

Enter Beatrice, *behind.*

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground to hear our conference.
Urs. The pleasantest angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture:
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.
Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—
[*They advance to the bower.*
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.[1]
Urs. But are you sure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?
Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.
Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?
Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it:
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.
Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?
Hero. O God of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising[a] what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.
Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.
Hero. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward: if fair fac'd,
She would swear[a] the gentleman should be her sister;
If black,[b] why, nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill headed;
If low, an agate[c] very vilely cut:
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.
Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.
Hero. No, not; to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She would mock[d] me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks;
Which is as bad as die with tickling.
Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.
Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion:
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.
Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is priz'd to have,) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.
Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.
Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy; signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument,[e] and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.
Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.
Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you married, madam?
Hero. Why, every day;—to-morrow: Come, go in;

a *Misprising*—undervaluing.

a *She would swear.*—This has been turned into *she'd swear*, to suit the mincing rhythm of the commentators.
b *Black*—as opposed to fair—swarthy.
c *Agate.*—In Henry IV., Part II., Act I., Sc. II., Falstaff says of his page, "I was never manned with an agate till now." Agates were cut into various forms, such as men's heads.
d *She would mock*—changed also to *she'd mock* by modern editors.
e *Argument*—conversation. So in Henry IV., Part I. "I would be *argument* for a week."

I'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.

Urs. She's ta'en[a] I warrant you; we have caught her, madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt* Hero *and* Ursula.

Beatrice *advances.*

Beat. What fire is in mine ears?[2] Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:
For others say thou dost deserve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, *and* Leonato.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then I go toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What? sigh for the tooth-ach?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm!

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet, say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy[a] that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; [or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet:[b]] Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o' mornings: What should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.[c]

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: Can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, The sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lutestring,[3] and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: Conclude[d] he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.

[a] *Ta'en.* So the folio; the quarto *limed.*

[a] *Fancy* is here used in a different sense from the same word which immediately precedes it—although *fancy* in the sense of *love* is the same as *fancy* in the sense of the indulgence of a *humour* The fancy which makes a lover, and the fancy which produces a bird-fancier, each express the same subjection of the will to the imagination.

[b] The passage in brackets is not found in the folio, but is supplied from the quarto.

[c] In one of Nashe's pamphlets, 1591, we have, "they may sell their hair by the pound, to stuff tennis-balls." Several of the old comedies allude to the same employment of human hair.

[d] The quarto has *conclude, conclude.*

—Old signior, walk aside with me; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt* Benedick *and* Leonato.

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter Don John.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you;—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow? [*To* Claudio.

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

D. John. You may think I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you: and, circumstances shortened, (for she hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see anything to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till night,[a] and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented! So will you say when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter Dogberry *and* Verges, *with the* Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, master constable,——

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern.[4] This is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How if a[b] will not stand?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but

a *Night*—so the folio; in the quarto, *midnight.*

b *How if a.*—We have retained the quaint vulgarism of the original, instead of the modern refinement, *how if he.* In many other passages of these inimitable scenes the same form is restored by us.

let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects:—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 *Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen:—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch.* How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 *Watch.* How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'T is very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay by 'r lady, that, I think, a cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 *Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu, be vigitant, I beseech you. [*Exeunt* Dogberry *and* Verges.

Enter Borachio *and* Conrade.

Bora. What! Conrade,—

Watch. Peace, stir not. [*Aside.*

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this penthouse, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*aside*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed: Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; a has been a vile thief this seven year; a goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 't was the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy[a] painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirched[b] worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man: But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought thy Margaret was Hero?[c]

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right master constable: we have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 *Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, a wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters.

2 *Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

1 *Watch.* Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

a *Reechy*—begrimed—smoky.
b *Smirched*—smutched—smudged.
c So the folio. In the quarto, "And thought *they*, Margaret was Hero?"

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.[a]

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [*Exit* URSULA.

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato[b] were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner:[b] and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth it's but a night-gown in respect of yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with silver; set with pearls down sleeves,[c] side-sleeves,[d] and skirts, round underborne with a blueish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on 't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'T will be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say,—saving your reverence,—'a husband:' an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody: Is

a Shakspere has here repeated the conceit which we find in the Second Part of Henry VI.: "My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?"
b The false hair.
c This is usually pointed, "set with pearls, down sleeves." The pearls are to be set down the sleeves.
d *Side-sleeves*—long sleeves—or full sleeves—from the Anglo-Saxon, *sid*—ample—long. The "deep and broad sleeves" of the time of Henry IV. are thus ridiculed by Hoccleve:—

"Now hath this land little neede of broomes
To sweepe away the filth out of the streete.
Sen *side-sleeves* of pennilesse groomes
Will it up licke, be it drie or weete."

there any harm in, 'the heavier for a husband?' None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise 't is light, and not heavy: Ask my lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into—'Light o' love;'[6] that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I 'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, 'Light o' love,' with your heels! —then if your husband have stables enough, you'll look he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'T is almost five o'clock, cousin; 't is time you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding ill: hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.[a]

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?[b]

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it: doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus,[7] and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was such another, and now he is become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Leonato, *with* Dogberry *and* Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for, you see, 't is a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest, as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

[a] An epigram by Heywood, 1566, explains this jest; and gives us the old pronunciation of *ache*, to which John Kemble adhered in despite of "the groundlings:"—

"*H* is amongst worst letters in the cross-row;
For if thou find him either in thine elbow,
In thine arm, or leg, in any degree;
In thine head, or teeth, or toe, or knee
Into what place soever *H* may pike him,
Wherever thou find *ache* thou shalt not like him."

[b] *Trow*—I trow. So in the Merry Wives of Windsor:—
"Who's there, *trow?*"

Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ah?

Dogb. Yea, an' t were a thousand times[a] more than 't is: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind:—An honest soul, i faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but God is to be worshipped: All men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too snort of you

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon I must leave you.

Dogb One word, sir: our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it to me; I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.[a]

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[*Exeunt* Leonato *and* Messenger.

Dogb. Go, good partner, go. get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

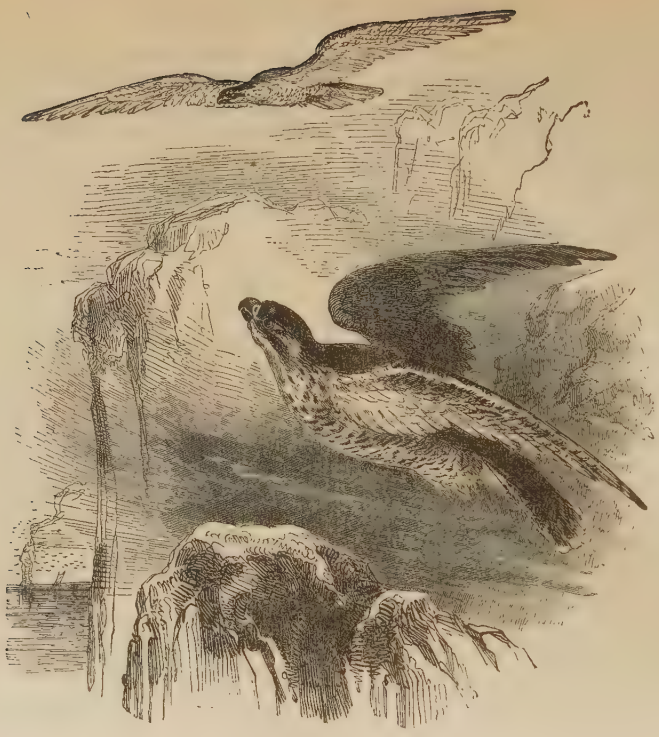
Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you here's that [*touching his forehead*] shall drive some of them to a *non come:*[b] only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Times* in the folio: the quarto has *pound*.

[a] So the folio; in the quarto, "as *it* may appear unto you."

[b] *Non come* in quarto and folio. The usual reading, *non com.* aspires to a correctness which does not belong to Dogberry.

[Ancient Watchmen.]



[Haggards of the Rock.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

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[1] SCENE I.—"*Haggards of the rock.*"

SIMON Latham, in his 'Book of Falconry,' thus describes the wild and unsocial nature of this species of hawk:—"She keeps in subjection the most part of all the fowl that fly, insomuch that the tassel gentle, her natural and chiefest companion, dares not come near that coast where she useth, nor sit by the place where she standeth. Such is the greatness of her spirit, she will not admit of any society until such a time as nature worketh."

[2] SCENE I.—"*What fire is in mine ears?*"

The popular opinion here alluded to is as old as Pliny:—"Moreover is not this an opinion generally received, that when our ears do glow and tingle, some there be that in our absence do talk of us."—Holland's Translation, b. xxviii.

[3] SCENE II.—"*His jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lutestring.*"—*i. e.* his jocular wit is now employed in the inditing of love-songs, which, in Shakspere's time, were usually accompanied on the lute. The "stops" are the frets of the lute, and those points on the finger-board on which the string is pressed, or stopped, by the finger.

[4] SCENE III.—"*Bear you the lantern*"—"*have a care that your bills be not stolen.*"

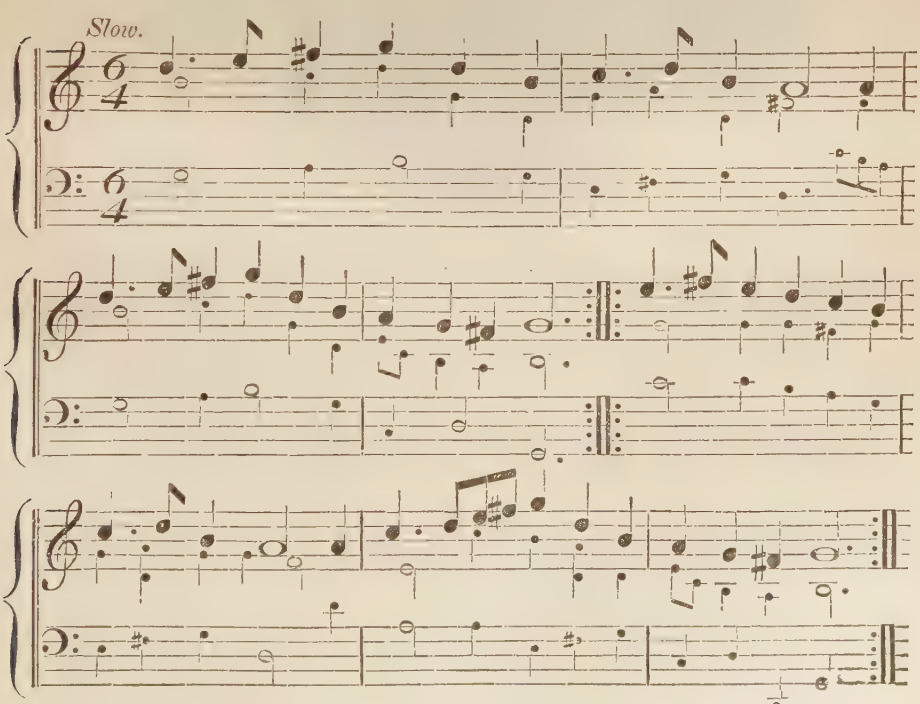
At the close of this act we have introduced a representation of two "ancient and most quiet watchmen," of the days of Shakspere. The one with the *bill* is from the title-page of Dekker's 'O per se, O,' 1612. The other with the *halberd* is from a print of the same period. The *lanterns* below are grouped from prints of a similar date.

[5] SCENE IV.—"*Troth, I think your other rabato were better.*"

The rabato was the ruff, or collar for the neck, such as we often see in the portraits of Queen Elizabeth. Dekker calls them "your stiff-necked rebatoes." Menage derives it from *rebattré*, to put back. The following portrait offers a pleasing example of this costume.

[6] SCENE IV.—"*Clap us into—'Light o' love.'*"

The name of an old tune; mentioned also in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act I., Scene II. Subsequently to the publication of his history, Sir John Hawkins states that he "lately recovered it from an ancient MS." He gives the melody only, in the following manner. We have added a base and a few notes of accompaniment:—



[7] SCENE IV.—"*Carduus Benedictus.*"

We look back with wonder upon the importance attached by our ancestors to old women's remedies. That they confided in such powers as those of the Blessed Thistle, and of

"Spermaceti for an inward bruise,"

was a part of the system of *belief* which belonged to their age; and which was in itself of more sovereign virtue than we are apt to imagine. Perhaps our *faith* in a fashionable physician—which after all is no abiding faith—would not stand a more severe examination. But at any rate no one now believes in calomel or quinine, as a writer of Shakspere's day believed in the *Carduus Benedictus.* "This herb may worthily be called *Benedictus* or *Omnimorbia*, that is, a salve for every sore, not known to physicians of old time, but lately revealed by the special providence of Almighty God."—Cogan's Haven of Health, 1595.

[The Holy Thistle.]

[Scene I. Cathedral of Messina.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The inside of a Church.*

Enter Don PEDRO, *Don* JOHN, LEONATO, Friar, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, *and* BEATRICE, *&c.*

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her: friar, you come to marry her.[a]

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! [not knowing what they do![a]]

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then some be of laughing,[b] as, ha! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by your leave;

[a] We follow the punctuation of the original. The meaning is destroyed by the modern mode of pointing the passage,—
"To be married to her, friar; you come to marry her."

[a] The words in brackets are not in the folio, but in the quarto.

[b] Shakspere had not forgotten his Accidence.

Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?
Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.
Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?
D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.
Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.
There, Leonato, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.
Leon. What do you mean, my lord?
Claud. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.
Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,——
Claud. I know what you would say; If I have known her,
You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.
Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?
Claud. Out on the seeming![a] I will write against it,
You seem to me as Dian in her orb;
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.
Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?
Claud. Sweet prince, why speak not you?[b]
D. Pedro. What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.
Leon. Are these things spoken? or do I but dream?
D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.
Hero. True? O God!
Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?
Leon. All this is so: But what of this, my lord?
Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.
Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.
Hero. O God defend me! how am I beset!—
What kind of catechising call you this?
Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.
Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?
Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.
Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.
D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear: Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal[c] villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.
D. John. Fie, fie! they are
Not to be nam'd my lord, not to be spoken of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.
Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed

[a] In the originals, both the quarto and folio, we have "Out on *thee* seeming." Pope changed this phrase into "Out on *thy* seeming." We believe that the poet used "Out on *the* seeming"—the specious resemblance—"I will write against *it*"—that is, against this false representation, along with this deceiving portrait.

"*You* seem to me as Dian in her orb," &c.

The commentators separate "I will write against it" from what follows, as if Claudio were about to compose a treatise upon the subject of woman's deceitfulness.

[b] The speech of Claudio, at the bottom of col. 1 was originally given to Leonato. Tieck suggested the correction, which Mr. Dyce had long before seen to be required.

[c] *Liberal*—licentiously free.—So in Othello: "Is he not a most profane and *liberal* counsellor?"

CLAUDIO ACCUSES HERO.

Claudio. "But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!"
Much Ado About Nothing. Act iv., sc. 1.

About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I 'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me? [Hero *swoons.*

Beat. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go: these things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don* Pedro, *Don* John, *and* Claudio.

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—help, uncle;—
Hero! why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—friar!

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea; Wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?[a]
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
Who, smirched thus, and mired with infamy,
I might have said, 'No part of it is mine,
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?'
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient:

[a] *Frame*—ordinance—arrangement.

For my part I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly not; although until last night
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only silent been so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady; I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth:—Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting[a] error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

[a] Mr. Collier's Corrector suggests *blighting*

Leon. I know not: If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Friar. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her a while be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? What will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd,
Of every hearer: For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we rack[a] the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours: So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed:—then shall he mourn,
(If ever love had interest in his liver,)
And wish he had not so accused her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation,)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though, you know, my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'T is well consented; presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.—
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience and endure.

[*Exeunt* Friar, Hero, *and* Leonato.

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you: Is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not: It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing:—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it: I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have staid me in a happy hour; I was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all my heart.

[a] *Rack*—strain—stretch—exaggerate. Hence *rack*-rent.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do anything for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny: Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here:—There is no love in you:—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We 'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice;—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper saying.

Bene. Nay but, Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat——

Beat. Princes, and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-confect: a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie, and swears it:—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice: By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you: By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account: As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead; and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Prison.*

Enter Dogberry, Verges, *and* Sexton, *in gowns;* *and the* Watch, *with* Conrade, *and* Borachio.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that 's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray write down, Borachio.——Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down, master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

[*Con. Bora.* Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains![a]—] Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—Fore God, they are both in a tale: Have you writ down, that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that 's the eftest[b] way:—Let the watch come forth:—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 *Watch.* This man said, sir, that don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down, prince John a villain:—Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

a The passage in brackets is omitted in the folio, but is given from the quarto.
b *Eftest*—quickest.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato; I will go before, and show him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in the hands—

Con. Off, coxcomb![a]

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down the prince's officer, coxcomb. Come, bind them:——Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down, an ass! but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down, an ass! [*Exeunt.*

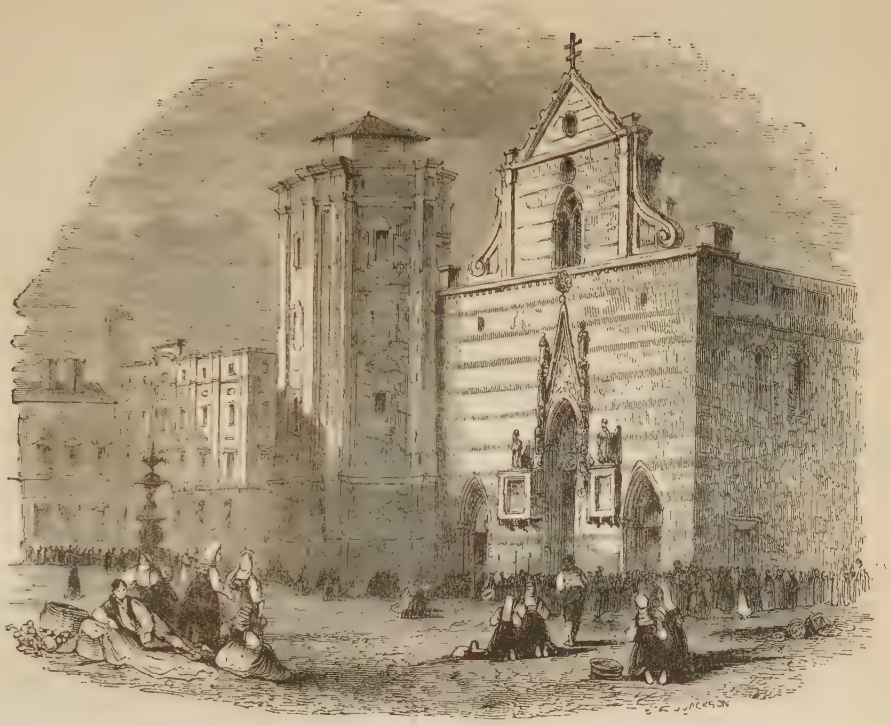
[a] The folio makes Verges say, "Let them be in the hands of Coxcomb." Steevens reads, adopting Theobald's division of the speech, "Let them be in hand."

RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. I, p. 110.—"And a fellow that hath had *losses.*"

"And a fellow that hath had *leases.*"—*Collier.*

On this substitution by the MS. Corrector, Mr. Collier remarks, "it has naturally puzzled some persons to see how his [Dogberry's] losses could tend to establish that he was rich. Here, in truth, we have another misprint; *leases* was often spelt of old *leasses*, and this is the origin of that blunder." The "misprint!" the "blunder!" What an impostor thou hast been, Dogberry, for two centuries and a half; for while all the world, except "some persons," was admiring the profound truth of your boast of having had *losses*, and hailed you as a great representative of human nature, you were only making an inventory of your wealth, which began with your "leases," and ended with your "two gowns."



[Exterior of the Cathedral of Messina.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Leonato *and* Antonio.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
And, 'sorrow wag' cry; hem, when he should groan;[a]
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters;[b] bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.

[a] This is a perplexing passage. In both the originals the line stands thus:—

"And sorrow, wagge, cry hem, when he should grone."

The editors have proposed all sorts of emendations, as—And *hallow*, wag—And sorrow *wage*—And sorrow *waive*—And sorrow *gag*—And *sorrowing* cry—And *sorry* wag—And sorrow *waggery*—*In* sorrow wag. The emendation of Dr Johnson is the ordinary reading:—

"Cry, sorrow, wag! and hem, when he should groan."

We prefer the slight change in the punctuation which gives the same meaning.

[b] *Candle-wasters.* Ben Jonson calls a bookworm a *candle-waster;* and we think with Whalley that this is the meaning here. To make misfortune drunk with candle-wasters is to attempt to stupify it with learned discourses on patience, that the preachers did not practise.—

"For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods."

But there is no such man: For, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 't is all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
However they have writ the style of gods.
And made a push[a] at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so:
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don Pedro *and* Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you well, my lord:—
Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, thou:—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never fleer and jest at me:
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do
Were I not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors:
O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy.

Claud. My villainy!

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of lustihood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me?[a] Thou hast kill'd my child;
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed;
But that's no matter; let him kill one first;—
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me,—
Come follow me, boy; come sir boy, come follow me:[b]
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining[c] fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself: God knows, I lov'd my niece;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains;
That dare as well answer a man indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!—

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold your content: What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging[d] boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,

[a] *Push*—a thrust—a defiance. Pope changes the word to *pish*. Possibly *push* may be a misprint for *pish;* or the words might have been synonymous.

[a] *Daff me*—put me aside.

[b] Steevens destroys this most characteristic line—and his reading is that of all popular editions—by his old fashion of metre-mongering. He reads,

"Come follow me, boy; come boy, follow me."

[c] *Foining*—thrusting.

[d] *Fashion-monging.* So the original copies; but always altered to *fashion-mong'ring.* The participle of the Anglo-Saxon verb, meaning to trade, would give us *monging;* as the verb gives us the noun, signifying a trader, a *monger*

Go antiely, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 't is no matter;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No?
Come, brother, away:—I will be heard;—

Ant. And shall,
Or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt* Leonato *and* Antonio.

Enter Benedick.

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior! what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: You are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour: I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard: Shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale:—Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me:—I pray you, choose another subject.

Claud. Nay then, give him another staff; this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.[1]

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jest not—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you: Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I 'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day: I said, thou hadst a fine wit; 'True,' says she, 'a fine little one:' 'No,' said I, 'a great wit;' 'Right,' says she, 'a great gross one:' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit;' 'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody:' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise;' 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman:' 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues;' 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there 's a double tongue; there 's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said, she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, 'God saw him when he was hid in the garden.'

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man?'

Bene. Fare you well, boy! you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I

must discontinue your company: your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady: For my lord Lack-beard there, he and I shall meet; and till then peace be with him.

[*Exit* Benedick.

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and I'll warrant you for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let me be; pluck up, my heart, and be sad![a] Did he not say my brother was fled?

Enter Dogberry, Verges, *and the* Watch, *with* Conrade *and* Borachio.

Dogb. Come, you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villainy they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame: the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he uttered it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—
And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of the matter: And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter Leonato *and* Antonio, *with the* Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes;
That when I note another man like him
I may avoid him: Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou—thou[a]—the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself;
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it:
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'T was bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak: Choose your revenge yourself;

[a] *Sad*—serious; cease jesting.

[a] The exquisite repetition of *thou* is found in the folio. All the modern editions read "Art thou the slave?"

Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he 'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impossible; but I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died: and, if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night:—
To-morrow morning come you to my house;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that 's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O, noble sir,
Your over kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In anything that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under white and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment: And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There 's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt* Dogberry, Verges, *and* Watch.

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To night I 'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt Don* Pedro *and* Claudio.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we 'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Leonato's *Garden.*

Enter Benedick *and* Margaret, *meeting.*

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit* Margaret.

Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love,[2] [*Singing.*
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean, in singing; but in loving.—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self, in love: Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried; I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby,' an innocent rhyme; for 'scorn,' 'horn,' a hard rhyme: for 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. Then, is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit: But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes[a] my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. 'Suffer love;' a good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

[a] *Undergoes*—passes under.

Beat. It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours:[a] if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bells ring, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question?—Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: Therefore it is most expedient for the wise, (if don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself: So much for praising myself, (who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy,) and now tell me, How doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil[b] at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accused; the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Inside of a Church.*

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, *and* Attendants, *with music and tapers.*

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*Reads from a scroll.*]

'Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies:
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.'

Now, music sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

[a] *Good neighbours*—fairies.
[b] *Old coil*—great bustle. We have in Henry IV., Part II., Act II., "*old* utis."

SONG.

'Pardon, Goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavenly, heavenly.'[a]

Claud. Now unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.
D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd: and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray:
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.
Claud. Good morrow, masters; each his several way.
D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.
Claud. And, Hymen, now with luckier issue speeds
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Leonato's *House.*

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice, Ursula, Friar, *and* Hero.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?
Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her,
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this;
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.
Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.
Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves;
And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me:—You know your office, brother:
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.
[*Exeunt* Ladies.
Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To do what, signior?
Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: 'T is most true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince. But what 's your will?
Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the estate of honourable marriage;
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.
[Here comes the prince, and Claudio.[a]]

Enter Don Pedro *and* Claudio *with* Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.
Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio;
We here attend you. Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.
Leon. Call her forth, brother, here 's the friar ready. [*Exit* Antonio.
D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick: Why, what 's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?
Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull:—
Tush, fear not, man, we 'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.
Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,

[a] *Heavenly, heavenly.* In the quarto the reading is *heavily, heavily.* The editors appear to have mistaken the meaning of *uttered*, interpreting the passage to mean till *songs* of death be uttered heavily. To *utter* is here to put out—to expel. Death is expelled *heavenly*—by the power of heaven. The passage has evidently reference to the sublime verse of Corinthians.

[a] The passage in brackets is omitted in the folio.

And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat

Re-enter Antonio, *with the* Ladies *masked.*

Claud. For this I owe you: here come other reckonings.
Which is the lady I must seize upon?
Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.
Claud. Why, then she's mine: Sweet, let me see your face.
Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar;
I am your husband, if you like of me.
Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife: [*Unmasking.*
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.
Claud. Another Hero?
Hero. Nothing certainer;
One Hero died [defil'd;[a]] but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.
D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.
Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.
Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?
Beat. I answer to that name; [*Unmasking.*] what is your will?
Bene. Do not you love me?
Beat. Why no,[b] no more than reason.
Bene. Why then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,
Have been deceived; for they swore you did.
Beat. Do not you love me?
Bene. Troth no, no more than reason.

[a] The word *defil'd* is also wanting in the folio.
[b] *Why no.*—Steevens rejects the *why*, upon the old principle of its being "injurious to metre." When Benedick, in the same way, replies to the question of Beatrice,

"Do not you love me?"

the poet throws a spirit and variety into the answer, by making it

"*Troth* no, no more than reason."

Steevens cuts out the "*troth;*" the metre, says he, is *overloaded.* It would matter little what Steevens did with his own edition, but he has furnished the text of many a popular edition of Shakspere; and for this reason we feel it a duty perpetually to protest against his corruptions of the real text.

Beat. Why then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,
Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.
Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.
Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.
Bene. 'T is no such matter:—Then you do not love me?
Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.
Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.
Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her;
For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.
Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.
Bene. A miracle; here's our own hands against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.
Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.
Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth. [*Kissing her.*
D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the married man?
Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Dost thou think I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him: In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what[a] I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that[b] thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.
Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.
Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let's

[a] *What* is omitted in the folio.
[b] *In that*—because.

have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighte our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, o' my word; therefore, play music.—

Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff mor reverend than one tipped with horn.[3]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,

And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow; I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers. [*Dance.*

Exeunt.

RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. III. p. 117.—"Those that slew thy virgin *knight*."

"Those that slew thy virgin *bright*.—*Collier.*

The MS. Corrector, who had manifestly little acquaintance with the peculiarities of poetical expression, strikes through *knight*, and substitutes the bald, prosaic epithet *bright*. Virgins were the *knights* of Diana, as in 'The Two Noble Kinsmen':—

"O sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,
Who to thy female *knights*."

[Scene III. Hero's Tomb.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

[1] Scene I.—"*If he be* [angry], *he knows how to turn his girdle.*"

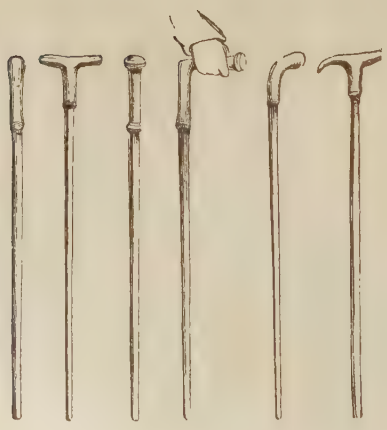
This was a common form of expression, derived from the practice of wrestlers, and thus explained by Mr. Holt White:—"Large belts were worn with the buckle before; but for wrestling the buckle was turned behind, to give the adversary a fairer grasp at the girdle. To turn the buckle behind, therefore, was a challenge. Sir Ralph Winwood, in a letter to Cecil, says,—"I said, what I spake was not to make him angry. He replied, If I were angry, I might turn the buckle of my girdle behind me."

[2] Scene II.—"*The god of Love:*"

"The beginning of an old song by W. E. (William Elderton), a puritanical parody of which, by one W. Birch, under the title of 'The Complaint of a Sinner,' is still extant." We have not been able to find the tune itself, or any other notice of it.

[3] Scene IV.—"*There is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.*"

Steevens and Malone have long notes to prove that the staff here alluded to was the long baton appointed to be used in wager of battle. Surely the *reverend* staff is the old man's walking-stick. The "staff tipped with horn" was carried by one of Chaucer's friars.



[Messina, from the Sea.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

We request thee, O gentle reader, to imagine—for, as a lover of Shakspere thou canst imagine—that thou wert extant in the year of grace 1600; and that on a fine summer's morning of that year, as thou wert painfully guiding thy palfry amongst the deep ruts and muddy channels of Cheapside, thou didst tarry in thy pilgrimage for a few minutes to peruse a small printed bill affixed upon a post, which bore something like the following announcement :—

By the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants,

At the Globe Theatre at Bankside,

This day, being Tuesday, July 11, 1600, *will be acted,*

MUCH ADOE ABOUT NOTHING,

Written by William Shakspere.

This, thou seest—for thou art cognisant of the present time as well as imaginative of the past—is not a bill as big as a house, the smallest letters of which are afflicted with elephantiasis; nor is it a bill which talks of "prodigious hit" and "thunders of applause," nor in which you see Mr. William Kempe's name towering in red letters above all his fellows: but a modest, quiet, little bill—an innocent bill—which ought not to have provoked the abuse of the Puritans, that "players, by sticking

of their bills in London, defile the streets with their infectious filthiness."* In reading this bill thou receivest especially into thy mind three ideas which set thee thinking—the company of actors who perform the play, the name of the play to be performed, the name of the writer. Thou knowest that it is the best company, and the best writer, of the day; but the play—is the play a tragedy, or a history, or a comedy? Thou opinest that it is a comedy. If the title were *Much Ado* thou wouldst be puzzled; but Much Ado *about Nothing* lets thee into a secret. Thou knowest, assuredly, that the author of the play will take the spectators into his confidence; that he will show them the preparation, and the bustle, and the turmoil, and it may be the distress, of some domestic event, or chain of events,—the *Much Ado* to the actors of the events, who have not the thread of the labyrinth; but, to the spectators, who sit with the book of fate open before them,—who know how all this begins and expect how it will all end,—it is *Much Ado about Nothing.* It is a comedy, then; in which surprise is for the actors,—expectation is for the audience. Thou wilt cross London-bridge and see this comedy; for, "as the feeling with which we startle at a shooting star, compared with that of watching the sunrise at the pre-established moment, such and so low is surprise compared with expectation."†

We have no wish to *tutoyer* the gentle reader any farther. We have desired only to show the significancy of the title of this play, by exhibiting it in slight connection with the circumstances under which it was published. For the title of this comedy, rightly considered, is the best expositor of the idea of this comedy. Dr. Ulrici, employing a dialect with which the English ear is not quite familiar, tells us that the fundamental idea lies in the antithesis which the play exhibits of the objective reality of human life to its subjective aspect. An able anonymous writer translates this for us into more intelligible language:—"He considers the play as a representation of the contrast and contradiction between life in its real essence and the aspect which it presents to those who are engaged in its struggle."‡ The "subjective aspect," then, is the *Much Ado;* the "objective reality" the *about Nothing.* The reviewer has given us clearly and concisely the results to which the inquiry, pursued upon this principle, has conducted the German critic. The contradiction between life and its aspects "is set forth in an acted commentary on the title of the drama;—a series of incidents which, in themselves neither real nor strange nor important, are regarded by the actors as being all these things. The war at the opening, it is said, begins without reason and ends without result; Don Pedro seems to woo Hero for himself, while he gains her for his friend; Benedick and Beatrice, after carrying on a merry campaign of words without real enmity, are entrapped into a marriage without real love: the leading story rests in a seeming faithlessness, and its results are a seeming death and funeral, a challenge which produces no fighting, and a marriage in which the bride is a pretender; and the weakness and shadowiness of human wishes and plans are exposed with yet more cutting irony in the means that bring about the fortunate catastrophe,—an incident in which the unwitting agents—headed by Dogberry, the very representative of the idea of the piece—are the lowest and most stupid characters of the whole group." The reviewer adds—"The poet's readers may hesitate in following his speculative critic the whole way in this journey to the temple of abstract truth." There are many of the poet's readers who will altogether reject this abstract mode of examining his works. To them the "abstract truth" appears but as a devious and uncertain glimmering—a taper in the sunshine, Have we not in Shakspere, say they, high poetry, sparkling wit, the deepest pathos; are not the characters well defined, adroitly grouped; his plots interesting, his incidents skilfully evolved? True. And so, in nature, we have sky and water, and the forms and colours of leafy trees, and quiet dells, and fertile fields, and dewy lawns, and brilliant flowers; and we can understand the loveliness of separate objects, and we partly see how they form what the eye calls a picture. But there comes an artist, and he sets us to look at the same objects from another point of view; and he watches a moment when there is a sunny gleam upon this part of the landscape, and a softened shade upon the other part; and he tells us to look again with the eye of his technical knowledge,—and the scene has become altogether *picturesque;* and when we have habituated ourselves to this mode

* Mirror of Monsters, 1587.

† Coleridge. Literary Remains, vol. ii., p. 78.

‡ Edinburgh Review, July 1840.

of viewing the works of nature, we have acquired almost a new sense. So it is with the works of the poet: he looks upon nature, and copies nature, not with a camera-lucida fidelity, but with the higher truth of his own art; and till we have arrived at something like a comprehension of the principle of harmony in which he works, we are not qualified to judge of his work as a whole, however we may be pleased with many of its details. With regard to Shakspere, a great deal of the false judgment upon his powers which has long passed current is to be traced to the utter blindness of the critics to the presence of any pervading idea running through a particular work which should illuminate all its parts. Had the Zoili of the last generation conceived that Shakspere worked upon some principle which, like the agencies of nature, was to be seen more in its effects than in its manifestation of itself, could such a sentence as this have been written of the comedy before us?—"This fable, absurd and ridiculous as it is, was drawn from the foregoing story of Genevra in Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, a fiction which, as it is managed by the epic poet, is neither improbable nor unnatural; but by Shakespear mangled and defaced, full of inconsistencies, contradictions, and blunders."* We have done with this style of criticism, of course, now; but it has only been banished by the disposition of the world to look at Shakspere's art, and at all art, a little more from the abstract point of view.

But Mrs. Lenox, who, in default of a sense of the poetical picturesque, has thus told us of "inconsistencies, contradictions, and blunders,"—and who is farther pleased to say that Shakspere, in this play, "borrowed just enough to show his poverty of invention, and added enough to prove his want of judgment"—this lady even is not insensible to the merits of *parts* of the composition: "There is a great deal of true wit and humour in the comic scenes of this play; the characters of Benedick and Beatrice are properly marked." But there are critics, and those of a higher order, who do not quite agree with Mrs. Lenox in giving to Shakspere this comparatively small merit. Mr. Campbell tells us,—"during one half of the play we have a *disagreeable female character* in that of Beatrice. Her portrait, I may be told, is deeply drawn and minutely finished. It is; and so is that of Benedick, who is entirely her counterpart, except that he is less disagreeable. But the best drawn portraits, by the finest masters, may be admirable in execution though unpleasant to contemplate; and Beatrice's portrait is in this category * * * * *She is an odious woman.*"† With every respect for a poet's opinion of a poet's work, we presume to think that Mr. Campbell has fallen into a mistake; and that his mistake arises from his contemplation of Beatrice as a single *portrait* cut out of a large picture, and not viewed in reference to its relative position with, and its dependence upon, the other parts of that picture. For, in truth, whether Beatrice be disagreeable and odious, or "*cette charmante et redoutable femme*," as a French critic has it, she could be no other than the identical Beatrice, in the place in which she is. For, is she not one that *at first* presents to us the prosaic side of human nature—the jesting, gibing, sarcastic side; one who has no faith in valour, and is not to be subdued by courtesy; who prefers a "skirmish of wit" to making "account of her life to a clod of wayward marl?" But is not the *real* Beatrice at bottom a true woman,—a high-spirited, imaginative woman,—one who, with all her wit, has no slight portion of woman's sensibility about her; and is by no means very gay when she says "I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a husband?" Truly she is a woman that falls into the trap of affection with wonderful alacrity; who, while hidden in

> "the pleached bower,
> Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
> Forbid the sun to enter,"

hears it said of her, and hears it without any violence or burst of passion,

> "Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
> Misprising what they look on; and her wit
> Values itself so highly, that to her
> All matter else seems weak: she cannot love
> Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
> She is so self-endeared."

* Shakspear Illustrated, vol. iii., p. 261. † Moxon's Edition of Shakspeare. Life.

And why is she so calm under this bitter reproach, which she believes to be real? Why shows she no after resentment against her cousin for the representation which she has drawn of her? Simply because she knows she has been playfully wearing a mask to hide the real strength of her sympathies.

"Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!"

She is not a thing of mere negations; a fashionable, brilliant, untrusting thing. It is she whom we next encounter, all heart, presenting to us the poetical side of human nature, when all around her is prosaic; who, when her cousin's wedding "looks not like a nuptial," and that poor innocent Hero is deserted by lover and father, has alone the courage to say

"O, on my soul my cousin is belied."

It is the injury done to Hero which wrings from Beatrice the avowal of her love for Benedick. Is it a reproach to her that she would have her lover peril his life against the false accuser of her cousin? She has thrown off her maidenly disguises, and the earnestness of her soul will have vent. She and Benedick are now bound for ever in their common pity for the unfortunate. The *conventional* Beatrice has become the *actual* Beatrice. The "subjective appearance" has become the "objective reality." The same process is repeated throughout the character of Benedick, for the original groundwork of the character is the same as that of Beatrice. "Would you have me speak *after my custom*, as being a professed tyrant to their sex," presents the same key to his character as "I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me," does to that of Beatrice. They are each acting; and they have each a shrewd guess that the other is acting; and each is in the other's thoughts; and the stratagem by which they are each entrapped—not, as we think, into an *unreal* love, as Ulrici says,—is precisely in its symmetrical simplicity what was necessary to get rid of their reciprocal disguises, and to make them straightforward and in earnest. The conclusion of the affair is the playful echo of all that is past:—

"*Bene.* Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.
Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion."

The Much Ado about Nothing was acted under the name of 'Benedick and Beatrice,' even during the life of its author. These two characters absorb very much of the acting interest of the play. They are star-characters, suited for the Garricks and Jordans to display themselves in. But they cannot be separated from the play without being liable to misconstruction. The character of Beatrice cannot be understood, except in connection with the injuries done to Hero; and except, once again, we view it, as well as the characters of all the other agents in the scene, with reference to the one leading idea, that there is a real aspect of things which is to be seen by the audience and not seen by the agents. The character of Don John, for example, and the characters of his loose confederates, are understood by the spectators; and their villainy is purposely transparent. Without Don John the plot could not move. He is not a rival in Claudio's love, as the "wicked duke" of Ariosto: he is simply a moody, ill-conditioned, spiteful rascal;—such a one as ordinarily takes to backbiting and hinting away character. Shakspere gets rid of him as soon as he can: he fires the train and disappears. He would be out of harmony with the happiness which he has suspended, but not destroyed; and so he passes from the stage, with

"Think not on him till to-morrow."

But his instrumentality has been of the utmost importance. It has given us that beautiful altar-scene, that would be almost too tragical if we did not know that the "Much Ado" was "about Nothing." But that maiden's sorrows, and that father's passion, are real aspects of life, however unreal be the cause of them. The instrumentality, too, of the hateful Don John has given us Dogberry and Verges. Coleridge has said, somewhat hastily we think,—"any other less ingeniously absurd watchmen and night-constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action." Surely not. Make Dogberry in the slightest degree less self-satisfied, loquacious, full of the official stuff of which functionaries are still cut out, and the action breaks down before the rejection of Hero by her lover. For it is not the ingenious absurdity that prevents the detection of the plot against

Hero; it is the absurdity which prevents the prompt disclosure of it after the detection. Let us take a passage of this inimitable piece of comedy to read apart, that we may see how entirely the character of Dogberry is necessary to the continuance of the action. When Borachio and Conrade are overheard and arrested, the spectators have an amiable hope that the mischief of Don John's plot will be prevented; but when Dogberry and Verges approach Leonato, the end, as they think, is pretty sure. Let us see how the affair really works :—

> "*Leon.* Neighbours, you are tedious.
> *Dogb.* It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.
> *Leon.* All thy tediousness on me! ha!
> *Dogb.* Yea, and 't were a thousand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man I am glad to hear it.
> *Verg.* And so am I.
> *Leon.* I would fain know what you have to say.
> *Verg.* Marry, sir, our watch to night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.
> *Dogb.* A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind:—An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but God is to be worshipped: All men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!
> *Leon.* Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.
> *Dogb.* Gifts, that God gives.
> *Leon.* I must leave you."

Truly did Don Pedro subsequently say, "this learned constable is too cunning to be understood." The wise fellow, and the rich fellow, and the fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him, nevertheless holds his prisoners fast; and when he comes to the Prince, with "Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves," though his method be not logical, his matter is all-sufficient. And so we agree with Ulrici, that it would be a palpable misunderstanding to ask what the noble constable Dogberry and his followers have to do with the play. Dogberry is as necessary as all the other personages;—to a certain degree more necessary. The passionate lover, the calm and sagacious Prince, the doting father, were the dupes of a treachery, not well compact, and carried through by dangerous instruments. They make no effort to detect what would not have been very difficult of detection: they are satisfied to quarrel and to lament. Accident discovers what intelligence could not penetrate; and the treacherous slander is manifest in all its blackness to the wise Dogberry:

> "Flat burglary as ever was committed."

Here is the crowning irony of the philosophical poet. The *players* of the game of life see nothing, or see minute parts only: but the dullest *by-stander* has glimpses of something more.

In studying a play of Shakspere with the assurance that we have possessed ourselves of the fundamental "idea" in which it was composed, it is remarkable how many incidents and expressions which have previously appeared to us at least difficult of comprehension are rendered clear and satisfactory. As *believers* in Shakspere we know that he wrought in the spirit of the highest art, producing in every case a work of *unity*, out of the power of his own "multiformity." But, as we have before said, we have not always, as in the case of the natural landscape, got the right point of view, so as to have the perfect harmony of the composition made manifest to us. Let us be assured, however, that there is an entirety, and therefore a perfect accordance in all its parts, in every great production of a great poet,—and above all in every production of the world's

greatest poet; and then, studying with this conviction, when the parts have become familiar to us—as in the case before us the sparkling raillery of Benedick and Beatrice, the patient gentleness of Hero, the most truthful absurdity of Dogberry—they gradually fuse themselves together in our minds, and the *whole* at last lies clear before us,

" A world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite.

TWELFTH NIGHT

[Le Roi Boit. The Flemish Twelfth Night.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of Twelfth Night.

This comedy was first printed in the folio edition of 1623, under the title of 'Twélfe Night, or What you Will." The text is divided into acts and scenes; and the order of these has been undisturbed in the modern editions. With the exception of a few manifest typographical errors, the original copy is remarkably correct. There is no entry of this play in the registers of the Stationers' Company.

It is scarcely necessary to enter into any detail of the conjectures of the commentators as to the chronology of Twelfth Night. Their guesses have been *proved* to be very wide of the mark. Tyrwhitt assigned it to 1614, because Sir Toby, in the third act, says, "Nay, if you be an *undertaker*, I am for you." In 1614 certain persons had *undertaken*, through their influence with the House of Commons, to carry affairs according to the wishes of the king; and the House was much troubled about the *undertakers*. Chalmers says the allusion was to the *undertakers* for colonising

Ulster, in 1613. The probability is that the passage contains no allusion whatever; and that the literal meaning of *undertaker*—one who takes up the work of another, as Antonio does the quarrel of Viola—was the only meaning. Moreover, says Chalmers, the Sophy of Persia is mentioned; and in 1611 Sir Robert Shirley arrived in London as ambassador from the Sophy; and Sir Anthony Shirley published his 'Travels' in 1613. Malone was originally for 1614, but in the last edition of his 'Essay' he fixed the date as 1607, because in the third act we have the expression "westward-hoe;" and Dekker's comedy with that title was printed in 1607. This was to argue that a common expression was derived from the comedy, instead of the comedy having its title from the expression. Steevens traces, in the mutual fears of Sir Andrew Ague-cheek and Viola, an imitation of Ben Jonson's 'Silent Woman,' printed in 1609. Theobald makes Sir Toby's expression—"If thou *thou'st* him some thrice it shall not be amiss"—a manifestation of respect for Sir Walter Raleigh, and a detestation of Coke's brutal *thouing* of him in 1603:—"All that he did was by thy instigation, thou viper, for I thou thee, thou traitor." Amidst these opposite opinions, all belonging to the class which we have so often had occasion to doubt and reject, there is found in the British Museum, in 1828, a little manuscript diary of a student of the Middle Temple, extending from 1601 to 1603,* in which the following decisive passage occurs:—

"Feb. 2, 1601 [2].

"At our feast we had a play called *Twelve night or what you will*, much like the comedy of errors, or Menechmis in Plautus, but most like & neere to that in Italian called Inganni. A good practise in it to make the steward believe his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a letter, as from his lady, in generall termes telling him what shee liked best in him, & prescribing his gestures, inscribing his apparaile, &c. and then when he came to practise, making him beleeve they tooke him to be mad."

Here is an end then of conjecture. The play was no doubt publicly acted before this performance at the Candlemas feast of the Middle Temple; and it belongs, therefore, to the first year of the seventeenth century, or the last of the sixteenth; for it is not found in the list of Meres, in 1598.

Supposed Source of the Plot.

The romance literature of Europe was a common property, from which the Elizabethan writers of every grade drew materials for their own performances, using them up with all possible variety of adaptation. Italy was the great fountain-head of these fictions; although they might have travelled thither from the East, and gradually assumed European shape and character. In the hands of real poets, such as Boccaccio and Shakspere, the original material was little more than the canvas upon which the artist worked. The commentators upon our poet tell us, with regard to Twelfth Night, "There is great reason to believe that the serious part of this comedy is founded on some old translation of the seventh history in the fourth volume of Belleforest's 'Histoires Tragiques.' Belleforest took the story, as usual, from Bandello. *The comic scenes appear to have been entirely the production of Shakspeare.*" He *did* create, then, Sir Andrew, and Sir Toby, and Malvolio, and the Clown. But who created Viola, and Olivia, and the Duke? They were made, say the critics, according to the recipe of Bandello:—*Item*, a twin brother and sister; *item*, the sister in love, and becoming a page in the service of him she loved; *item*, the said page sent as a messenger to the lady whom her master loved; *item*, the lady falling in love with the page; *item*, the lady meeting with the twin-brother; *item*, all parties happily matched. All this will be found at great length in

* We derive our particulars from Mr. Collier's valuable 'Annals of the Stage.' He says—"I was fortunate enough to meet with it among the Harleian Manuscripts in the Museum." Mr. Hunter, in his 'Disquisition on the Tempest,' says, "You may remember when, in 1828, I called your attention, at the British Museum, to the discovery which I had then made in the Diary of *Manningham*, that Twelfth Night was performed in 1602, before the benchers of the Middle Temple." Mr. Hunter subsequently came to a belief that the 'Diary' was that of John Manningham, who was entered at the Middle Temple in 1597.

Mrs. Lenox's 'Shakspeare Illustrated,' accompanied with many profound remarks upon the poet's stupidity in leaving the safe track of the novelist; which remarks, being somewhat antiquated, may be passed over. Nor is it necessary for us to republish the entire story of Apolonius and Silla, as told in a collection published by Barnaby Rich, "containing very pleasant discourses fit for a peaceable time, gathered together for the only delight of the courteous gentlewomen of England and Ireland.' The *argument* of Rich's story does not infer any great resemblance in the plots of the novel and the drama:—"Apolonius, Duke, having spent a year's service in the wars against the Turk, returning homewards with his company by sea, was driven by force of weather to the isle of Cypres, where he was well received by Pontus, governor of the same isle, with whom Silla, daughter to Pontus, fell so strangely in love, that after Apolonius was departed to Constantinople, Silla, with one man, followed, and coming to Constantinople she served Apolonius in the habit of a man, and after many pretty accidents falling out, she was known to Apolonius, who in requital of her love married her." But in the "*many pretty accidents*" we find a clear resemblance between the poet and the novelist; with the exception that the poet has thrown his own exquisite purity of imagination over the conduct of the two heroines, and that the novelist is not at all solicitous about this matter.

The following somewhat long extract, which includes the main points of resemblance, will furnish a very adequate notion of the difference between a dull and tedious narration and a drama running over with imagination, and humour, and wit;—in which the highest poetry is welded with the most intense fun; and we are made to feel that the loftiest and the most ludicrous aspect of human affairs can only be adequately presented by one who sees the whole from an eagle-height to which ordinary men cannot soar. But we do not complain that Barnaby Rich was not a Shakspere:—

"And now, to prevent a number of injuries that might be proffered to a woman that was left in her case, she determined to leave her own apparel, and to sort herself into some of those suits, that, being taken for a man, she might pass through the country in the better safety; and as she changed her apparel she thought it likewise convenient to change her name, wherefore, not readily happening of any other, she called herself Silvio, by the name of her own brother, whom you have heard spoken of before.

"In this manner she travelled to Constantinople, where she inquired out the palace of the Duke Apolonius, and thinking herself now to be both fit and able to play the servingman, she presented herself to the Duke, craving his service. The Duke, very willing to give succour unto strangers, perceiving him to be a proper smooth young man, gave him entertainment. Silla thought herself now more than satisfied for all the casualties that had happened unto her in her journey, that she might at her pleasure take but the view of the Duke Apolonius, and above the rest of his servants was very diligent and attendant upon him, the which the Duke perceiving, began likewise to grow into good liking with the diligence of his man, and therefore made him one of his chamber: who but Silvio, then, was most near about him, in helping of him to make him ready in a morning in the setting of his ruffs, in the keeping of his chamber? Silvio pleased his master so well, that above all the rest of his servants about him he had the greatest credit, and the Duke put him most in trust.

"At this very instant there was remaining in the city a noble dame, a widow, whose husband was but lately deceased, one of the noblest men that were in the parts of Grecia, who left his lady and wife large possessions and great livings. This lady's name was called Julina, who, besides the abundance of her wealth and the greatness of her revenues, had likewise the sovereignty of all the dames of Constantinople for her beauty. To this lady Julina, Apolonius became an earnest suitor, and, according to the manner of lovers, besides fair words, sorrowful sighs, and piteous countenances, there must be sending of loving letters, chains, bracelets, broaches, rings, tablets, gems, jewels, and presents I know not what: * * * * * * Thus Apolonius was so busied in his new study, that I warrant you there was no man that could challenge him for playing the truant, he followed his profession with so good a will: and who must be the messenger to carry the tokens and love-letters to the lady Julina but Silvio his man? in him the Duke reposed his only confidence, to go between him and his lady.

"Now, gentlewomen, do you think there could have been a greater torment devised, wherewith to afflict the heart of Silla, than herself to be made the instrument to work her own mishap, and to play the attorney in a cause that made so much against herself? But Silla, altogether desirous to please her master, cared nothing at all to offend herself, followed his business with so good a will as if it had been in her own preferment.

"Julina, now having many times taken the gaze of this young youth Silvio, perceiving him to be of such excellent perfect grace, was so entangled with the often sight of this sweet temptation, that she fell into as great a liking with the man as the master was with herself: and on a time, Silvio being sent from his master with a message to the lady Julina, as he began very earnestly to solicit in his master's behalf, Julina,

interrupting him in his tale, said, Silvio, it is enough that you have said for your master; from henceforth either speak for yourself, or say nothing at all. * * * *

"And now for a time leaving matters depending as you have heard, it fell out that the right Silvio indeed (whom you have heard spoken of before, the brother of Silla) was come to his father's court, into the isle of Cypres, where, understanding that his sister was departed in manner as you have heard, conjectured that the very occasion did proceed of some liking had between Pedro, her man (that was missing with her), and herself; but Silvio, who loved his sister as dearly as his own life, and the rather for that she was his natural sister both by father and mother; so the one of them was so like the other in countenance and favour that there was no man able to discern the one from the other by their faces, saving by their apparel, the one being a man, the other a woman.

"Silvio therefore vowed to his father not only to seek out his sister Silla, but also to revenge the villany which he conceived in Pedro for the carrying away of his sister; and thus departing, having travelled through many cities and towns without hearing any manner of news of those he went to seek for, at the last he arrived at Constantinople, where, as he was walking in an evening for his own recreation on a pleasant green parade without the walls of the city, he fortuned to meet with the lady Julina, who likewise had been abroad to take the air; and as she suddenly cast her eyes upon Silvio, thinking him to be her old acquaintance, by reason they were so like one another, as you have heard before, said unto him, I pray you, let me have a little talk with you, seeing I have so luckily met you in this place.

"Silvio, wondering to hear himself so rightly named, being but a stranger not of above two days' continuance in the city, very courteously came towards her, desirous to hear what she would say."

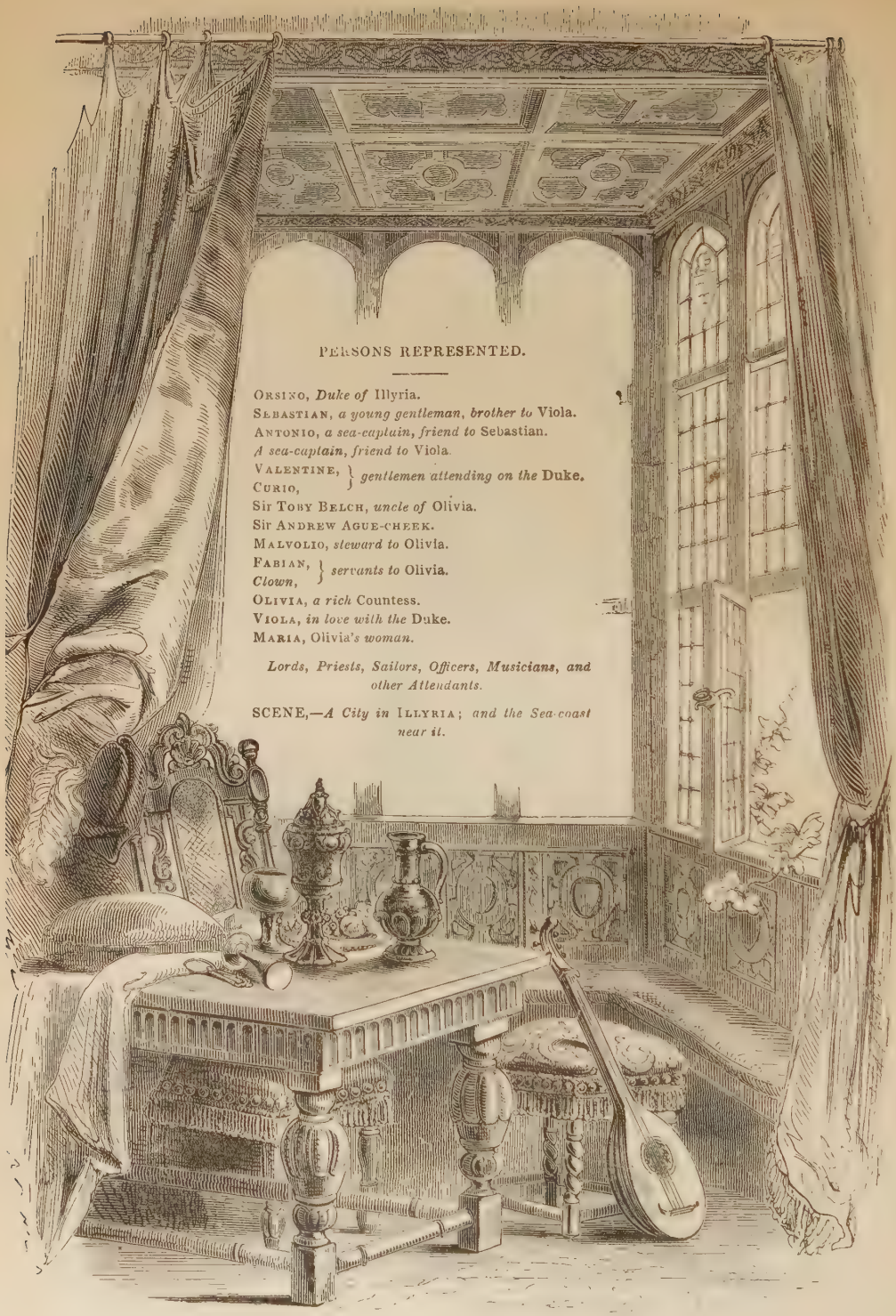
The rest may be imagined.

Mr. Collier informs us, in his "Farther Particulars," that, after vainly searching for eight years, he in 1839 met with the Italian play of the *Inganni*, mentioned in the Barrister's Diary. This play, as Mr. Collier thinks, was known to Shakspere; and certainly there is *some* resemblance between its plot and that of Twelfth Night. The differences, however, are so considerable, that the parallel would scarcely be worth following out. We have to add that Mr. Hunter mentions that he has traced, in an Italian play called the *Ingannati* (not the *Inganni* of Manningham), the foundation of the serious part of Twelfth Night.

Costume.

The comedy of Twelfth Night is amongst the most perplexing of Shakspere's plays to the sticklers for accuracy of costume. The period of action is undefined. The scene is laid in Illyria, whilst the names of the Dramatis Personæ are a mixture of Spanish, Italian, and English. The best mode of reconciling the discrepancies arising from so many conflicting circumstances appears to us to be the assumption, first, that duke or count Orsino (for he is indifferently so entitled in the play) is a Venetian governor of that portion of Dalmatia which was all of the ancient Illyria remaining under the dominion of the republic at the commencement of the seventeenth century, and that his attendants, Valentine, Curio, &c., as well as Olivia, Malvolio, and Maria, are also Venetians; and, secondly, that Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Ague-cheek are English residents; the former, a maternal uncle to Olivia—her father, a Venetian count, having married sir Toby's sister. If this be allowed, and there is nothing that we can perceive in the play to prevent it, there is no impropriety in dressing the above-named characters in the Venetian and English costume of Shakspere's own time, and the two sea-captains and Sebastian in the very picturesque habits of "Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote." Viola, the twin-sister of Sebastian, might therefore, by assuming the *national* male dress, be more readily mistaken for her brother, as it is absurd to suppose that she could otherwise, by accident, light upon a fac-simile of the suit he appears in; and any manifest difference, either in form or colour, would tend to destroy the illusion, as we have already observed in the case of the two Dromios and their masters (Comedy of Errors). We leave the decision, however, to our readers, at the same time referring those who think with us to our numbers containing The Merchant of Venice, Othello, and The Taming of the Shrew, for the Venetian and English costume of the commencement of the seven-

teenth century, and confining our pictorial illustrations of this part of our labours to the dress of a woman of Mitylene (supposed the *Messalina* of the play) from the Habiti Antiche e Moderni of Cæsare Vecellio. The embroidered jacket and greaves, "the snowy camisa and the shaggy capote," of the Greek captains, have become almost as familiar to our sight as a frock-coat, Wellington boots, and trousers.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ORSINO, *Duke of* Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, *a young gentleman, brother to* Viola.
ANTONIO, *a sea-captain, friend to* Sebastian.
A sea-captain, friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, } *gentlemen attending on the* Duke.
CURIO, }
Sir TOBY BELCH, *uncle of* Olivia.
Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.
MALVOLIO, *steward to* Olivia.
FABIAN, } *servants to* Olivia.
Clown, }
OLIVIA, *a rich* Countess.
VIOLA, *in love with the* Duke.
MARIA, Olivia's *woman.*

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—*A City in* ILLYRIA; *and the Sea-coast near it.*

[Scene II. 'This is Illyria, lady.']

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, Curio, Lords; *Musicians attending.*

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on.
Give me excess of it; that surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:[1]
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound[a]
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

[a] *Like the sweet sound.* To those who are familiar with the well-known text,

"O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet *south*,"

the restoration of the word *sound*, which is the reading of all the early editions, will at first appear strange and startling. The change from *sound* to *south* was made by Pope. Steevens tells us that the thought might have been borrowed from Sidney's Arcadia, Book I., and he quotes a part of the passage. We must look, however, at the context. Sidney writes, "Her breath is more sweet than a gentle south-west wind, which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters in the extreme heat of summer." The comparison is here direct. The sweet breath of Urania is more sweet than the gentle south-west wind. Sidney adds, "and yet is nothing, compared to the honey-flowing speech that breath doth carry." The music of the speech is not here compared with the music of the wind;—the notion of fragrance is alone conveyed. If in the passage of the text we read *south* instead of *sound*, the conclusion of the sentence, "Stealing and giving odour," rests upon the mind, and the comparison becomes an indirect one between the harmony of the dying fall, and the odour of the breeze that had passed over a bank of violets. This, we think, is not what the poet meant. He desired to compare one *sound* with another *sound*. Milton had probably the passage of the text in view when he wrote,

"Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and *whisper* whence they stole
Those balmy spoils."

The image in Milton, as well as in Shakspere, combines the

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.[a]—How now? what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,[a]
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season[b]
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft[a]
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
Those sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd,
(Her sweet perfections,[b]) with one self king![c]—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter Viola, Captain, *and* Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.[d]

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd:—What think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.

notion of sound as well as fragrance. In Shakspere "the sound that breathes"—the soft murmur of the breeze playing amidst beds of flowers—is put first, because of its relation to the "dying fall" of the exquisite harmony; but in Milton the "perfumes" of the "gentle gales" are more prominent than "the whisper,"—because the image is complete in itself, unconnected with what precedes. Further, Shakspere has nowhere else made the *south* an odour-breathing wind; his other representations are directly contrary. In As You Like It, Rosalind says,

"You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her
Like *foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?*"

In Romeo and Juliet we have the "*dew-dropping south.*" In Cymbeline, "The *south-fog* rot him." Mr. White, giving in his text the original word, says that the reading of Pope has been hitherto adopted by every editor except Mr. Knight. He adds—"Did Pope, or the editors who have followed him, ever lie musing on the sward at the edge of a wood, and hear the low sweet hum of the summer air, as it kissed the coyly-shrinking wild flowers upon the banks, and passed on, loaded with fragrance from the sweet salute? If they ever did, how could they make this change of 'sound' to 'south'? and if they never did, they are unable to entirely appreciate the passage, much less to improve it."

[a] *Heat*—heated.

[b] *Season.* This metaphor is repeated several times by our poet: the *brine* seasons, preserves, a brother's dead love *fresh.* So in Romeo and Juliet:

"Jesu Maria! What a deal of *brine*
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste
To *season* love."

[a] *The rich golden shaft.* The Cupid of the ancient mythology was armed (as Sidney notices) with

"But arrows two, and tipt with gold or lead."

The opposite effects of these weapons are described in Ovid (Metamorph.), and Shakspere might have read the passage in Golding's translation:—

"That causeth love is all of gold with point full sharp and bright:
That chaseth love is blunt, whose steel with leaden head is dight."

[b] *Her sweet perfections.* Steevens thus explains this passage:—"Liver, brain, and heart, are admitted in poetry as the residence of passions, judgment, and sentiments. These are what Shakspere calls 'her sweet perfections.'" This is doubtless a mistaken interpretation. The phrase ought probably to be "her sweet *perfection.*" The filling of the "sovereign thrones" with "one self king" is the *perfection* of Olivia's merits,—according to the ancient doctrine that a woman was not complete till her union with a "self king." In Lord Berners' translation of Froissart there is a sentence which glances at the same opinion. The rich Berthault of Malines is desirous to marry his daughter to the noble Earl of Guerles; and he thus communes with himself:—"Howbeit, I will answer these messengers that their coming pleaseth me greatly, and that my daughter should be happy if she might come to *so great a perfection* as to be conjoined in marriage with the Earl of Guerles."

[c] *Self king* So the first folio; the second, *self-same king.* Steevens adopts this, because in his notion the metre is improved by the introduction of *same;* Malone, who rejects it, maintains, however, that *self*-king *means self-same* king. We doubt this; believing that the poet meant *king of herself.* As to Steevens' thousand and one corrections of Shakspere's metre, it is only necessary to bear in mind a principle laid down by Coleridge. In quoting these lines of Beaumont and Fletcher,—

"I'd have a state of wit convok'd, which hath
A *power* to take up on common faith,"—

he says, "This is an instance of that *modifying of quantity by emphasis,* without which our elder poets cannot be scanned." And he adds, "Quantity, an almost iron law with the Greeks, is in English rather a subject for a peculiarly fine ear, than any law or even rule; but then, instead of it, we have, first, accent; secondly, emphasis; and, lastly, *retardation,* and *acceleration,* of the times of syllables, according to the meaning of the words, the passion that accompanies them, and even the character of the person that uses them."—(Literary Remains, Vol. II., p. 290.)

[d] *This is Illyria, lady.* So the original. We ordinarily find the text without *this is,*—the work of the metre-tinkers.

Cap. True, madam; and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poor number[a] sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
Cap. And so is now, or was so very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence;
And then 't was fresh in murmur, (as, you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of,)
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.[b]
Vio. What's she?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.[a]
Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady:
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
What my estate is.
Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.
Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.
Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be;
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!
Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Those poor number.* So the original. The ordinary reading is *that poor number.*

[b] We request the reader to look particularly at this part of the dialogue, beginning "Who governs here?" Is it not strictly metrical, and do not the three or four short lines that are thrown in render the question and answer rapid and spirited? It is printed here exactly as in the original. But the passage has been jammed into the Procrustean bed of Steevens, and in all editions before the Pictorial was turned out as follows:—

"*Cap.* A noble duke, in nature,
As in *his* name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
Cap. And so is now,
Or was so very late: for but a month
Ago I went from hence; and then 't was fresh
In murmur, (as, you know, what great ones do,
The less will prattle of,) that he did seek
The love of fair Olivia.
Vio. What's she?

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sir Toby Belch *and* Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

[a] The original reads—

"They say, she hath abjured the sight
And company of men."

The words *sight* and *company* were transposed by Hanmer, which reading is generally received.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He 's as tall[a] a man as any 's in Illyria.

Mar. What 's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he 'll have but a year in all these ducats; he 's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you 'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys,[3] and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, almost natural: for besides that he 's a fool, he 's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 't is thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he 's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I 'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria. He 's a coward, and a coystril, that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.[4] What, wench? Castiliano-vulgo;[b] for here comes sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What 's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight; accost is, front her, board her,[c] woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here 's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? what 's your metaphor?

Mar. It 's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what 's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand I am barren. [*Exit* Maria.

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I 'd forswear it. I 'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy?* do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou see'st it will not curl by nature.[a]

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does 't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I 'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby; your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it 's four to one she 'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She 'll none o' the count; she 'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years,

[a] *Tall*—stout—bold.

[b] Warburton refines upon this phrase of the knight, and would read *Castiliano volto*—"put on your Castilian countenance; that is, your grave, solemn looks."

[c] *Board her*—address her.

[a] *Curl by nature.* This is a very happy correction by Theobald. The original reads, *cool my nature.*

nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there 's life in 't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture?[5] why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace.[6] What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 't is strong, and it does indifferent well in a damask-coloured stock.[a] Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir. And. Taurus? that 's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Valentine, *and* Viola *in man's attire.*

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, *and Attendants.*

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

[a] *Damask-coloured stock.* Stock is stocking. In the original we find *dam'd* coloured. Pope changed this to *flame*-coloured. We have ventured to read *damask*-coloured; for it is evident that, if the word *damask* were written as pronounced rapidly, *dam'sk*, it might easily be misprinted *dam'd*. In Drayton we have "the *damask-coloured* dove." The name of the colour is derived from the damask rose.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord: What then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love;
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company:—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I 'll do my best
To woo your lady: yet, [*Aside*] a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Maria *and* Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.[a]

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

[a] *Fear no colours.* Maria explains the saying in one way—it was born in the wars,—referring to the colours of an enemy. It probably meant, I fear no deceptions. Holofernes says, "I do fear colourable colours." (Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV., Sc. II.)

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged, for being so long absent; or, to be turned away: is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.[a]

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clo. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That if one break the other will hold; or, if both break your gaskins fall.[b]

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that: here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

Enter Olivia *and* Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you 're a dry fool; I 'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, —then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself,—if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: Anything that 's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue: If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, What remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty 's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum;* that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I 'll 'bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he 's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing,[a] for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

[a] One Doctor Letherland proposed to read, "for turning *of whey.*" This is an amusing specimen of conjectural criticism.

[b] *Points* were the laces with tags, with which the garments were adjusted to the person. In Henry IV., Part I., we have—"their *points* being broken, down fell their hose."

[a] *Leasing*—falsehood. Johnson interprets the passage, "May Mercury teach thee to lie, since thou liest in favour of fools." Is it not rather,—since thou speakest the truth of fools (which is not profitable), may Mercury give thee the advantageous gift of lying.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 't is a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: Fie on him! [*Exit* Maria.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit* Malvolio.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter Sir Toby Belch.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? what gentleman?

Sir To. 'T is a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There 's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it 's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What 's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he 's in the third degree of drink, he 's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit* Clown.

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he 's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he 'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post,[7] and be the supporter of a bench, but he 'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he 'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 't is a peascod, or a codling when 't is almost an apple: 't is with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk was scarce out of him

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.
We 'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty, I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible,[a] even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question 's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear I am not that I play Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

a *Comptible*—is apt to take into account—susceptible.

Oli. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 't is poetical.

Oli It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad,[a] be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me, have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit* Maria.] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negociate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. [*Unveiling.*] Look you, sir, such a one I was this present:[b] Is 't not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'T is in grain, sir; 't will endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle, and utensil, labelled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?[a]

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you; O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd and valiant,
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons[c] of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest

[a] Some would read, "if you *be mad.*"

[b] This text appears clear enough. Olivia says, "we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture." She then unveils her face for an instant only; and adds, "Look you, sir, such a one I was this present,"—such I was this moment. The text has been confused by a slight change which has been overlooked; for we find in many modern editions, "such a one *as* I was this present."

[a] *Praise me.* Malone has ingeniously conjectured that *praise* is here a contraction for *appraise.* But the word used in Shakspere's time was *apprise*—to fix a price; and moreover, Olivia herself introduced the talk about schedules and inventories. We believe, therefore, that we must receive *praise* in its ordinary acceptation.

[b] *Fertile tears.* So the original. Pope reads, "*with* fertile tears."

[c] *Cantons*—cantos.

Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. What is your parentage?
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.'—I 'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too fast:—soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man.—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not; tell him, I 'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I 'll give him reasons for 't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what: and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: Ourselves we do not owe;[a]
What is decreed must be; and be this so!
[*Exit.*

[a] We do not *own*, possess, ourselves.

(Parish Top.)

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

[1] SCENE I.—"*That strain again;—it had a dying fall.*"

BY "fall" is meant *cadence* (from *cado*), a musical term, signifying the close of a passage or phrase, and which commonly includes the transition from a dissonant to a consonant sound: or, in the language of Lord Bacon, (*Sylva Sylvarum*, i. 113.) "the falling from a discord to a concord, which maketh great sweetnesse in musicke." Milton, in 'Comus,' uses the word in the same sense as Shakspere; and Pope, in his 'Ode to St. Cecilia's Day,' has "dying fall." "Dying" probably means a diminution of sound, technically expressed by the Italian term *diminuendo*.

[2] SCENE I.—"*And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,*
E'er since pursue me."

The story of Actæon, which Bacon interprets as a warning not to pry into the secrets of the great, receives in the passage before us a much more natural and beautiful explanation. In Whitney's Emblems, published in 1586, the fable was somewhat similarly applied:—

"Those who do pursue
Their fancies fond, and things unlawful crave,
Like brutish beasts appear unto the view,
And shall at length Actæon's guerdon have:
And as his hounds, so their affections base
Shall them devour, and all their deeds deface."

But in Daniel's Fifth Sonnet, published in 1594, we find the thought, and almost the expression of the text:—

"Whilst youth and error led my wand'ring mind,
And set my thoughts in heedless ways to range,
All unawares a goddess chaste I find,
(Diana-like,) to work my sudden change.
For her no sooner had mine eye bewray'd,
But with disdain to see me in that place,
With fairest hand the sweet unkindest maid
Casts water—cold disdain—upon my face:
Which turn'd my sport into a hart's despair,
Which still is chas'd, while I have any breath,
By mine own thoughts, set on me by my fair;
My thoughts, like hounds, pursue me to my death.
Those that I foster'd of mine own accord
Are made by her to murder thus their lord."

[3] SCENE III.—"*Viol-de-gamboys*"

The *viol-da-gambo*, or base viol, a kind of violoncello, which had six strings, and was so called because placed between the legs.

[Viol-de-Gamboys.]

[4] SCENE III.—"*Till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.*"

"He sleeps like a town-top" is an old proverbial saying. Fletcher, in the 'Night Walker,' has

"And dances like a *town-top*, and reels and hobbles."

In the passage before us we find that the *town-top* and the *parish-top* were one and the same. The custom which existed in the time of Elizabeth, and probably long before, of a large top being provided for the amusement of the peasants in frosty weather, presents a curious illustration of the mitigating influences of social kindness in an age of penal legislation. Whilst "poor Tom" was "whipped from tithing to tithing," he had his May-games, and his Christmas hospitalities, and his parish-top, if he remained at home. Steevens explains the custom of the parish-top in a very literal manner:—"A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, while they could not work." We rather believe that our ancestors were too much accustomed to rely upon other expedients, such as the halter and the stocks, for keeping the peasants out of mischief. But yet, with all the sternness which they called justice, the higher classes of society had an honest desire to promote the spirit of enjoyment amongst their humbler fellow-men; and they looked not only without disdain, but with real sympathy, upon "the common recreations of the country folks." Randal Holme gives us a pretty long catalogue of these amusements:—

"——— They dare challenge for to throw the sledge;
To jump or leap over ditch or hedge;
To wrastle, play at stool-ball, or to run;
To pitch the bar, or to shoot off the gun;
To play at loggets, nine holes, or ten pins;
To try it out at foot-ball by the shins;
At tick-tack, seize-noddy, maw, or ruff;
Hot-cockles, leap-frog, or blind-man's-buff;
To dance the morris, play at barley-break;
At all exploits a man can think or speak;
At shove-groat, 'venter-point, at cross-and-pile;
At 'Beshrew him that's last at any stile;'
At leaping over a Christmas bonfire,
Or at the 'drawing dun out o' the mire;'
At 'Shoot cock, Gregory,' stool-ball, and what not;
Pick-point, top and scourge, to make him hot"

[5] SCENE III.—"*Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture?*"

In a subsequent scene of this comedy Olivia says, "but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture." It was a common practice to cover up pictures with curtains. Jack of Newbury is recorded to have had in a fair large parlour which was wainscoted round about, "fifteen fair pictures hanging, which were covered with curtains of green silk fringed with gold, which he would often show to his friends and servants." Jack of Newbury was a staid and wealthy burgher, and was little likely to have had pictures in his possession not fit to be uncurtained. Mistress Mall's picture, however, was probably not of the most correct class, and was therefore seldom exposed to view, for the alleged reason of being "like to take dust." This passage has been received as an allusion to a lady who was more honoured in her generation, and passed through a long life with more uniform success (with the exception of a little occasional prison and penance), than any other such heroine upon record. In addition to the supposed notice by Shakspere, Middleton and Dekker made her the subject of a comedy; and playwrights and epigrammatists mention her for half a century. Her familiar name was Moll Cutpurse; the name she received from her parents, Mary Frith. There is a letter in the British Museum, dated February 11, 1612, which gives an amusing account of her doing penance at Paul's Cross:—

"This last Sunday Moll Cutpurse, a notorious baggage that used to go in man's apparel, and challenged the field of diverse gallants, was brought to the same place (Paul's Cross), where she wept bitterly, and seemed very penitent; but it is since doubted she was maudlin drunk, being discovered to have tippled off three quarts of sack before she came to her penance. She had the daintiest preacher or ghostly father that I ever saw in the pulpit, one Radcliffe, of Brazenose College in Oxford, a likelier man to have led the revels in some inn of court than to be where he was. But the best is, he did extreme badly, and so wearied the audience that the best part went away, and the rest tarried rather to hear Moll Cutpurse than him."

Malone, who assigns the date of Twelfth Night to 1614, says Moll was born in 1584. A life of her gives the date of her birth as 1589. As we now know Twelfth Night was produced in 1601, the allusion cannot be to her. We believe that the allusion was to Mary Ambree, to whom Butler may allude when he speaks of

> "A bold virago, stout and tall
> As Joan of France, or English Mall."

Mary Ambree is held to have fought at the siege of Ghent in 1584. She also was celebrated in play and ballad.

In the title-page to Middleton and Dekker's play there is the following portrait of Moll Cutpurse:—

[6] SCENE III.—"*Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto?.....sink-a-pace.*"

Galliard, a lively dance. "A lighter and more stirring kind of dancing than the pavan," says Morley, a contemporary of Shakspere; who adds—"The Italians make their galliards plain, and frame ditties to them, which, in their *mascaradoes*, they sing and dance, and manie times without any instruments."

Coranto (*courante*), a quick dance, as the word indicates, and for two persons, according to Mersenne (*Harmonie Universelle*, 1636). Morley describes it as "traversing and running, as our country-dance, but hath twice as much in a strain."

Sink-a-pace, i. e. cinque-pace, "the name of a dance," says Sir John Hawkins, "the measures whereof are regulated by the number five." In an old Italian work, 'Il Ballerino' (1581), this dance is described as consisting of four steps and a cadence; and, according to Sir John Davis, in his poem on Dancing—

> "Five was the number of the music's feet,
> Which still the dance did with five paces meet."

[7] SCENE V.—"*He says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post.*"

We have nothing very certain about the sheriff's posts, except what we find in the allusions of the old dramatists. It is commonly thought that these posts were employed to fix proclamations upon; but we are inclined to believe that they were only tokens of authority, to denote the residence of a magistrate. We learn from several old plays that the posts were set up upon the election of a sheriff or chief magistrate, and that they were ornamented. The following passages are given in a communication to the Society of Antiquaries by Mr. John Adey Repton ('Archæologia,' vol. xix. p. 383):—

"*Communis Sensus.* Crave my counsell, tell me what maner of man he is? can he entertain a man into his house? can he hold his velvet cap in one hand, and vale his bonnet with the other? knowes he how to become a scarlet gowne? hath he *a paire of fresh posts* at his doore?

Phantastes. Hee's about some hasty state matters, he talks of postes methinks.

Com. S. Can he part a couple of dogges brawling in the

streete? why then choose him mayor upon my credit, heele prove a wise officer."—(Lingua, Act II., Sc. III.—1607.)

"I'll love your door the better while I know 't.

Widow. A pair of such brothers were fitter for *posts without door, indeed to make a show at a new-chosen magistrate's gate*, than," &c.—(Beaumont and Fletcher's Widow, Act II.)

"I hope my acquaintance goes in chains of gold, three and fifty times double; you know who I mean, coz: *the posts of his gate are a painting too.*"—(Dekkar's 'Honest Whore.')

"If e'er I live to see thee sheriff of London
I 'll gild thy *posts.*"
(Rowley's 'Woman never Vexed.')

"How long should I be, ere I should put off
To the lord chancellor's tomb, or to the *sheriff's post?*"
(Ben Jonson's 'Every Man out of his Humour, Act III., Sc. IX.)

Mr. Repton accompanies his paper with two drawings of posts attached to ancient houses in Norwich, of the date of Henry VIII. and of Elizabeth. We copy that of the later period, which is well defined by the letters T. P. on one post, and the date 159— on the other. Thomas Pettys,—the arms of whose family are in another part of the building,—was mayor of Norwich in 1592:-

[Scene I.]

ACT II

SCENE I.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: It were a bad recompense for your love to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express[a] myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Rodorigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline,[b] whom I know you have heard of: he left behind him, myself and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, 'would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldy publish her,—she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your servant.[1]

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, de-

a *Express*—make known.

b *Messaline.* Mitylene (Lesbos) is most probably meant.

The gracious commentators say, "Shakspere knew little of geography, and was not at all solicitous about orthographical nicety." It would be nigher the truth to conjecture that Shakspere wrote *Mettaline*, and that the *t's* were mistaken for *s's*. *Mettaline* is quite near enough the modern *Metelin*.

sire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: Farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter Viola; Malvolio *following.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me.[a] I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this lady?
Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much
That,[b] methought, her eyes had lost[c] her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man:—If it be so, (as 't is,)
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false[a]
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;
For, such as we are made, if such we be.[b]
How will this fadge?[c] My master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love!
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sir Toby Belch *and Sir* Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir To. Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early: so that, to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!—a stoop of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?[2]

Sir To. Welcome ass. Now let's have a catch.

[a] *She took the ring of me.* Viola has been blamed for this assertion. She would screen Olivia from the suspicions of her own servant. The lady has said that the ring was left with her; and Viola has too strong a respect for her own sex to proclaim the truth. She makes up her mind during Malvolio's speech to refuse the ring; but not to expose the cause of her refusal.

[b] *That, methought.* So the first folio. In the second folio, which is commonly followed, we find—"That, *sure*, methought."

[c] *Lost*—caused her tongue *to be* lost.

[a] *Proper-false.*—*Proper* is here *handsome*, as in Othello,—
"This Ludovico is a *proper* man."
This adjective is compounded with *false*, in the same way that we subsequently have *beauteous-evil.*

[b] This is printed in all modern editions, according to a conjecture of Tyrwhitt's,
"For, such as we are made *of*, such we be."
Both the first and second folios are clear in the reading which we give; and in this case a typographical error in the preceding line is corrected in the second folio, which has "*our* frailty" instead of "*O*, frailty." Steevens justifies the change of *if* to *of* by the passage in the Tempest, "we are such stuff as dreams are made *of*." But the passages are not analogous. If Viola meant to say—we be such as we are made—the particle *of* is surplusage. But we think she does not mean this. She would say "our frailty is the cause, not we ourselves, that the proper-false deceive us; because such as we are *made* frail *if* we be frail." The poet did not mean the reasoning to be very conclusive.

[c] *Fadge*—to suit—to agree—from the Anglo-Saxon *fegan* to join. Drayton has,
"With flattery my muse could never *fadge*."

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.[a] I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 't was very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: Had'st it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity;[b] for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let 's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too; if one knight give a——

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life

SONG.[c]

Clo. O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love 's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir. And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir. To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 't is not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What 's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth 's a stuff will not endure.

[a] *Excellent breast*—excellent *voice*. Warton has given several examples of this meaning of breast;—amongst others, Tusser, the author of 'The Husbandry,' who was a chorister at Winchester, says—

"Thence, for my *voice*, I must (no choice)
Away, of force, like posting horse.
For sundry men had placards then
Such child to take;
The better *breast*, the lesser rest,
To serve the quire now there, now here."

The expression has passed into high poetry in these lines of The Two Noble Kinsmen:—

"I have heard
Two envious Philomels beat the ear of night
With their contentious throats; now one the higher,
Anon the other, then again the first,
And by-and-by *outbreasted*."

[b] *Impeticos thy gratillity.* This is evidently a touch of the fantastic language which the clown continually uses. Johnson would read—"I did impetticoat thy gratuity." No doubt we understand it so. But then comes a grave discussion amongst the commentators, whether the clown put the sixpence in his own petticoat or gave it to his leman. Dr. Johnson says, with great candour and wisdom,—"There is much in this dialogue which I do not understand;"—and we are content to plead his sanction in not entering upon this recondite question of the petticoat; in leaving unexplained the still more abstruse histories of "Pigrogromitus" and "the Vapians;" and in *giving up* the riddle why "the myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses."

[c] Mr. White has pointed out that this song appears in Morley's "Consort Lessons," 1599.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let 's do 't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir. And. Most certain: let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'[3]

Clo. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrain'd in 't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'T is not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, 'Hold thy peace.'

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir. And. Good, i' faith! Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio 's a Peg-a-Ramsay, and 'Three merry men be we.'[4] Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley! lady! 'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'[5]

[*Singing.*

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir. To. 'O, the twelfth day of December,'—

[*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches[a] without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

[a] *Coziers' catches*—a cozier is a botcher—whether a tailor or a cobbler is not material.

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up![a]

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate youself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'[6]

Mar. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clo. 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. 'But I will never die.'

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go?'

Clo. 'What an if you do?'

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

Clo. 'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'

Sir To. Out o' time? sir, ye lie[b]—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?[7]

Clo. Yes, by saint Anne: and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs:[c]—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule;[d] she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'T were as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

[a] *Sneck up.* A passage in Taylor, the Water Poet, would show that this phrase means - hang yourself. He says, in his 'Praise of Hempseed'—

"A Tyburn hempen caudle wi e'en cure you:
It can cure traitors, but I hold it fit
T' apply 't ere they the treason do commit:
Wherefore in Sparta it ycleped was
Snickup, which is in English gallowgrass."

[b] Sir Toby comes back to his former assertion—"we did keep *time*, sir." The old copies read "out o' tune." The correction was made by Theobald

[c] The steward's office of authority was denoted by a chain. Steevens tells us "the best way of cleaning any gilt plate is by rubbing it with crumbs" Our ancestors at least thought so, for Webster, in the 'Duchess of Malfy,' has, "the chippings of the buttery fly after him, to scour his gold chain."

[d] *Rule*—conduct—method of life.

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us;[a] tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser; an affectioned[b] ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 't will be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

[a] *Possess us*—inform us.

[b] *Affectioned.* Affection is several times used by Shakspere in the sense of *affectation*.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she 's a good wench.

Sir To. She 's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me: What o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let 's to bed, knight.—Thou had'st need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.[a]

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I 'll go burn some sack; 't is too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and others.*

Duke. Give me some music:—Now, good morrow, friends:—
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs and recollected terms,[8]
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [*Exit* Curio.—*Music.*
Come hither, boy: If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me:
For, such as I am all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is 't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven: Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,[a]
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio *and* Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night:—
Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids[b] that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; prithee sing. [*Music.*

SONG.

Clo. 'Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress[c] let me be laid;

[a] *Call me Cut.* "Call me *horse*," says Falstaff. A *cut* was a horse.

[a] *Won.* The original has *worn.* Mr. Walker says "that it is wonderful any one should have hesitated between *worn* and the true reading, *won.*" The reading was Hanmer's.

[b] *Free maids.* Upon the passage in Milton's L'Allegro—

"But come, thou goddess fair and *free*,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne"—

Warton remarks that "in the metrical romances these two words, thus paired together, are a common epithet for a lady," as in 'Sir Eglamour,'—

"The erle's daughter, fair and *free.*"

The "old and plain" song which the "*free* maids do use to chant" is of a serious character; and yet two of the commentators tell us that *free* here means licentious.

[c] *Sad cypress.* There is a doubt whether a *coffin* of cypress-wood, or a *shroud* of cypress be here meant. The "sad cypress-tree" was anciently associated, as it is still, with funereal gloom, and was probably used for coffins. The stuff called cypress (our *crape*), which derives its name either from the island of Cyprus, or from the French *crespe*, was also connected with mournful images. It was probably both white and black. In a subsequent scene of this play Olivia says,—

"A *cypress*, not a bosom,
Hides my heart."

In the Winter's Tale Autolycus reckons amongst his wares—

'Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cypress black as e'er was crow."

In Ben Jonson's 'Epigrams' we have "*solemn* cypress" as

Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.'

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal![a]—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything, and their intent everywhere; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell.

[*Exit* Clown.

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[*Exeunt* Curio *and Attendants.*

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 't is that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.
Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so: Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides,
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be called appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.[a] Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not.—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Sir Toby Belch, *Sir* Andrew Aguecheek, *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear

opposed to "cobweb-lawn." It is difficult, and perhaps unnecessary, to decide the question; for the sentiment is the same, whichever meaning we receive.

[a] *Opal*—a gem whose colours change as it is viewed in different lights.

[a] A prosaic explanation of this exquisite passage may seem out of place;—we will make it as brief as possible. The commentators are divided in opinion: some hold that Patience was smiling at another figure of Grief; the contrary opinion is, that she who "never told her love" sat "smiling at grief," as placidly as "Patience on a monument." We have pointed the passage agreeably to the latter opinion.

again; and we will fool him black and blue:—Shall we not, sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my metal of India![a]

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half-hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit* Maria.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'T is but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him! how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir. To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for 't; the lady of the Strachy[b] married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,[a]—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow,[9] to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping:

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby:

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while: and, perchance, wind up my watch,[10] or play with my some rich jewel.[b] Toby approaches; courtesies[c] there to me:

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with ears,[d] yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control:

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech:'—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

[a] *My metal of India.* So the original folio—*mettle.* In the second folio we have *nettle.* My *metal* of India is, obviously enough, my heart of gold, my precious girl; my *nettle* of India is said to be a "zoophite, called the *Urtica Marina,* abounding in the Indian seas." Was Sir Toby likely to use a common figure, or one so far-fetched? If Shakspere had wished to call Maria a *stinging nettle,* he would have been satisfied with naming the indigenous plant,—as he has been in Richard II., and Henry IV.,—without going to the Indian seas.

[b] *The lady of the Strachy.* This has been called a desperate passage; and many wild guesses have accordingly been made to explain it. We subjoin a note from a correspondent, which probably comes as near to the mark as we may expect:—"Steevens conjectured, the lady of the *Starchy*—*i. e.* laundry; but this is not the point at which Malvolio aimed, viz. an example of a lady of high degree marrying her serving-man. Mr. R. P. Knight suggested *Strachy* to be a corruption of the Italian *Stratico:*—'Così chi amasi il *governatore* di Messina,' says Menage. The word is written *Stradico* in Florio, and was no doubt applied to governors elsewhere than at Messina. The low Latin, *Strategus,* or *Straticus,* or *Stratigus,* was in common use for a prefect or ruler of a city or province, (Du Cange,) from the Greek Στρατηγός. *Stratcgus* in English would be *Strategy,* which, by various corruptions—*Stratgy, Stratchy*—may have become Malvolio's *Strachy;* or it may have descended from the Italian directly. The example was probably well known of a lady of the *Strachy*—*i. e.* the governor—marrying the yeoman of the wardrobe." And yet the context would rather point to some corruption of the name of a *place.* Warburton conjectures that *Strachy* was *Trachy,* Thrace. Malvolio would hardly say "the *lady*" of the governor, for the *widow* of the governor; but he would say, the *lady* of such a land, for the *princess.* Unquestionably the allusion is to some popular story-book—one of those in which

> "Fair truth have told
> That *queens* of old
> Have now and then
> Married with private men."—*R. Brome.*

Where the scene of the elevation of "the yeoman of the wardrobe" was placed by the story-book writer was of little consequence. It might be Thrace. It might be Astrakhan—Astracan—easily enough corrupted into *A-strachy*—and as easily metamorphosed by a printer into *the* Strachy. Mr. Collier suggests that it may be "the lady of the *Strozzi.*"

[a] *My state*—my canopied chair—my throne.

[b] *My some rich jewel*—some rich jewel of my own.

[c] *Courtesies*—makes his courtesy.

[d] *Cars* in the folio; Hanmer, *ears.*

Mal. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;'

Sir And. That 's me, I warrant you.

Mal. 'One sir Andrew:'

Sir And. I knew 't was I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s; and thus makes she her great *P*'s.[a] It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: Why that?

Mal [*reads.*] 'To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:' her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece,[11] with which she uses to seal: 't is my lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads*].

'Jove knows, I love:
But who?
Lips, do not move;
No man must know.'

'No man must know.'—What follows?—the number 's altered![b]—'No man must know:'—If this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock![c]

Mal.

'I may command, where I adore:
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;
M, O, A, I doth sway my life.'

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.'—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What dish of poison hath she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyel[d] checks at it!

Mal. 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity.[a] There is no obstruction in this;—And the end,—What should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—*M, O, A, I.*—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon 't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. *M*,—Malvolio;—*M*,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say that he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M*,—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I 'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M, O, A, I;*—This simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft; here follows prose.—

'If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born[b] great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with[c] a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered;[12] I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee.

'The Fortunate Unhappy.

Daylight and champain discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise,[d] the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she

[a] "In the direction of the letter which Malvolio reads," says Steevens, "there is neither a *C* nor a *P* to be found." To this Ritson ingeniously answers, "From the usual custom of Shakspeare's age, we may easily suppose the whole direction to have run thus: 'To the *U*nknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes,' with *C*are *P*resent."

[b] *The number 's altered*—the number of the metrical feet is altered.

[c] *Brock*—badger.

[d] *Stannyel*—the common hawk. The original has *stallion*—clearly an error.

[a] *Formal*—reasonable. *A formal man* is a man in his senses.

[b] *Born*—the original has *become*.

[c] *Opposite with*—of a different opinion—do not hold with him.

[d] *Point devise*—exactly—with the utmost nicety. The phrase, Douce says, "has been supplied from the labours of the needle. *Poinct* in the French language denotes a stitch; *devisé*, anything invented, disposed, or arranged. *Point-devisé* was therefore a particular sort of patterned lace worked with the needle; and the term *point*-lace is still familiar to every female." It is incorrect to write *point-de-vice*, as is usually done.

manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.' Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile: I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device:

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,[12] and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 't is a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

['The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones.']

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

[1] SCENE I.—*"If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your servant."*

THESE words are uttered by Antonio to Sebastian, whom he has saved from drowning. The commentators offer no explanation of them; but we think that they have a latent meaning, and that they allude to a superstition of which Sir Walter Scott has made such admirable use in 'The Pirate.' Our readers will remember that, when Mordaunt has rescued Cleveland from "the breach of the sea," and is endeavouring to restore the animation of the perishing man, he is thus reproved by Bryce the pedlar: "Are you mad? you, that have lived so long in Zetland, to risk the saving of a drowning man? Wot ye not, if you bring him to life again, he will be sure to do you some capital injury?" Sir Walter Scott has a note upon this passage:—

"It is remarkable that, in an archipelago where so many persons must be necessarily endangered by the waves, so strange and inhuman a maxim should have engrafted itself upon the minds of a people otherwise kind, moral, and hospitable. But all with whom I have spoken agree that it was almost general in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and was with difficulty weeded out by the sedulous instructions of the clergy and the rigorous injunctions of the proprietors. There is little doubt it had been originally introduced as an excuse for suffering those who attempted to escape from the wreck to perish unassisted, so that, there being no survivor, she might be considered as lawful plunder."

It appears to us, however, if we do not mistake the meaning of our text, "*if you will not murther me for my love*, let me be your servant," that the superstition was not confined to the Orkneys in the time of Shakspere. Why should Sebastian murder Antonio for his love if this superstition were not alluded to? Indeed, the answer of Sebastian distinctly refers to the office of humanity which Antonio had rendered him, and appears to glance at the superstition as if he perfectly understood what Antonio meant:—"If you will not undo what you have done, that is, *kill him whom you have recovered*, desire it not." The vulgar opinion is here reversed.

[2] SCENE III.—*"How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?"*

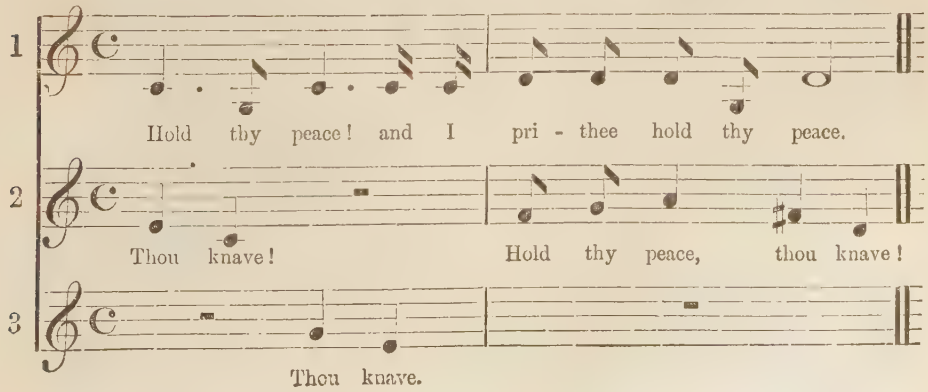
Our ancestors had some good practical jokes that never tired by repetition, and this was one of them. "The picture of we three" was a picture, or sign, of *Two* Fools, upon which was an inscription, *we be three*, so that the unlucky wight who was tempted to read it supplied "argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever" Beaumont and Fletcher allude to this in the 'Queen of Corinth:'—

"*Nean.* He is another ass, he says I believe.
Uncle. We be three, heroical prince.
Nean. Nay, then, we must have *the picture of 'em*, and the word *nos sumus*."

The answer of the Clown in the text to "here comes the fool" is wonderfully adroit.

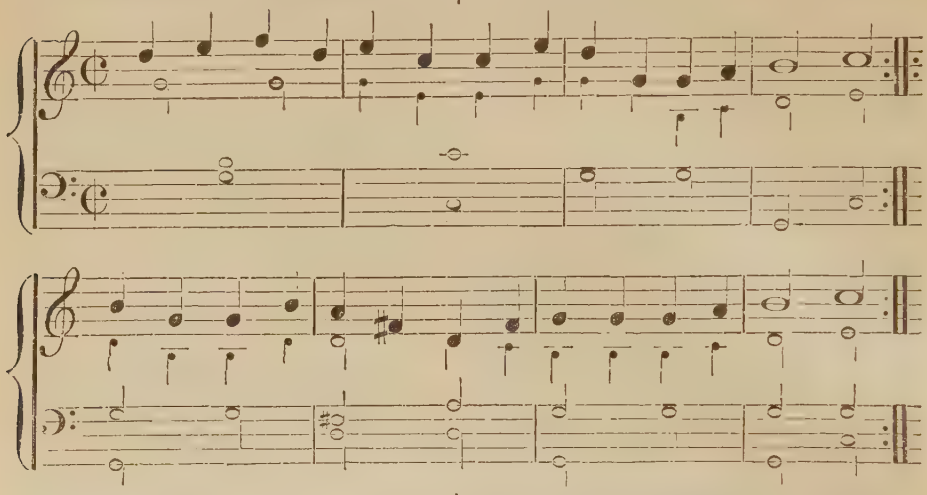
[3] SCENE III.—*"Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'"*

Sir John Hawkins, in his 'History of Music,' inserts the following as the catch sung by the three characters, but does not state his authority. Dr Burney evidently copies from Hawkins. We here give the real notes, putting them into the treble clef, instead of the contratenor. The effect of this catch must have depended wholly on the humour with which it was sung: the same, indeed, may be said of most catches:—



[4] SCENE III.—"*Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsay, and 'Three merry men be we.'*"

Sir John Hawkins says, "Peggy Ramsey is the name of some old song—the following is the tune to it;" and gives the subjoined *upper* notes, but cites no authority. The base and accompaniment we have added.



This air, however, is to be found in William Ballet's 'Lute Book,' a "highly interesting manuscript in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, (D. 1. 21,) which appears not only to be older than Queen Elizabeth's 'Virginal Book,' but to contain a greater number of popular tunes of the time." (Chappell's 'Collection of National English Airs,' ii. 115.) The words, "Three merry men we be," are in the song of "Robin Hood and the Tanner," as reprinted from Anthony à Wood's black-letter copy:—

"For three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men we be."

Sir J. Hawkins likewise gives a stanza of an old song, in which the same words—changing "men" into "boys"—are introduced.

[5] SCENE III.—"*There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady.*"

The burden of "lady, lady," appears to have been common to several songs. The words which Sir Toby sings are found in the ballad of 'Constant Susanna,' which Percy describes as a poor, dull performance, and very long. He gives us the following stanza:—

"Th re dwelt a man in Babylon
Of reputation great by fame;
He took to wife a fair woman,
Susanna she was call'd by name:
A woman fair and virtuous;
Lady, lady:
Why should we not of her learn thus
To live godly?"

[6] SCENE III.—"*Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.*"

This, again, is an old ballad which we find in Percy, who reprints it from 'The Golden Garland of Princely Delights:'—

"Farewell, dear love; since thou wilt needs be gone,
Mine eyes do show my life is almost done.
Nay, I will never die, so long as I can spy
There be many mo, though that she do go
There be many mo, I fear not:
Why then let her go, I care not.

Farewell, farewell; since this I find is true,
I will not spend more time in wooing you:
But I will seek elsewhere, if I may find love there:
Shall I bid her go? what and if I do?
Shall I bid her go and spare not?
O no, no, no, I dare not.

Ten thousand times farewell;—yet stay a while:—
Sweet, kiss me once; sweet kisses time beguile:
I have no power to move. How now! am I in love?
Wilt thou needs be gone? Go then, all is one.
Wilt thou needs be gone? Oh, hie thee!
Nay, stay, and do no more deny me.

Once more adieu, I see loth to depart
Bids oft adieu to her that holds my heart.
But seeing I must lose thy love, which I did choose,
Go thy way for me, since that may not be.
Go thy ways for me. But whither?
Go, oh, but where I may come thither.

What shall I do? my love is now departed.
She is as fair as she is cruel-hearted.
She would not be entreated, with prayers oft repeated.
If she come no more, shall I die therefore?
If she come no more, what care I?
Faith, let her go, or come, or tarry."

[7] SCENE III.—"*Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?*"

This reproof of the steward is of universal application; but it was probably an indirect sarcasm against the rising sect of the Puritans, who were something too apt to confound virtue with asceticism. Ben Jonson speaks more directly in the matter:—

"*Winw.* What call you the reverend elder you told me of, your Banbury man?

Lit. Rabbi Busy, sir; he is more than an elder, he is a prophet, sir.

Quar. O, I know him! A baker, is he not?

Lit. He was a baker, sir, but he does dream now, and see visions; he has given over his trade.

Quar. I remember that too; out of a scruple he took that, in spiced conscience, those cakes he made were served to bridales, May-poles, morrices, and such profane feasts and meetings. His christian name is Zeal-of-the-land.

Lit. Yes, sir; Zeal-of-the-land Busy."

[8] SCENE IV.—"*Light airs and recollected terms.*"

Term forms no part of the technical language of music. Its plural may possibly be intended by Shakspere to signify those passages called *phrases;* but it is more likely that the word was originally written *tunes,* which would render the expression intelligible. In the folios it is spelt *termes:* and this, in not very clear manuscript, might easily have been mistaken by the compositor for *tunes.* Dr. Johnson thinks that "recollected" means *recalled;* in which we agree, if by "recalled" is to be understood *known by heart —by memory.* Dr. Warburton's conjecture, that by "recollected" is meant *studied,* will not find many supporters.

[9] SCENE V.—"*O, for a stone-bow.*"

A stone-bow is a cross-bow which shoots stones. It was a toy for children, according to Beaumont and Fletcher:—

"——— children will shortly take him
For a wall, and set their stone-bows in his forehead."

[10] SCENE V.—"*Wind up my watch.*"

It is said that watches for the pocket were first brought to England from Germany, in 1580. We give a representation of an ancient watch from a remarkable specimen. This watch is embellished on the face with roses and thistles conjoined, and has no minute-hand: these circumstances fix its date somewhere in the reign of James I. It is of silver, about the size of a walnut; the lid shuts the face from view, and when closed it looks like a small pear. In Hollar's print of Summer—a half-length portrait of a lady—a watch, similar to our specimen, hangs from the girdle.

[11] SCENE V.—"*The impressure her Lucrece.*"

One of the many evidences of Shakspere's familiarity with ancient works of art, in common with the best educated of his time. We give a copy of an antique "Lucrece:"—

[12] SCENE V.—"*Wished to see thee ever cross-gartered.*"

Barton Holyday, who wrote fifty years after Shakspere, describes this fashion in connexion with a Puritan:—

"Had there appear'd some sharp cross-garter'd man,
Whom their loud laugh might nickname Puritan;
Cas'd up in factious breeches, and small ruff;
That hates the surplice, and defies the cuff."

The fashion is of great antiquity. In the 24th vol. of the Archæologia, Mr. Gage has described an illumination of a manuscript of the tenth century in the library of the Duke of Devonshire, where this costume is clearly depicted. Mr. Gage says—"The kind of bandaged stocking, so common in all Saxon figures, which is seen to advan-

tage in the miniature of the Magi, where the principal figure (copied in the cut) has garters of gold, with tassels, was, as M. Langlois, the able and learned professor of painting at Rouen, informs me, in general use among the shepherds and country people of France during the 15th and 16th centuries. In the latter century the butchers often rode on horseback with their legs clothed in this manner. This part of the dress was made of white linen, and was called '*des lingettes*,' a name applied also to a part of the ancient costume of women of the Pays de Caux, that covered the arm. In the Apennines I have myself seen the contadini with a kind of stocking bandaged all the way up. The Highland stocking bears some resemblance to the costume."

[13] SCENE V.—"*Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip.*"

In Cecil's Correspondence, Letter 10, we have the following passage:—"There is great danger of being taken sleepers at *tray-trip*, if the king sweep suddenly." This led Tyrwhitt to conjecture that the game was *draughts*. A satire called 'Machiavel's Dog,' 1617, confirms this opinion:—

> "But, leaving cards, let's go *to dice* awhile,—
> To passage, *treitippe*, hazard, or mum-chance."

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter VIOLA, *and* Clown *with a tabor.*

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy tabor?[1]

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies[a] by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove[b] to a good wit: How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir I do care for something: but

[a] *Lies*—sojourns—dwells.
[b] *Cheveril glove*—a *kid* glove—an easy-fitting glove. So, in Romeo and Juliet, "a wit of *cheveril.*"

in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings, the husband 's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I 'll no more with thee. Hold, there 's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I 'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 't is well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar.[a] My lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
Not like the haggard check at every feather[b]
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men, folly-fallen,[c] quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby Belch *and Sir* Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list[a] of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir;[b] put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.[c]

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth 's a rare courtier! 'Rain odours!' well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. 'Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed:' —I 'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt Sir* Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Maria.

Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'T was never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You're servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—

[a] In Chaucer's Testament of Cresseyde, we have,
"Great penurye
Thou suffer shalt, and as a beggar dye."

[b] *Not* like the haggard. The original has *And.* Johnson's correction gives a clear meaning.

[c] The original reads—
"But wise men's folly falne, quite taint their wit.
Tyrwhitt's correction, which we adopt, appears right.

[a] *List*—limit—bound.

[b] *Taste* was used by the Elizabethan poets for *try;*—the use of the word was not limited to *touch* by the palate. In Chapman's Odyssey we have—
"He now began
To *taste* the bow."

[c] *Prevented*—anticipated—gone before

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres.
Vio. Dear lady,—
Oli. Give me leave, beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving[a]
Enough is shown; a cyprus,[b] not a bosom,
Hides my heart:[c] So let me hear you speak.
Vio. I pity you.
Oli. That's a degree to love.
Vio. No, not a grise;[d] for 't is a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.
Oli. Why, then, methinks, 't is time to smile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!
[*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.
Vio. Then westward-hoe:
Grace, and good disposition, 'tend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
Oli. Stay:
I prithee tell me, what thou think'st of me.
Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.
Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.
Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am.

[a] *Receiving*—comprehension.
[b] *Cyprus.* See Note on Act II., Sc. IV.
[c] *Hides my heart.* The second folio reads "hides my *poor* heart." The *retardation* of the time of syllables was not understood by the editor of that copy.
[d] *Grise*—step

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.
Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter;—
Love sought is good, but given unsought, is better.
Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'st move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sir Toby Belch, *Sir* Andrew Aguecheek, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.
Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.
Fab. You must needs yield your reason, sir Andrew.
Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving man, than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw 't i' the orchard.
Sir To. Did she see thee[a] the while, old boy? tell me that.
Sir And. As plain as I see you now.
Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.
Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?
Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.
Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.
Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your

[a] *Thee* is wanting in the original. It was supplied by Rowe.

sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was baulked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An 't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.[2]

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst[a] and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention; taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England,[3] set 'em down; go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We 'll call thee at the *cubiculo:* Go.

[*Exit Sir* Andrew.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you 'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I 'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

[a] *Curst*—crabbed.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look where the youngest wren o[f] nine[a] comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yond' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He 's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogged him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies:[4] you have not seen such a thing as 't is; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him; if she do, he 'll smile, and take 't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter Antonio *and* Sebastian.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, (though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,)
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which, to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but, thanks,
And thanks: and ever oft good turns[b]
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;

[a] *Wren of nine.* The original reads "wren of *mine.* The emendation was by Theobald.

[b] We print the passage as in the original. One modern emendation is,

"And thanks, and ever thanks. Often good turns."

Mr. White prints with great probability—

"And thanks; and very oft good turns."

A typographical mistake of *ever* for *very* might easily occur

But, were my worth,[a] as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What 's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 't is long to night;
I pray you let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would you 'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out:
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here 's my purse;
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I 'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you
For an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him. He says he 'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.—
Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil,[a]
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;—
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He 's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is sure possess'd, madam.

Oli. Why, what' s the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.[b]

Oli. Go call him hither.—I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Enter Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

[*Smiles fantastically.*

Oli. Smilest thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering. But what of that, if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: 'Please one, and please all.'

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweetheart; and I 'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; Nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. 'Be not afraid of greatness:'—'t was well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

[a] *Worth*—fortune—wealth.

[a] *Civil*—grave. The regularity of the civil, civilized, state gives this meaning of the word.

[b] This good honest prose, as Steevens found it in the original, is rendered metrical by him, as follows;—and this was long accepted as Shakspere's verse:—

"*Mar.* He 's coming, madam;
But in strange manner. He is sure possess'd.
Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?
Mar. No, madam,
He does nothing but smile: your ladyship
Were best have guard about you, if he come;
For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits."

Mal. 'Some are born great,'—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. 'Some achieve greatness,'—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. 'Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;'—

Oli. My yellow stockings?[a]

Mal. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. 'Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;'—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit* Servant.] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt* Olivia *and* Maria.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she;—'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;'——and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to:' Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow.[b] Why, everything adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

[a] *Thy* in the original. Olivia does not know that he is quoting the letter. The correction is by Mr. Lettsom, the editor of Walker.

[b] *Fellow*—in the old sense of *companion*.

Re-enter Maria, *with Sir* Toby Belch *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is:—How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, an it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 't is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is 't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we 'll have him in a dark room, and bound.[5] My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here 's the challenge, read it; I warrant there 's vinegar and pepper in 't.

Fab. Is 't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is it, I warrant him: do but read

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads.*] 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.'

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. 'Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't.'

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. 'Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.'

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good-sense-less.

Sir To. 'I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,'——

Fab. Good.

Sir To. 'Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.'

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. 'Fare thee well; And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek.'

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I 'll give 't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for 't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailie: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as, I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter Olivia *and* Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir* Toby, Fabian, *and* Maria.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary on 't:[a]
There 's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 't is my picture;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I 'll deny;
That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

[*Exit.*

[a] *Unchary on't.* So in the original. The ordinary reading is "unchary *out.*" Douce is unwilling, as we are, to disturb the old reading. Olivia has laid her honour too unchary (uncharily) upon a heart of stone.

Re-enter Sir Toby Belch *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir, I am sure; no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You 'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatch'd rapier, and on carpet consideration;[6] but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob, nob,[a] is his word; give 't, or take 't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that 's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.

[*Exit Sir* Toby.

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one that would rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir Toby, *with Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he 's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago.[a] I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck in, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on 't, I 'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on 't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I 'd have seen him damned ere I 'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I 'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

Sir To. I 'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good show on 't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: Marry, I 'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. [*Aside.*

Re-enter Fabian *and* Viola.

I have his horse [*to* Fab.] to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth 's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There 's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of. therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [*Aside.*

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

a *Hob, nob*—at random—come what will.

a *Virago*—the original is *firago*.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there 's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on: to 't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath.

[*Draws.*

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you 't is against my will.

[*Draws.*

Ant. Put up your sword;—If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

[*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker,[a] I am for you. [*Draws.*

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I 'll be with you anon. [*To* Antonio.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please. [*To Sir* Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir;—and, for that I promised you, I 'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir;

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away; he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you;
But there 's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir.
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I 'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I 'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is 't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2 *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here,
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Relieve'd him with such sanctity of love,—
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What 's that to us? The time goes by; away.

Ant. But, O, how vild an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there 's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.[7]

1 *Off.* The man grows mad; away with him.
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on.

[*Exeunt* Officers *with* Antonio.

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself: so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we 'll whisper o'er a couple or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,

a *Undertaker.* Ritson explains this as one who undertakes another's quarrel.

Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! [*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.

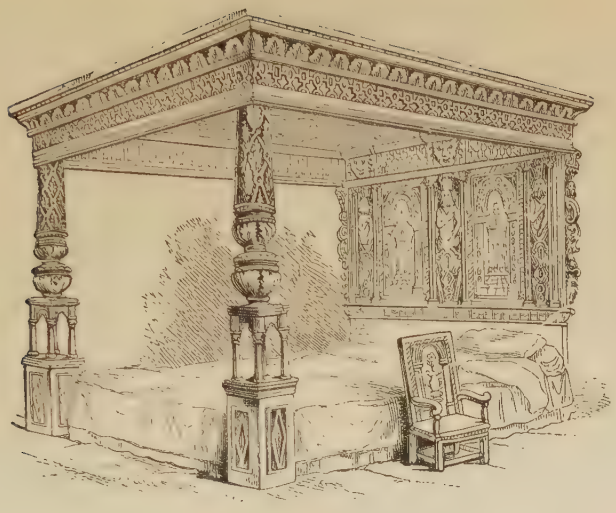
Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 't will be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

['Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys.']



[The Bed of Ware.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

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[1] SCENE I.—"*Dost thou live by thy tabor?*"

TARLETON, the celebrated clown of the ancient stage, was represented with a tabor in a print prefixed to his 'Jests,' 1611. "The instrument," says Douce, "is found in the hands of fools long before the time of Shakspeare." At the end of the Supplementary Notice we have given a portrait of Tarleton with his tabor; but this is not copied from the 'Jests.' It is taken from the Harleian MS. No. 3885—An Alphabet of Initial Letters by John Scottowe. On the title are the arms of Queen Elizabeth and the following inscription:—"God save Queene Elizabeth longe to reygne." This circumstance proves this portrait of "Mr. Tharlton" (as his name is spelt by Scottowe) to be an earlier performance than the figure prefixed to the 'Jests,' 1611; and, as the two are exactly alike, our portrait is probably the original from which the old woodcut was copied.

The figure in the Alphabet stands in the centre of a letter T: the following verses in the margin:—

"The picture here set down
Within this letter T,
Aright doth show the forme and shap
Of Tharlton unto the.

When he in pleasaunt wise
The counterfet expreste,
Of cloune wt cote of russet hew,
And sturtops wt ye rest.

Whoe merry many made
When he appeard in sight,
The grave and wise, as well as rude,
At him did take delight.

The partie nowe is gone,
And closlie laid in claye;
Of all the jesters in the lande
He bare the praise awaie.

Nowe hath he plaid his pte,
And sure he is of this,
If he in Christe did die: to live
With him in lasting blis."

[2] SCENE II.—"*I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.*"

The Brownists—so called from Robert Brown, who was a connexion of the Lord Treasurer Cecil, and was educated at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge—gave great offence to the Church about 1580, by maintaining that her discipline was Popish and Antichristian, and her ministers not rightly ordained. The sect was subsequently known by the name of Independents. (See Neal's 'History of the Puritans.')

[3] SCENE II.—"*Big enough for the bed of Ware in England.*"

We have given a representation of this famous bed, which is more interesting than any description.

[4] SCENE II.—"*He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies.*"

Shakspere, who paid no attention to geography, according to the commentators, here describes a "new map"—an accession to the geography of his day. This map is found in 'Linschoten's

Voyages, 1598; and we have engraved a portion of it,—about a fourth part of the original—exhibiting the islands of Malacca and Borneo, to show how accurately the "careless" poet has described its peculiarities.

[5] SCENE IV.—"*We'll have him in a dark-room, and bound.*"

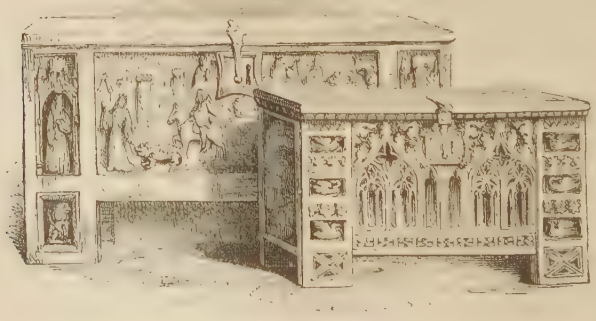
Chains and darkness were the universal prescriptions for lunatics in the time of Shakspere. There was a third remedy, to which Rosalind alludes in As You Like It:—"Love is a madness, and deserves as well a *dark house* and a *whip* as madmen do."

[6] SCENE IV.—"*He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration.*"

The knights of peace,—mayors, and justices, and serjeants-at-law, and physicians—grave men who hate a hatched rapier, which has seen service, as bitterly as King James, are called *carpet* knights, according to Randle Holme:—"If it be the king's pleasure to knight any such persons, seeing they are not knighted as soldiers, they are not therefore to use the horseman's title or spurs: they are only termed simply *miles* and *milites*, knights of the carpet, or knights of the green cloth, to distinguish them from knights that are dubbed as soldiers in the field; though in these our days they are created or dubbed with the like ceremony as the others are, by the stroke of a naked sword upon their shoulder, with the words, Rise up Sir T. A., knight."

[7] SCENE IV.—"*Empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.*"

The allusion is to the beautifully carved trunks of the Elizabethan age, of which we give two specimens.



[Scene I. Spalatro. 'Hold, Toby, on thy life.']

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street before* Olivia's *House.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing that is so, is so.

Seb. I prithee vent thy folly somewhere else:
Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world, will prove a cockney.[a]—I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me;
There 's money for thee; if you tarry longer
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—
These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.[a]

Enter Sir ANDREW, *Sir* TOBY, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there 's for you. [*Striking* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. Why, there 's for thee, and there, and there:
Are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir* ANDREW.

[a] Douce has an ingenious conjecture here; but we doubt its correctness:—"The Clown is speaking of *vent* as an affected word; and we should read, 'this great lubberly *word* will prove a cockney, *i. e.* will turn out to be cockney language.'" But is the little word *vent* a great lubberly word? The Clown is tolerably consequential in his thoughts; and, if there were any precise meaning in his fear that the world would prove a cockney, we do not see how he brings the matter in. The original is pointed thus:—"I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney." May it not be, spoken aside, "I am afraid the world will prove this great lubber (Sebastian) a cockney"—a foolish fellow? Such an inversion is not uncommon.

[a] The meaning obviously is—after the rate of fourteen years' purchase. This was a high rate; and any money given to fools for a good report was buying the commodity of reputation at a high rate.

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. [*Holding* Seb.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.
[*Draws.*

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.
[*Draws.*

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario!—
Rudesby, be gone!—I prithee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt Sir* Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Fabian.
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent[a]
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee: 'Would thou 'dst be rul'd by me?

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be!
[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Extent.* Johnson supposes that the word is here applied with reference to the legal process of *extent.* That name is derived from the writ of *extensi facias*,- by which the goods seized are to be taken at their *extended* value. But here *extent* may be used in the sense of *stretch*—as we say *a stretch* of power—of violence.

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Maria *and* Clown.

Mar. Nay, I prithee put on this gown, and this beard; make him believe thou art sir Topas the curate; do it quickly: I'll call sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit* Maria.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble[a] myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall[b] enough to become the function well: nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors[c] enter.

Enter Sir Toby Belch *and* Maria.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*, sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, 'That that is, is:' so I, being master parson, am master parson: For what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, sir Topas.

Clo. What, hoa, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*in an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: Say'st thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows, transparent as barricadoes, and the clear-stories[d] towards the

[a] *Dissemble*—disguise—divest of likeness. Steevens says "Shakspeare has here *stumbled* on a Latinism." Writers do not stumble upon nice shades of meaning.

[b] *Tall.* So the original. In some modern editions we have the word changed into *fat*—a vulgar antithesis to the subsequent *lean*.

[c] *Competitors*—confederates.

[d] *Clear-stories.* The folio has *cleere stores*—which is *cleere-stores.* A *clerestory*, or *clear-story*, is that part of the nave, or choir, of a church which rises above the aisles, in which an upper tier of windows is usually introduced. In a contract for building the church of Fotheringay, founded in 1425, this clause occurs:—"And (in the nave) shall be tenn arches, and above every arche a wyndowe of foure lights, in

south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of this opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir* Toby *and* Maria.

Clo. 'Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.' [*Singing.*

Mal. Fool.—

Clo. 'My lady is unkind, perdy.'

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. 'Alas, why is she so?'

Mal. Fool, I say;—

Clo. 'She loves another'—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,——

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent[a] for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I 'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

Clo. 'I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I 'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman devil.'

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Olivia's *Garden*

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun:

all points like unto the *cierestory* of the said quere."—Britton's Architectural Dictionary, page 160.)

[a] *Shent*—reproved.

This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't, and see 't:
And though 't is wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 't is not madness. Where 's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,[a]
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the lady 's mad; yet, if 't were so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs, and their despatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does: there 's something in 't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter Olivia *and a* Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: He shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father:—And heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[*Exeunt.*

[a] *This credit*—this belief—this thing believed.

['Into the Chantry.']

[Scene I. Spalatro. 'My lord, I do protest.']

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Street before* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Clown *and* Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Anything.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.[a]

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there 's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

[a] Coleridge thus explains this passage:—"The humour lies in the whispered 'No!' and the inviting 'Don't!' with which the maiden's kisses are accompanied, and thence compared to negatives, which by repetition constitute an affirmative."—(Lit. Remains.)

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer; there's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex,*[a] sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit* Clown.

Enter Antonio *and* Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;
With which such scathful[b] grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cried fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

1 *Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix, and her fraught, from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 't was, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,[c]
Hast made thine enemies

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wrack past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication: for his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger,)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,)
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia *and* Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.—
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—

Vio My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What! to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars

[a] *Triplex.* Triple time in music.
[b] *Scathful*—harmful—destructive.
[c] *Dear.* Shakspere and the writers of his age frequently use the word *dear* in the sense of harmful. The old English verb to *dere* is from the Anglo-Saxon *derian*, to injure, hurt, annoy to do mischief; thence we have *dearth*, that which *dereth* or maketh *dear*. What was spared was therefore called *dear*, precious, costly, highly prized. The two senses of the word are thus rendered clear, though the last-mentioned has become the most common.

My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?
Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.
Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love;[a] a savage jealousy,
That sometime savours nobly?—But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I 'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*
Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. [*Following.*
Oli. Where goes Cesario?
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife:
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ah me, detested! how am I beguil'd!
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an* Attendant.
Duke. Come, away. [*To* Viola.
Oli. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.
Duke. Husband?
Oli. Ay, husband, can he that deny?
Duke. Her husband, sirrah?
Vio. No, my lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome, father!

Re-enter Attendant *and* Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 't is ripe) what thou dost know,
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.
Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands.
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.
Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?[a]
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.
Vio. My lord, I do protest,—
Oli. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, *with his head broke.*

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; send one presently to sir Toby.
Oli. What 's the matter?
Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound I were at home.
Oli. Who has done this, sir Andrew?
Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he 's the very devil incardinate.
Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?
Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by sir Toby.
Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.
Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, *drunk, led by the* Clown.

Here comes sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

[a] Thyamis; in Heliodorus.

[a] *Case*—skin.

Duke. How now, gentleman! how is 't with you?

Sir To. That 's all one; he has hurt me, and there 's the end on 't.—Sot, did'st see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O, he 's drunk, sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he 's a rogue and a passy-measures pavin; I hate a drunken rogue.[a]

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I 'll help you, sir Toby, because we 'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt* Clown, *Sir* Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit, and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;
A natural perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee.

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:—
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To* Viola.
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too;
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed:
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I 'll bring you to a captain, in this town
Where lie my maiden weeds, by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook: [*To* Olivia.
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wrack:
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [*To* Viola.
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,

[a] We print as in the second folio. Malone also follows this folio in this passage; but the ordinary reading is,—"Then he's a rogue; after a passy-measure, or a pavin, I hate," &c.—Sir Toby is drunk, and yet he is made by the modern editors to speak with grammatical correctness. The humour lies in his calling "Dick Surgeon" *by the names* of the solemn dances which he abhors, confounding the two. The *passamezzo* was slow, and accompanied by singing, Mersenne seems to indicate; the *pavan* a stately dance, deriving its name from *pavo*, a peacock, because, says the same writer, the dancers spread themselves out in the manner of that bird.

Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.
Oli. He shall enlarge him:—Fetch Malvolio hither:—
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he 's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, *with a letter.*

A most extracting[a] frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, sirrah?
Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: he has here writ a letter to you; I should have given it to you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.
Oli. Open it, and read it.
Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman:—'By the Lord, madam,'—
Oli. How now! art thou mad?
Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*.[b]
Oli. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.
Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.
Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To* Fabian.
Fab. [*Reads.*]

'By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

'The madly-used Malvolio.'

Oli. Did he write this?
Clo. Ay, madam.
Duke. This savours not much of distraction.
Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. [*Exit* Fabian.
My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.
Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.
Your master quits you; [*To* Viola.] and, for your service done him,
So much against the mettle[a] of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.
Oli. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter Fabian, *with* Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman?
Oli. Ay, my lord, this same:
How now, Malvolio?
Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.
Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.
Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say, 't is not your seal, not your invention:
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you;
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon sir Toby and the lighter people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck[b] and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.
Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 't is Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; thou[c] cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee:
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plantiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.
Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,

a *Extracting*—absorbing.
b When the Clown begins to read, he raves and gesticulates; upon which Olivia says "art thou mad?" His answer is clear enough—you must allow *vox*—you must let me use my voice—if I am to read madness as it ought to be read.

a *Mettle*—temper—disposition.
b *Geck.*—To *geck* is to deride, and hence a *geck* is one derided.
c *Thou.*—The original has *then*. The change to *thou* was suggested to us by the late Mr. T. Rodd.

Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
The letter, at sir Toby's great importance;[a]
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one sir Topas, sir; but that's all one:—'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;'—But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd:' And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,[b]
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls—Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt.*

SONG.

Clo. When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

[*Exit.*

[a] *Importance*—importunity.
[b] *Convents*—serves, agrees, is convenient.

[Middle Temple Hall.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

THERE is something to our minds very precious in that memorial of Shakspere which is preserved in the little Table-book of the Student of the Middle Temple: * "Feb. 2, 1601 [2]. At our feast we had a play called *Twelve night or what you will.*" What a scene do these few plain words call up before us! The Christmas festivities have lingered on till Candlemas. The Lord of Misrule has resigned his sceptre; the Fox and the Cat have been hunted round the hall; the Masters of the Revels have sung their songs; the drums are silent which lent their noisy chorus to the Marshall's proclamations; and Sir Francis Flatterer and Sir Randle Rackabite have passed into the ranks of ordinary men.† But there is still a feast; and after the dinner a play; and that play

* See Introductory Notice. † Consult Dugdale's *Origines Judiciales.*

Shakspere's *Twelfth Night.* And the actual roof under which the happy company of benchers, and barristers, and students first listened to that joyous and exhilarating play, full of the truest and most beautiful humanities, especially fitted for a season of cordial mirthfulness, is still standing; and we may walk into that stately hall and think,—Here Shakspere's Twelfth Night was acted in the Christmas of 1601; and here its exquisite poetry first fell upon the ear of some secluded scholar, and was to him as a fragrant flower blooming amidst the arid sands of his Bracton and his Fleta; and here its gentle satire upon the vain and the foolish penetrated into the natural heart of some grave and formal dispenser of justice, and made him look with tolerance, if not with sympathy, upon the mistakes of less grave and formal fellow-men; and here its ever-gushing spirit of enjoyment,—of fun without malice, of wit without grossness, of humour without extravagance,—taught the swaggering, roaring, overgrown boy, miscalled student, that there were higher sources of mirth than affrays in Fleet Street, or drunkenness in Whitefriars. Venerable Hall of the Middle Temple, thou art to our eyes more stately and more to be admired since we looked upon that entry in the Table-book of John Manningham! The Globe has perished, and so has the Blackfriars. The works of the poet who made the names of these frail buildings immortal need no associations to recommend them; but it is yet pleasant to know that there is one locality remaining where a play of Shakspere was listened to by his contemporaries; and that play, Twelfth Night.

Accepting, though somewhat doubtingly, the statement of the commentators that Twelfth Night was produced as late as 1614, Schlegel says, "If this was really the *last work* of Shakspere, as is affirmed, he must have enjoyed to the last the same *youthfulness of mind,* and have carried with him to the grave the whole fulness of his talents."* There is something very agreeable in this theory; but we can hardly lament that the foundation upon which it rests has been utterly destroyed. Shakspere did, indeed, carry "with him to the grave the whole fulness of his talents," but they were talents, perhaps not of a higher order, but certainly employed upon loftier subjects, than those which were called out by the delicious comedies of the Shakspere of forty. His "youthfulness of mind" too, even at this middle period of his life, is something very different from the honeyed luxuriance of his spring-time—more subjected to his intellectual penetration into the hidden springs of human action—more regulated by the artistical skill of blending the poetical with the comic, so that in fact they are not presented as opposite principles constrained to appear in a patch-work union, but are essentially one and the same creation of the highest imaginative power. We are told that of Twelfth Night the scenes in which Malvolio, and Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew appear are Shakspere's *own.* The Duke, and Olivia, and Viola, and Sebastian, belong to some one else, it is said, because they existed, before he evoked them from their hiding-places, in the rude outlines of story-books without poetry, and comedies without wit. Honoured be the memories of Bandello and Barnaby Rich, not so much for their own work as for the happy accident by which they saved some popular tradition from oblivion, for a Shakspere to make *his own* for all ages! Honoured be the learned or unlearned authors of the *Inganni* and the *Ingannati,* if they suggested to him that their shadowy representations of a wandering brother and sister coming through mistakes and crosses to love and happiness, had in them dramatic capabilities such as *he* could deal with! Honoured be they, as we would honour the man, were his name recorded, who set the palette of Raphael or made Paganini's violin! Whether a writer *invents,* in the commonly received meaning of invention,—that is, whether his incidents and characters be spick-and-span new;—or whether he *borrows,* using the same ordinary phraseology, his incidents and characters from tradition, or history, or written legends,—he is not a poet unless his materials are worked up into a perfect and consistent whole: and if the poetry be not in him, it matters little whether he raises his fabric "all out of his own head," as children say, or adopts a bit here and a bit there, and pieces them together with a bit of his own,—for his house will not stand; it is built upon the sands. Now it is this penetration of his own imaginative power in and through all his materials which renders it of little more account than as a matter of antiquarian curiosity, where Shakspere picked up hints for the plots of his plays. He might have found the germ of Viola in Barnaby Rich; and he might have altogether invented Malvolio: but Viola and Malvolio are for ever indissolubly united, in the exact proportions in which the poetic and the comic work together for the production of a harmonious effect. The *neutral* title of Twelfth Night—conveying as it does a notion of genial mirth—might

* Lectures on Dramatic Literature, Black's Translation, vol. ii., p. 175.

warrant us in thinking that there was a preponderance of the comic spirit. Charles I. appears to have thought so, when, in his copy of the second edition of Shakspere, he altered the title with his own pen to that of *Malvolio.** But Malvolio is not the predominant idea of the comedy; nor is he of that exclusive interest that the whole action, even of the merely comic portions, should turn upon him. When Shakspere means one character to be the centre of the dramatic idea, he for the most part tells us so in his title:—Hamlet, Othello, Lear, Macbeth, Timon. Not one of the comedies has such a personal title, for the evident reason that the effect in them must mainly depend upon the harmony of all the parts, rather than upon the absorbing passion of the principal character. The Twelfth Night is especially of this description. It presents us with the golden and the silver sides of human life,—the romantic and the humorous. But the two precious metals are moulded into one statue.

It is scarcely necessary for us to enter into any analysis of the plot of this charming comedy, or attempt any dissection of its characters, for the purpose of opening to the reader new sources of enjoyment. It is impossible, we think, for one of ordinary sensibility to read through the first act without yielding himself up to the genial temper in which the entire play is written. "The sunshine of the breast" spreads its rich purple light over the whole champain, and penetrates into every thicket and every 'ingle. From the first line to the last—from the Duke's

"That strain again;—it had a dying fall,"

to the Clown's

"With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,"—

there is not a thought, or a situation, that is not calculated to call forth pleasurable feelings. The love-melancholy of the Duke is a luxurious abandonment to one pervading impression—not a fierce and hopeless contest with one o'ermastering passion. It delights to lie "canopied with bowers,"—to listen to "old and antique" songs, which dally with its "innocence,"—to be "full of shapes," and "high fantastical." The love of Viola is the sweetest and tenderest emotion that ever informed the heart of the purest and most graceful of beings with a spirit almost divine. Perhaps in the whole range of Shakspere's poetry there is nothing which comes more unbidden into the mind, and always in connexion with some image of the ethereal beauty of the utterer, than Viola's "she never told her love." The love of Olivia, wilful as it is, is not in the slightest degree repulsive. With the old stories before him, nothing but the refined delicacy of Shakspere's conception of the female character could have redeemed Olivia from approaching to the anti-feminine. But as it is we pity her, and we rejoice with her. These are what may be called the serious characters, because they are the vehicles for what we emphatically call the poetry of the play. But the comic characters are to us equally poetical—that is, they appear to us not mere copies of the representatives of temporary or individual follies, but embodyings of the universal comic, as true and as fresh to-day as they were two centuries and a half ago. Malvolio is to our minds as poetical as Don Quixote; and we are by no means sure that Shakspere meant the poor cross-gartered Steward *only* to be laughed at, any more than Cervantes did the knight of the rueful countenance. He meant us to pity him, as Olivia and the Duke pitied him; for, in truth, the delusion by which Malvolio was wrecked, only passed out of the romantic into the comic through the manifestation of the vanity of the character in reference to his situation. But if we laugh at Malvolio we are not to laugh ill-naturedly, for the poet has conducted all the mischief against him in a spirit in which there is no real malice at the bottom of the fun. Sir Toby is a most genuine character,—one given to strong potations and boisterous merriment; but with a humour about him perfectly irresistible. His *abandon* to the instant opportunity of laughing at and with others is something so thoroughly English, that we are not surprised the poet gave him an English name. And like all genuine humorists Sir Toby must have his butt. What a trio is presented in that glorious scene of the second act, where the two Knights and the Clown "make the welkin dance;"—the humorist, the fool, and the philosopher!—for Sir Andrew is the fool, and the Clown is the philosopher. We hold the Clown's epilogue song to be the most philosophical Clown's song upon record; and a treatise might be written upon its wisdom. It is the history of a life, from the condition of "a

* This copy, which formerly belonged to Stevens, was purchased for the private library of George III., and was retained when George IV. gave that valuable collection to the nation.

little tiny boy," through "man's estate," to decaying age—"when I came unto my bed;" and the conclusion is, that what is true of the individual is true of the species, and what was of yesterday was of generations long past away—for

"A great while ago the world begun."

Steevens says this "nonsensical ditty" is utterly unconnected with the subject of the comedy. We think he is mistaken. Gervinus holds a different opinion from Steevens. He says—"The Clown appears here as a singer by profession, who sings love-songs of a cheerful or tragic nature, merry jigs and heart-rending canons, with equal skill. Together with this, he is represented as a careless, cheerful fellow, who troubles himself about nothing, placed in the midst of a much-occupied society, a wise fool amongst foolish wits. He indeed says it often, and proves it oftener, that his foolish wisdom is in reality not folly, that it is a mistake to call him a fool, that the hood does not make the monk, and that his brain is not as motley as his coat. The poet has not brought the Clown's acts and deeds in this piece into a main relation with the main idea, but placed him more as a separate person in his individual expressions. In the play, where these instructive passages are found, it is required by the Clown's difficult office that he should well know the right time, place, and person with whom he jests, so as to level his arrows at the weak points. He is at home wherever placed, or, as he says, is 'for all waters;' he lives with all in their own way, knowing their foibles, observing their natures, attentively watching the humour of the moment."

[Tarleton.]

AS YOU LIKE IT

[Forest of Arden.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of As You Like It.

As You Like It was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. There appears to have been an intention to publish it separately, for we find it entered in the registers of the Stationers' Company, together with Henry V. and Much Ado About Nothing. There is no exact date to this entry, but it is conjectured to have been made in 1600.* The text of the original folio is, upon the whole, a very correct one. In a few instances the second folio of 1632 has slightly altered this text with advantage; in other instances the changes in this second edition are capricious, or have arisen out of an attempt to modernise what was little more than a quarter of a century old. These variations are pointed out in our foot-notes. The original is divided into acts and scenes.

The exact date of this comedy cannot be fixed, but there is no doubt that it belongs to the first or second year of the seventeenth century. It is not mentioned in the list published by Meres in 1598; and there is an allusion in the comedy which fixes the limits of its date in the other direc-

* See Introductory Notice to Much Ado About Nothing, p. 69.

tion: "I will weep for nothing," says Rosalind, "like *Diana in the fountain.*" The cross in West Cheap, originally erected by Edward I., was reconstructed in the reign of Henry VI., and converted to the useful purpose of a conduit. The images about the cross were often broken and defaced, probably by the misdirected zeal of the early reformers; and so the heathen deities were called in, and in 1596, according to Stow, was set up "an alabaster image of Diana, and water conveyed from the Thames prilling from her breast." Stow gives us this information in 1599; but in 1603, when the second edition of his 'Survey of London' was published, the glories of Diana were passed away; her fountain was no longer "prilling." "The same is oft-times dried up, and now decayed," says Stow. There can be no doubt that Diana was included in the popular hatred of this unfortunate cross; for although Elizabeth, on the 24th September, 1600, sent a special command to the city respecting "the continuance of that monument," in accordance with which it was again repaired, gilded, and cleansed from dust, "about twelve nights following the image of our Lady was again defaced by plucking off her crown, and almost her head." When Rosalind made the allusion to *Diana in the fountain*, we may be pretty sure that the fountain was not "dried up."

Supposed Source of the Plot.

If we were to accept the oracular decisions of Farmer and Steevens, as to the sources from which Shakspere derived the story of As You Like It, we might dismiss the subject very briefly. The one says, with his usual pedantic insolence, "As You Like It was certainly borrowed, if we believe Dr. Grey and Mr Upton, from the 'Coke's Tale of Gamelyn,' which, by the way, was not printed till a century afterward, when, in truth, the old bard, who was no hunter of MSS., contented himself solely with 'Lodge's Rosalynd,' or 'Euphues' Golden Legacye,' quarto, 1590."* Thus "the old bard," meaning Shakspere, did not take the trouble of doing, or was incapable of doing, what another old bard (first a player, and afterwards a naval surgeon) did with great care—consult the manuscript copy of an old English tale attributed, but supposed incorrectly so, to Chaucer. In spite, however, of Dr. Farmer, we shall take the liberty of looking at the 'Tale of Gamelyn,' in the endeavour to find some traces of Shakspere. Steevens disposes of Lodge's 'Rosalynd' in as summary a way as Farmer does of Gamelyn. "Shakspeare has followed Lodge's novel more exactly than is his general custom when he is indebted to such worthless originals, and has sketched some of his principal characters and borrowed a few expressions from it. The imitations, &c., however, are in general too insignificant to merit transcription." All this is very unscrupulous, ignorant, and tasteless. Lodge's 'Rosalynd' is *not* a worthless original; Shakspere's imitations of it are *not* insignificant. Lodge's novel is, in many respects, however quaint and pedantic, informed with a bright poetical spirit, and possesses a pastoral charm which may occasionally be compared with the best parts of Sydney's 'Arcadia.' Lodge most scrupulously follows the 'Tale of Gamelyn,' as far as that poem would harmonise with other parts of his story, which we may consider to be his own invention. But he has added so much that is new, in the creation of the incident of the banished king, the adventures of Rosalynd and Alinda (Celia) in the forest, the passion of Rosader (Orlando), and the pretty mistake of Phebe arising out of the disguise of Rosalynd, that it is nothing less than absurd to consider Shakspere's obligations to him as insignificant. It is remarkable that in the two instances where Shakspere founded dramas upon the novels of two contemporary English writers, the 'Rosalynd' of Lodge, and the 'Pandosto' of Greene, he offered a decided homage to their genius, by adopting their incidents with great fidelity. But in the process of converting a narrative into a drama he manifests, we think, even in a more remarkable way than if, using the common language of criticism, we might call the As You Like It and the Winter's Tale his own invention—especially in the exquisite taste with which he combines old materials with new, narrates what is unfit to be dramatically represented, represents what he finds narrated, informs the actors with the most lively and discriminating touches of character, and throws over the whole the rich light of his poetry and his philosophy—he manifests the wonderful superiority of his powers over those of the most gifted of his fellow-poets. We believe that our readers will not, in this point of view, consider the space

* 'Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare,' Boswell's Edition, p. 214.

ill bestowed which we shall devote to an analysis of Lodge's 'Rosalynd,' as compared with the As You Like It.*

"The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn," says Tyrwhitt, "is not to be found in any of the MSS. of the first authority; and the manner, style, and verification, all prove it to have been the work of an author much inferior to Chaucer." He adds: "as a relique of our ancient poetry, and the foundation, perhaps, of Shakespeare's As You Like It, I could have wished to see it more accurately printed than it is in the only edition which we have of it."† Of the antiquity of the poem there can be no doubt. It not only employs the old language in the old spirit, but its conception of the heroic character is altogether that of a rude age, when deeds of violence did not present themselves to the imagination as any other than the natural accompaniments of bodily strength and undaunted courage. There is nothing more remarkable than the different modes in which Lodge and Shakspere — who, be it remembered, were contemporaries, and therefore, with the exception of the differences of their individual habits of thought, to be supposed equally capable of modifying their impressions by the associations of a different state of society—have dealt with their common original. In the 'Tale of Gamelyn,' an old doughty knight, Sir Johan of Boundis, is at the point of death, and directs certain "wise knights" to settle how he shall divide his goods amongst his three sons. The division which they make is, as we shall presently see, not agreeable to the wishes of the father, and he thus decrees that his land shall be divided otherwise than the friends had willed:—

"For Godd 'is love, my neighbouris,
Standeith ye allè still,
And I will delin my londe
After my ownè will.
Johan myn eldest sone shall
Yhavè plowis five,
That was my fadir's heritage
While that he was on live;
And middillist sonè shall
Five plowis have of lond
That I holpe for to gettin
With myn own rightè hond;
And all myn othir purchasis
Of landis and of ledes
That I bequethè Gamelyn
And all my gode stedes."

According to Lodge's 'Rosalynde,' Sir John of Bourdeaux, in the presence of his fellow knights of Malta, calls his sons before him, and thus directs:—

"As I leave you some fading pelf to countercheck poverty, so I will bequeath you infallible precepts that shall lead you unto virtue. First, therefore, unto thee, Saladyne, the eldest, and therefore the chiefest pillar of my house, wherein should be engraved as well the excellency of thy father's qualities, as the essential fortune of his proportion, to thee I give fourteen ploughlands, with all my manor-houses and richest plate. Next, unto Fernandine I bequeath twelve ploughlands. But, unto Rosader, the youngest, I give my horse, my armour, and my lance, with sixteen ploughlands; for if the inward thoughts be discovered by outward shadows, Rosader will exceed you all in bounty and honour."

The Orlando of Shakspere thus describes his legacy:—

"As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poor a thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well."

The entire difference of the conception of character between the Orlando of Shakspere and the Rosader of Lodge follows this difference in the statement of the father's bequest. Shakspere, we have no doubt, was led to this difference by his knowledge of the original tale. We do not believe that he "was no hunter of MSS." The mode in which the friends of the old doughty knight disposed of his wealth was this:—

* A reprint of this uncommonly rare tract forms part of a series entitled 'Shakespeare's Library, a Collection of the Romances, Novels, and Histories used by Shakespeare as the Foundation of his Dramas. Now first collected and accurately reprinted from the Original Editions, with Introductory Notices by J. Payne Collier, Esq. F.S.A.' This meritorious publication, commenced at the end of 1840, forms two volumes.

† Introductory Discourse to the Canterbury Tales.

For to delin them al too on
That was ther only thought,
And for that Gamelyn yongist was
He shuldè havin nought."

We see at once that the course which Shakspere has taken was necessary to his conception of the character of the younger brother. Because his brother neglected to breed him well, there begins his sadness:—

"My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding me from all gentlemanlike qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes."

With the exception of the slight burst of violence at the insolence of his elder brother, the youngest son of Shakspere is perfectly submissive, unrepining at his fortunes, without revenge. In the 'Tale of Gamelyn,' and in Lodge's version of it, the youngest son being endowed more largely than his elder brother, there is a perpetual contest for power going forward. The elder brother is envious at the younger being preferred; the younger is indignant that the cunning of the elder deprives him of the advantages of his father's testament. It is singular how closely Lodge has here copied the old tale. In his preface he says,—

"Having, with Captain Clarke, made a voyage to the islands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour I write this book; rough, as hatched in the storms of the ocean, and feathered in the surge of many perilous seas."

It is quite clear that he had in his cabin a copy in manuscript of the old 'Tale of Gamelyn.' For example:—

"Gamelyn stode upon a day
In his brotheris yerde,
And he began with his hondè
To handelin his berde."

Compare Lodge:—

"*With that, casting up his hand, he felt hair upon his face,* and perceiving his beard to bud, for choler he began to blush, and swore to himself he would be no more subject to such slavery."

Again:—

"After camè his brothir in
Ywalkyng statelich thare,
And seidè unto Gamelyn,
What? is our metè yare?
Tho Gamelyn ywrothid hym,
And swore by Goddis boke,
Thou shalt y go bake, luke, thy selt,
I wol not be thy coke."

The parallel passage in Lodge is as follows:—

"As thus he was ruminating of his melancholy passions, in came Saladyne with his men, and seeing his brother in a brown study, and to forget his wonted reverence, thought to shake him out of his dumps thus. 'Sirrah,' quoth he, 'what, is your heart on your halfpenny, or are you saying a dirge for your father's soul? *what, is my dinner ready?*' At this question Rosader, turning his head askance, and bending his brows as if anger there had ploughed the furrows of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire, he made this reply: '*Dost thou ask me, Saladyne, for thy cates? ask some of thy churls who are fit for such an office.*"

In the 'Tale of Gamelyn,' which continues to be almost literally followed by Lodge, we have now a terrible conflict between the two brothers. The elder calls his men to bind and beat, the younger seizes "a pestill," (Lodge calls it "a rake,")

"And droffe all his brother's men
Right sone on a hepe."

But there is a touch of nature in the old tale, equal in its pathos to the most beautiful things in our ancient ballads, which we look for in vain in Lodge; but which unquestionably entered into Shakspere's conception of the generous and forgiving Orlando:—

"The knightè thoughtin on traison,
But Gamelyn on none,
And went and kissid his brothir,
And then they were at one."

We are now arrived at the incident of the wrestling. In the old tale there is no treacherous agreement between the elder brother and the wrestler. The knight simply wishes that Gamelyn

> "mighte brekin his nek
> In that ilk wrestiling."

But in Lodge we have the incident which is dramatised in As You Like It. Act I. Scene I.

"Saladyne, hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fall to the ground, but to take opportunity by the forehead, first by secret means convented with the Norman, and procured him with rich rewards to swear that if Rosader came within his claws he would never more return to quarrel with Saladyne for his possessions."

But we turn again to the old tale, and we find that Shakspere avails himself of whatever exists in that story suited for his dramatic object; although Lodge may have given a different version of it. With that care with which he distinguishes between what is necessary as a preparation for a dramatic incident, and the exhibition of another incident not essentially dramatic, he engages our sympathy for Orlando by narrating the triumph of the wrestler over the old man's three sons :—

"Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such *pitiful dole* over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping."

When Gamelyn arrived at the wrestling-place he lighted down from his steed and stood upon the grass ;—

> "And ther he herd a frankelyn
> Weloway for to sing,
> *And beganin all bitterly*
> *His handis for to wring.*"

Here we trace Shakspere; in Lodge we lose him.

"At this unlooked-for massacre the people murmured, and were all in a deep passion of pity; but the franklin, father unto these, *never changed his countenance*, but as a man of courageous resolution took up the bodies of his sons without show of outward discontent."

Farther, in Lodge, when the champion approaches Rosader, he simply gives him *a shake by the shoulder;* in As You Like It he mocks Orlando with taunting speeches and so in Gamelyn he starts towards the youth,

> "And seidè, Who is thy fadir,
> And who is eke thy sire?
> *Forsothè thou art a gret fole,*
> For that thou camist hire."

Up to this point has Lodge followed his original, with few exceptions, very literally, but he now gives a new interest to the story by presenting to us Rosalynd. The style in which he describes her beauty is amongst the prettiest of poetical exaggerations :—

"The blush that gloried Luna, when she kissed the shepherd on the hills of Latmos, was not tainted with such a pleasant dye as the vermilion flourished on the silver hue of Rosalynde's countenance: her eyes were like those lamps that make the wealthy covert of the heavens more gorgeous, sparkling favour and disdain; courteous and yet coy, as if in them Venus had placed all her amorets, and Diana all her chastity. The trammels of her hair, folded in a caul of gold, so far surpassed the burnished glister of the metal as the sun doth the meanest star in brightness: the tresses that fold in the brows of Apollo were not half so rich to the sight, for in her hairs it seemed love had laid herself in ambush, to entrap the proudest eye that durst gaze upon their excellence."

Mr. Collier, quoting this description of Lodge, says it "puts one a little in mind of James Shirley's excellent ridicule of overstrained hyperbolical compliments and unnatural resemblances, in his play of 'The Sisters' (1652).* We wonder Shakspere's own playful sonnet did not occur to him as a closer example of this ridicule :—

> "My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
> Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
> If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
> If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
> I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
> But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
> And in some perfumes is there more delight
> Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.

* Poetical Decameron, vol. ii. p. 171.

I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground;
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare."

In this sonnet we see the dominant principle of good sense by which Shakspere made his poetry a reality. His Rosalind is a living being, full of grace, and spirit, and tenderness; arch, witty, playful, impassioned. The Rosalynd of Lodge is not exactly "of no character at all," but she leaves no very distinct or pleasing impression on our mind. Shakspere's exquisite conception of her character is in no place more clearly evinced than in the manner with which he deals with an incident that Lodge thus presents to him:—

"As the king and lords graced him (Rosader) with embracing, so the ladies favoured him with their looks, especially Rosalynd, whom the beauty and valour of Rosader had already touched: but she accounted love a toy, and fancy a momentary passion; that, as it was taken in with a gaze, might be shaken off with a wink, and therefore feared not to dally in the flame; and to make Rosader know she affected him, took from her neck a jewel, and sent it by a page to the young gentleman."

Compare this with the following delicious passage:—

"*Ros.* Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune;
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—
Shall we go, coz?
Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.
Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.
Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:
I'll ask him what he would:—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.
Cel. Will you go, coz?
Ros. Have with you:—Fare you well."

It is in Lodge that we find the story of a usurping king and a banished brother, of which there is nothing in Gamelyn. Lodge tells us of

"Torismond, the King of France, who, having by force banished Gerismond, their lawful king, that lived as an outlaw in the forest of Arden, sought now by all means to keep the French busied with all sports that might breed their content.. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemn tournament, whereunto he in most solemn manner resorted, accompanied with the twelve peers of France, who, rather for fear than love, graced him with the show of their dutiful favours. To feed their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare and glistening objects, he had appointed his own daughter Alinda to be there, and the fair Rosalynd, daughter unto Gerismond, with all the beautiful damsels that were famous for their features in all France."

But after the tournament Lodge returns to his original; and we have a succession of contests of brute force between the younger and the elder brother, which Shakspere altogether rejects. Rosader, upon returning home with a troop of young gentlemen, is shut out of the house by his brother's order; but he kicks down the door, breaks open the buttery, and revels with his companions till they have despatched five tuns of wine in his brother's cellar. This is literally the story of Gamelyn; which has, however, the pleasant accompaniment of the young gentleman breaking the porter's neck and throwing him into a well seven hundred fathoms deep. These events are followed, both in the old tale and the novel, by the elder brother chaining the younger to a post in the middle of his hall, where he continues two or three days without meat. The story thus proceeds:—

"Which Adam Spencer, the old servant of Sir John of Bourdeaux, seeing, touched with the duty and love he ought to his old master, felt a remorse in his conscience of his son's mishap; and therefore, although Saladyne had given a general charge to his servants that none of them upon pain of death should give either meat or drink to Rosader, yet Adam Spencer in the night rose secretly, and brought him such victuals as he could provide, and unlocked him, and set him at liberty."

It was in Gamelyn that Lodge found Adam Spencer:—

"Then seide at last this Gamelyn
That stodè boundin strong,
Adam Spencer, methinkith that
I fastè al to long."

Gamelyn being released, he and Adam Spencer effect a considerable slaughter of the elder brother's friends, in which particular Lodge nowise hesitates to follow his original. Shakspere has avoided all this; and he has given us instead one of the most delightful of all his scenes. It is said that he played the character of Adam himself. Oldys tells a story of a relation of the poet,—an old man who lived after the restoration of Charles II.,—describing "the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping, and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song." This was unquestionably the Adam of As You Like It; and to us there is no tradition of Shakspere so pleasing as that in the following noble lines his lips uttered what his mind had conceived:—

"I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities."

The beauty of Rosalind, according to Lodge's novel, filling all men with her praises, makes the usurping king resolved to banish her. Her cousin defends her; and the despot banishes them both. We need scarcely point out how judiciously Shakspere has made Celia self-banished through her friendship. He has not varied the circumstances of their departure as related by Lodge:—

"Alinda grieved at nothing but that they might have no man in their company, saying, it would be their greatest prejudice in that two women went wandering without either guide or attendant. Tush (quoth Rosalynd), art thou a woman, and hast not a sudden shift to prevent a misfortune? I, thou seest, am of a tall stature, and would very well become the person and apparel of a page: thou shalt be my mistress, and I will play the man so properly, that (trust me) in what company soever I come I will not be discovered. I will buy me a suit, and have my rapier very handsomely at my side, and if any knave offer wrong, your page will show him the point of his weapon. At this Alinda smiled, and upon this they agreed, and presently gathered up all their jewels, which they trussed up in a casket, and Rosalynd in all haste provided her of robes; and Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd Ganimede, they travelled along the vineyards, and by many byways at last got to the forest side, where they travelled by the space of two or three days without seeing any creature, being often in danger of wild beasts, and pained with many passionate sorrows."

But where is Touchstone? We find him not in Lodge. Steevens tells us, "the characters of Jaques, the Clown, and Audrey, are entirely of the poet's own formation."

"Ay, now am I in Arden!" Touchstone thought that when he was at home he was in a better place. But *here is* the home of every true lover of poetry. What a world of exquisite images do Shakspere's pictures of this forest call up! He gives us no positive set descriptions, of trees, and flowers, and rivulets, and fountains,—such as we may cut out and paste into an album. But a touch here and there carries us into the heart of his living scenery. And so, whenever it is our happy lot to be wandering

"Under the shade of melancholy boughs,"

we think of the oak beneath which Jaques lay along,—

"whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;"

and of the dingle where Touchstone was with Audrey and her goats; and of the

"Sheepcote fenc'd about with olive-trees,"

where dwelt Rosalind and Celia; and of the hawthorns and brambles upon which Orlando hung odes and elegies. The description which Lodge gives us of Arden leaves no such impression; it is cold and classical, vague and elaborate:—

"With that they rose up, and marched forward till towards the even, and then coming into a fair valley (compassed with mountains, whereon grew many pleasant shrubs) they descried where two flocks of sheep did feed. Then, looking about, they might perceive where an old shepherd sat (and with him a young swain) under a covert most pleasantly situated. The ground where they sat was diapered with Flora's riches, as if she meant to wrap Tellus in the glory of her vestments; round about, in the form of an amphitheatre, were most curiously planted pine-trees, interseamed with lemons and citrons, which with the thickness of their boughs so shadowed the place, that Phœbus could not pry into the secret of that arbour; so united were the tops with so thick a closure, that Venus might there in her jollity have dallied unseen with her dearest paramour. Fast by (to make the place more gorgeous) was there a fount so crystalline and clear, that it seemed Diana with her Dryades and Hamadryades had that spring, as the secret of all their bathings. In this glorious arbour sat these two shepherds (seeing their sheep feed) playing on their pipes many pleasant tunes, and from music and melody falling into much amorous chat."

Nothing can more truly show how immeasurably superior was the art of Shakspere to the art of other poets than the comparison of such a description as this of Lodge with the incidental scene-painting of *his* forest of Arden. It has been truly and beautifully said of Shakspere,—"All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and, instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets—but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth."* But there are critics of another caste, who object to Shakspere's forest of Arden, situated, as they hold, "between the rivers Meuse and Moselle." They maintain that its geographical position ought to have been known by Shakspere; and that he is consequently most vehemently to be reprehended for imagining that a palm-tree could flourish, and a lioness be starving, in French Flanders. We most heartily wish that the critics would allow poetry to have its own geography. We do *not* want to know that Bohemia has no seaboard; we do *not* wish to have the island of Sycorax defined on the map; we do *not* require that our forest of Arden should be the *Arduenna Sylva* of Cæsar and Tacitus, and that its rocks should be "clay-slate, grauwacke-slate, grauwacke, conglomerate, quartz-rock, and quartzose sandstone." We are quite sure that Ariosto was thinking nothing of French Flanders when he described how

"two fountains grew,
Like in the taste, but in effects unlike,
Plac'd in Ardenna, each in other's view:
Who tastes the one, love's dart his heart doth strike
Contrary of the other dost ensue,
Who drinks thereof, their lovers shall mislike." †

We are equally sure that Shakspere *meant* to take his forest out of the region of the literal, when he assigned to it a palm-tree and a lioness. Lady Morgan tells us, "The forest of Ardennes smells of early English poetry. It has all the greenwood freshness of Shakspere's scenes; and it is scarcely possible to feel the truth and beauty of his exquisite As You Like It, without having loitered, as I have done, amidst its tangled glens and magnificent depths." ‡ We must venture to think that it was not necesary for Shakspere to visit the Ardennes to have described

"An old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity;"

and that, although his own Warwickshire Arden is now populous, and we no longer meet there a "desert inaccessible," there are fifty places in England where, with the As You Like It in hand, one might linger "from noon to dewy eve," and say, "Ay, now am I in Arden."

Shakspere, as it appears to us, has not only taken the geography of his Arden out of the real, but has in the same way purposely perplexed the chronology of his comedy. In Lodge's 'Rosalynd' the geography is somewhat *more* perplexed; for it is minute enough to belong apparently to the real.

* 'Edinburgh Review,' vol. xxviii.
† 'Orlando Furioso,' book i., stanza 78; Harrington's Translation.
‡ 'The Princess,' a novel, vol. iii., p. 207.

while it is essentially untrue. Adam and Rosader travel from Bourdeaux to the forest of Arden: "Rosader and Adam, knowing full well the secret ways that led through the vineyards, stole away privily through the province of Bourdeaux, and escaped safe to the forest of Arden." Secret or public, the ways must have been sufficiently wearisome which led completely across France from the Garonne to the Meuse. This is one of the many examples of the disregard of exactness which we find in Shakspere's contemporaries. But here the inexactness looks only like a blunder: in Shakspere's forest of Arden we have nothing definite, and therefore we readily pass into the imaginative. In the same way, Lodge presents us with King Gerismond and King Torismond, kings of France. Shakspere idealises these persons into *dukes*. We thus are thrown out of the limits of real history, unless we strain a point to come within those limits. We grant that this idealising is very perplexing to the stage representation of this and other plays; but it must be remembered that this perplexity arises from the altered condition of the stage itself. Its scenes must *now* be copied from nature; its dresses must *now* be true to a quarter of a century in the doublet and the hose. We do not object to this, *in its place;* and we hold that *when* the poet deals with the real it is our duty to follow him with the minutest scrupulosity. But with the same reverence for his guidance we maintain that, when he proclaims by tokens not to be mistaken that he has entered the regions of imagination, we are not to take him out of those regions and surround him with the boundaries of time and space. We therefore, however unwillingly, give Mr. Planché's directions for the *costume* of this comedy, as a note.* The view which Ulrici takes of the extent to which the ideal prevails in this comedy has our perfect concurrence:—"Separately nothing appears directly opposed to reality: no *super*-natural, or *un*natural beings or appearances. *Separately*, every character, situation, and incident, might belong to common actuality; it is only through the lions and serpents in a European forest that it is lightly indicated to us that we tread the soil of poetic fancy. And yet more distinctly does the entire play in its development,—the involutions and proportion of the parts to the whole,—the oneness of the relations and situations, the actions and circumstances,—render it clear that this drama is by no means intended as a representation of common actuality; but rather of life as seen from a peculiar and poetical point of view."

We have already said that the deviations which Shakspere made in the conduct of his story, from the original presented to him in Lodge's 'Rosalynd,' furnish a most remarkable example of the wonderful superiority of his art as compared with the art of other men. But the *additions* which he has made to the story of 'Rosalynd' evince even a higher power: they grow out of his surpassing philosophy. To this quality Lodge sets up no pretensions. When the younger brother of the novelist has fled from his home with his faithful servant—when his Rosalynd and Alinda have been banished from the court—they each enter into the pastoral life with all imaginable prettiness; and there in the forests wild they encounter *native* pastoral lovers, and a dethroned king and his free companions leading the hunter's life without care or retrospection. Alinda and Rosalynd have now become Aliena and Ganimede; and when they sojourn in the forest they find the verses of despairing shepherds graven upon tall beech-trees, and hear interminable eclogues recited between Montanus and Coridon. How closely Shakspere follows the *incidents* of his original may be gathered from the address of Lodge's Aliena to one of these poetical swains:—

"Therefore let this suffice, gentle shepherd: my distress is as great as my travail is dangerous, and I wander in this forest to light on some cottage where I and my page may dwell: for I mean to buy some farm, and a flock of sheep, and so become a shepherdess, meaning to live low, and content me with a country life; for I have heard the swains say that they drank without suspicion, and slept without care. Marry, mistress, quoth Coridon, if you mean so you came in good time, for my landlord intends to sell both the farm I till and the flock I keep, and cheap you may have them for ready money: and for a shepherd's life (oh, mistress!) did you but live awhile in their content, you would say the court were rather a place of sorrow than of solace. Here, mistress, shall not fortune thwart you, but in mean misfortunes, as the loss of a few sheep, which, as it breeds no beggary, so it can be no extreme prejudice: the next year may mend all with a fresh increase. Envy stirs not us, we covet not to climb, our desires mount not above our degrees, nor our thoughts above our fortunes. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor do our homely couches know broken slumbers: as we exceed not in diet, so we have enough to satisfy; and, mistress, I have so much Latin, satis est quod sufficit.

"By my truth, shepherd (quoth Aliena), thou makest me in love with your country life, and therefore send for thy landlord, and I will buy thy farm and thy flocks, and thou shalt still under me be overseer of them

* See page 201.

both: only for pleasure sake I and my page will serve you, lead the flocks to the field, and fold them. Thus will I live quiet, unknown, and contented."

Again, when Rosader and Adam entered the forest and in their extremity of distress encounter the merry company of banished courtiers, we have the exact prototype of the *action* of Orlando and Adam of Shakspere :—

"Rosader, full of courage (though very faint), rose up, and wished A. Spencer to sit there till his return; for my mind gives me, quoth he, I shall bring thee meat. With that, like a madman, he rose up, and ranged up and down the woods, seeking to encounter some wild beast with his rapier, that either he might carry his friend Adam food, or else pledge his life in pawn for his loyalty. It chanced that day that Gerismond, the lawful King of France, banished by Torismond, who with a lusty crew of outlaws lived in that forest, that day in honour of his birth made a feast to all his bold yeomen, and frolicked it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table under the shadow of lemon-trees. To that place by chance fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crew of brave men, having store of that for want of which he and Adam perished, he stepped boldly to the board's end, and saluted the company thus :—

"Whatsoever thou be that art master of these lusty squires, I salute thee as graciously as a man in extreme distress may: know that I and a fellow friend of mine are here famished in the forest for want of food: perish we must, unless relieved by thy favours. Therefore, if thou be a gentleman, give meat to men, and to such as are every way worthy of life. Let the proudest squire that sits at thy table rise and encounter with me in any honourable point of activity whatsoever, and if he and thou prove me not a man, send me away comfortless. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amongst you with my sword; for rather will I die valiantly, than perish with so cowardly an extreme. Gerismond, looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a gentleman in so bitter a passion, was moved with so great pity, that, rising from the table, he took him by the hand and bade him welcome, willing him to sit down in his place, and in his room not only to eat his fill, but be lord of the feast. Gramercy, sir (quoth Rosader), but I have a feeble friend that lies hereby famished almost for food, aged, and therefore less able to abide the extremity of hunger than myself, and dishonour it were for me to taste one crumb before I made him partner of my fortunes: therefore I will run and fetch him, and then I will gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tells him the news, who was glad of so happy fortune, but so feeble he was that he could not go; whereupon Rosader got him up on his back, and brought him to the place."

Exact, also, is the resemblance between the Rosader of Lodge, wandering about and carving on a tree "a pretty estimate of his mistress's perfections," and the Orlando of Shakspere, who in the same manner records

"The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she."

Literal is the copy, too, we have in Shakspere, of the *situations* of the lovers when Rosalind passes with Orlando as the merry page :—

"As soon as they had taken their repast, Rosader, giving them thanks for his good cheer, would have been gone; but Ganimede, that was loth to let him pass out of her presence, began thus :—Nay, forester, quoth she, if thy business be not the greater, seeing thou sayest thou art so deeply in love, let me see how thou canst woo. I will represent Rosalynde, and thou shalt be as thou art, Rosader. See in some amorous eclogue, how if Rosalynde were present, how thou couldst court her; and while we sing of love Aliena shall tune her pipe and play us melody. Content, quoth Rosader; and Aliena, she, to show her willingness, drew forth a recorder, and began to wind it."

Far different, however, is the *characterisation* arising out of these similar circumstances. Lodge gives us a "wooing eclogue betwixt Rosalynd and Rosader;" wherein the *lover* thus swears in the good heroic vein :—

'First let the heavens conspire to pull me down,
And heaven and earth as abject quite refuse me;
Let sorrows stream about my hateful bower,
And retchless horror hatch within my breast;
Let beauty's eye afflict me with a lower,
Let deep despair pursue me without rest,
Ere Rosalynde my loyalty disprove,
Ere Rosalynde accuse me for unkind."

The *beloved* of Shakspere uses no such holiday vows; but is contented with, "By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous." It is the wit and vivacity of Rosalind, opposed to the poetical earnestness of Orlando, that prevents the

pastoral from sliding into the ridiculous, as it has always a tendency to do. The same art is again shown in the management of the incident of Phebe's love for Ganymede. Lodge thus presents it to us:—

"Ganimede, overhearing all these passions of Montanus, could not brook the cruelty of Phœbe, but, starting from behind a bush, said, And if, damsel, you fled from me, I would transform you as Daphne to a bay, and then in contempt trample your branches under my feet. Phœbe, at this sudden reply, was amazed, especially when she saw so fair a swain as Ganimede; blushing, therefore, she would have home gone, but that he held her by the hand, and prosecuted his reply thus: What, shepherdess, so fair and so cruel? Disdain beseems not cottages, nor coyness maids; for either they be condemned to be too proud, or too froward. Take heed, fair nymph, that in despising love you be not overreached with love, and, in shaking off all, shape yourself to your own shadow, and so with Narcissus prove passionate and yet unpitied. Oft have I heard, and sometime have I seen, high disdain turned to hot desires. Because thou art beautiful be not so coy: as there is nothing more fair, so there is nothing more fading: as momentary as the shadows which grow from a cloudy sun. Such, my fair shepherdess, as disdain in youth desire in age, and then are they hated in the winter that might have been loved in the prime. A wrinkled maid is like to a parched rose, that is cast up in coffers to please the smell, not worn in the hand to content the eye. There is no folly in love to—had I wist? and therefore be ruled by me, love while thou art young, lest thou be disdained when thou art old. Beauty nor time cannot be recalled, and if thou love, like of Montanus; for if his desires are many, so his deserts are great.

"Phœbe all this while gazed on the perfection of Ganimede, as deeply enamoured of his perfection as Montanus inveigled with hers: for her eye made survey of his excellent feature, which she found so rare, that she thought the ghost of Adonis had leapt from Elisium in the shape of a swain."

Compare this with the fifth scene of the third act of As You Like It:—

"Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:—Od 's my little life!
I think, she means to tangle my eyes too:—
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 'T is such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her;—
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:"

It is unnecessary for us to pursue this parallel farther. Shakspere follows Lodge, with scarcely a deviation, *in the conduct of his story.* We have the same incidents of the elder brother's exile,—his rescue from a savage beast by the courage of the brother he had injured,—and his passion for the banished daughter of the usurping king. We have, of course, the same discovery of Rosalind to her father, and the same happy marriage of the princesses with their lovers, as well as that of the coy shepherdess with her shepherd. The catastrophe, however, is different. The usurping king of Lodge comes out with a mighty army to fight his rebellious peers,—when the sojourners in the forest join the battle, the usurper is slain, and the rightful king restored. Shakspere manages the matter after a milder fashion:—

"Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd."

Dr. Johnson does not entirely disapprove of this arrangement; but he thinks that Shakspere lost a fit occasion for a serious discourse: "By hastening to the end of this work, Shakspere suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers." Shakspere, we venture to imagine, hastened to the end of his work, as his work was naturally approaching its conclusion. His philosophy, according to his usual practice, accompanies his action; and he does not reserve his moral till the end. To him it can never be objected, "What tedious homily have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, Have patience, good people!" His "moral lesson" is to be collected out of his incidents and his characters. Perhaps there is no play more full of real moral lessons than As You Like It. What in Lodge was a pastoral replete with quaintness, and antithesis, and pedantry, and striving after effect, becomes in Shakspere an imaginative drama, in which the real is blended with the poetical in such intimate union, that the highest poetry appears to be as essentially natural as the most familiar gossip; and the loftiest philosophy is interwoven with the occurrences of every-day life, so as to teach us that there is a philosophical aspect of the commonest things. It is this spirit which informs *his* forest of Arden with such life, and truth, and beauty, as belongs to no other representation of pastoral scenes; which takes us into the depths of solitude, and shows us how the feelings of social life alone can give us

> "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything;"

which builds a throne for intellect "under the greenwood tree," and there, by *characteristic* satire, gently indicates to us the vanity of the things which bind us to the *world;* whilst he teaches us that *life* has its happiness in the cultivation of the affections,—in content and independence of spirit. It was by a process such as this that the novel of Lodge was changed into the comedy of Shakspere. The amalgamation of Jaques and Touchstone with Orlando and Rosalind is one of the most wonderful efforts of originality in the whole compass of poetical creation.

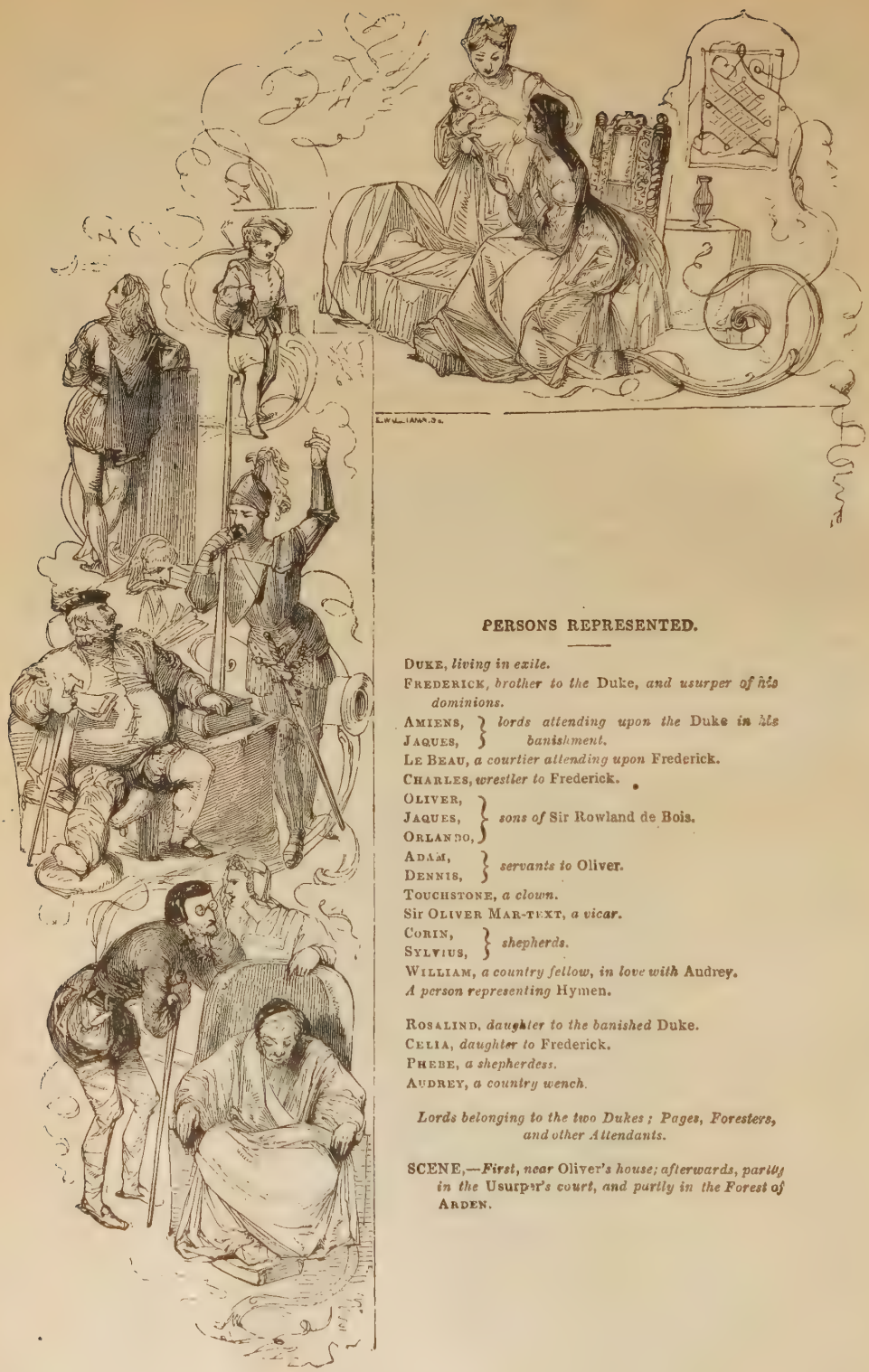
[Cross at West-Cheap.]

NOTE ON THE THEATRICAL COSTUME OF AS YOU LIKE IT.

Although Shakspere has not given a name either to the duchy in which the scene is laid, or the duke who has been deprived of it, we have one point to guide us in our selection of the costume of this exquisite comedy,—namely, the circumstance of an independent duchy in France. The action must therefore be supposed to take place before the union of the great fiefs to the crown, and consequently not later than the reign of Louis XII., whose marriage with Anne of Brittany incorporated that last and most independent province with the royal dominions. Illuminations of the reign of Charles VIII., the immediate predecessor of Louis XII., have been elsewhere suggested * as furnishing a picturesque and appropriate costume for the usurping duke and his courtiers, and a MS. in the Royal Library at Paris (Rondeaux Chants Royal, No. 6989) as supplying the hunting dress of the time.† Many of the former are engraved in Montfaucon's 'Monarchie Française,' and some figures from the latter will be found in Mons. Willemin's superb work, 'Monumens inédites, &c.' The dress of a shepherd of this period may be found in Pynson's 'Shepherd's Kalendar:' and the splendid Harleian MS., No. 4425, presents us with the ordinary habits of an ecclesiastic when not clad in the sacred vestments of his office or order.

The late Mr. Douce, in his admirable dissertation on the clowns of Shakspere, has made the following remarks on the dress of this character:—"Touchstone is the domestic fool of Frederick, the duke's brother, and belongs to the class of witty or allowed fools. He is threatened with the whip, a mode of chastisement which was often inflicted on these motley personages. His dress should be a party-coloured garment. He should occasionally carry a bauble in his hand and wear ape's ears to his hood, which is probably the head dress intended by Shakespeare, there being no allusion whatever to a cock's head or comb."

* 'Costume of Shakespear's Comedy of As You Like It, by J. R. Planché.' 12mo., London, 1825.
† See also 'Modus le Roy. Livre de Chasse.' Folio, Chambery, 1486.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE, *living in exile.*
FREDERICK, *brother to the* Duke, *and usurper of his dominions.*
AMIENS, } *lords attending upon the* Duke *in his*
JAQUES, } *banishment.*
LE BEAU, *a courtier attending upon* Frederick.
CHARLES, *wrestler to* Frederick.
OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } *sons of* Sir Rowland de Bois.
ORLANDO, }
ADAM, } *servants to* Oliver.
DENNIS, }
TOUCHSTONE, *a clown.*
Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT, *a vicar.*
CORIN, } *shepherds.*
SYLVIUS, }
WILLIAM, *a country fellow, in love with* Audrey.
A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, *daughter to the banished* Duke.
CELIA, *daughter to* Frederick.
PHEBE, *a shepherdess.*
AUDREY, *a country wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foresters, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—*First, near* Oliver's *house; afterwards, partly in the* Usurper's *court, and partly in the Forest of* ARDEN.

[Scene I. 'Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?']

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Orchard, near* Oliver's *House.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poor a thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well:[a] and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays[b] me here at home unkept. For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth: for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance[a] seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines[b] my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this ser-

a We print this passage as in the original—the folio of 1623. It has been subjected to various alterations. In the folio of 1632 "*poor a*" is changed to "*a poor.*" The speaker is quoting the will; and *poor* is the adjective to *a thousand crowns.* If the bequest had been *two* thousand the change would not have been made; *a* is *one.* The variorum editors must also change the easy conversational tone to a very precise mode of expression; and so they read—"As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion. *He* bequeathed me by will but *a poor* thousand crowns, and as thou say'st charged my brother," &c. The *allusive* construction is justified by "as thou say'st."

b *Stays*—detains.

a *His countenance*—his behaviour—his bearing; or, as Mr. Walker suggests, "the style of living which he allows me;" in which sense the word is used by Selden.

b *Mines*—undermines—seeks to destroy.

vitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?[a]

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

Oli. What mar you, then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile[b]

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him[c] I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.[d]

[a] *What* make *you here?* We have the same play upon the word, between the King and Costard, in Love's Labour's Lost, Act iv., Sc. iii.:—

"*King.* What *makes* treason here?
Cost. Nay, it *makes* nothing, sir."

[b] *Be naught awhile.* In Ben Jonson's 'Tale of a Tub' we have—

"Peace and *be naught!* I think the woman's phrensic." In his 'Bartholomew Fair' we find, "Leave the bottle behind you, and *be curst awhile.*" There are many examples in the old dramatists which clearly show that *be naught* or be *nought* was a petty malediction; and thus Oliver says no more than—be better employed, and be hang'd to you. This is the substance of Gifford's sensible note upon the passage in 'Bartholomew Fair.' Orlando receives be *naught* in the sense of be dissipated; and refers to the parable of the Prodigal Son.

[c] *Him* in the original. The ordinary reading is *he.* It is mere pedantry to *correct*, as the phrase is, these grammatical errors in the use of the personal pronoun.

[d] When Orlando says "nearer to his *reverence*," Oliver is offended by the sarcastic employment of a word which is used to denote the condition of an aged man—as in Much Ado About Nothing, "Knavery cannot hide himself in such *reverence.*" He retorts by calling Orlando "*boy*;" upon which the younger either seizes him, or makes a threatening movement towards the after seizure, in vindication of his manhood.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain:[a] I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains; Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentlemanlike qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word. [*Exeunt* Orlando *and* Adam.

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit* Dennis.]—'T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and

[a] *Villain.* We have here the two meanings of the word. Oliver uses it in the sense of worthless fellow; Orlando in that of one of mean birth—the original sense.

three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden,[a] and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.[1]

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but, should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow I'll give him his payment: If ever he go alone again I'll never wrestle for prize more: And so, God keep your worship! [*Exit.*

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester:[a] I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never schooled and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly[b] beloved;[2] and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle[c] the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Lawn before the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Rosalind *and* Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier?[d] Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath

[a] See Introductory Notice.

[a] *Gamester*—adventurer at this *game.*

[b] *Enchantingly*—beloved, of all ranks, to a degree that looks like enchantment.

[c] *Kindle*—instigate. In Macbeth we have, "*enkindle* you unto the crown."

[d] *I were merrier. I*, omitted in the original, was added by Pope.

taken away from thy father, perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour I will; and when I break that oath let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see;—what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.[a]

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'T is true: for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favour'dly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Touchstone.

Cel. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire? Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiving[b] our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.[c]—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.[a]

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is 't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel.[b] My father's love is enough to honour him enough: speak no more of him; you 'll be whipp'd for taxation,[c] one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes monsieur Le Beau.

Enter Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour*, monsieur Le Beau: What 's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

a Cleopatra, in the presence of the dying Antony, uses the same image:—

"Let me rail so high,
That the *false housewife, Fortune, break her wheel.*"
Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV., Sc. XII.

b *Perceiving.* This is the reading of the second folio; the first has *perceiveth.* Malone reads "*and* sent."

c *The wits.* So the original copies;—in some modern editions we have the arbitrary change of *his* wits. The propriety of the original meaning is obvious—*our* whetstone, *the* wits.

a When Richard III. (Act IV., Sc. IV.) swears "by my George, my garter, and my crown," Queen Elizabeth says he swears "by nothing: *for this is no oath.*"

b Celia asks a question, to which the clown replies. The usurping duke in the last scene is called duke *Frederick:* In the original this speech is given to Rosalind; but we have to choose between two mistakes—either that Shakspere in the last act forgot the name of the duke of the first act, or that the printer gave a speech of Celia to Rosalind. We prefer to regulate the text upon the minor error.

c *Taxation*—satire, taxing people with follies.

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.[a]

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank.

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze[b] me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—

Ros. With bills on their necks,—'Be it known unto all men by these presents,'——[c]

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us now stay and see it.

a *Laid on with a trowel*—coarsely. A gross flatterer is still said to lay it on with a trowel.

b *Amaze*—confuse.

c It has been suggested that "with bills on their necks" should be spoken by Le Beau. The "bills" would then be the war-bills or the forest-bills. The double meaning may be as naturally employed by Rosalind, in giving the whole speech to her, as in the original.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, *and Attendants.*

Duke F. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege; so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man.[a] In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by.

[Duke *goes apart*

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess[b] calls for you.

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment,[c] the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything.[d] But let your fair eyes and gentle

a *Odds in the man.* So the folio; in modern editions, *men.* The meaning would appear to be, the challenger is unequal. There is much difference of opinion on this point. *Odds* is used by Butler in the sense of superiority.

b *The princess*, in the folio. The ordinary reading is the *princesses.* When Orlando answers I attend *them*, he looks towards Celia and Rosalind, but Celia only has called him.

c *Your eyes*, &c. It has been proposed to read *our* eyes and *our* judgment. But Dr. Johnson interprets the passage according to the original: if you used your own eyes to *see*, or your own judgment to know *yourself*, the fear of your adventure would counsel you.

d Some would read *herein*, some *therein.* M. Mason says, "the hard thoughts that he complains of are the apprehensions expressed by the ladies of his not being able to contend with the wrestler." Hard thoughts! The tender interest which the ladies take in his safety to be

wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after:[a] you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

[Charles *and* Orlando *wrestle.*

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[Charles *is thrown. Shout.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away.

[Charles *is borne out.*

What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke* Fred., *Train, and* Le Beau

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that calling,[a]
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd;
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly as you have exceeded all promise,[b]
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me,—one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.[3]

Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:
I'll ask him what he would:—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you:—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Rosalind *and* Celia.

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Re-enter Le Beau.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you

called hard thoughts—to be complained of? Surely the meaning is, punish me not with your hard thoughts *because* I confess me much guilty to deny what you ask. *Wherein* is decidedly used in the sense of *in that.*

[a] *An*, proposed by Theobald, is also a conjecture of the Cambridge editors, with a comma following *after.* They think the MS. may have been *Orl. An* (or *And*) mistaken by the printer for *Orland.*

[a] *Calling*—name.

[b] *But justly*, &c. In the degree that you have gone beyond all expectation: but *as* justly.

To leave this place: Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the duke's condition,[a]
That he misconsters all that you have done.
The duke is humorous;[b] what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than I[c] to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir; and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the shorter[d] is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well;
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well! [*Exit* Le Beau.
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Celia *and* Rosalind.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy!—not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me: come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my father's child:[e] O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly;[a] yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?[b]

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger

Enter Duke Frederick, *with* Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,

a *Condition*—temper.
b *Humorous*—capricious.
c *I.* So the original. In some modern copies it is corrected to *me.*
d *The shorter.* The original has *the taller;* but the reading is certainly erroneous, for in the next scene Rosalind describes herself as "more than common *tall,*" and in the fourth act Oliver describes Celia as "*low.*" Malone would read *smaller;* but we prefer Pope's correction of *shorter.* Shakspere uses *short* with reference to a woman—"Leonato's *short* daughter" (Much Ado about Nothing).
e *My father's child.* In the original, *my child's father.*

This is interpreted by Theobald, "for him whom I hope to marry," who will be the father of my children. We have ventured to alter the text as it was altered by Rowe and other of the early editors; the change being adopted by Mr. Collier and Mr. Dyce. But it must be observed that what Coleridge calls "a most indelicate anticipation" is in harmony with other passages. The two girls speak freely to each other, but "in the way of honesty," Rosalind desires Orlando for a *husband,* and to her cousin she may well enough think of him as her child's father.
a *Dearly*—extremely.
b *Hate him not, for my sake.*
Cel *Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?*
Caldecott's interpretation of this passage is as follows:—"Upon a principle stated by yourself; 'because my father hated his father, does he not well deserve by me *to be hated?*' while Rosalind, taking the words simply, and without any reference, replies, 'Let me love him for that;' *i. e.* for that *he well deserves.*"

Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay,
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;[a]
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
When she is gone: then open not thy lips;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have passed upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool:—You, niece, provide yourself;
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke* Frederick *and* Lords.

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin,—
Prithee, be cheerful; know'st thou not the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee[a] that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your charge[b] upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.[c]

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face,
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a swashing[d] and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

[a] *Remorse*—compassion.

[a] Warburton would read, and we think he has reason, "which teacheth *me*." Johnson defends the original reading of *thee*. He says, "where would be the absurdity of saying, You know not the law which teaches you to do right?"

[b] *Charge*—in the first folio, *change;* corrected in the second.

[c] All the ordinary reprints of the text are here mutilated by one of Steevens' hateful *corrections*. In them we read,—because "*we* have been *already informed* by Charles the wrestler that the banished Duke's residence was in the forest of Arden,"—

"*Ros.* Why, whither shall we go?
Cel. To seek my uncle."

And so the two poor ladies are to go forth to seek the banished Duke through the wide world, and to meet with him at last by chance, because Steevens holds that this indication of their knowledge of the place of his retreat is injurious to the measure."

[d] *Swashing.* To *swash* is make a noise of swords against targets. In Romeo and Juliet we have "the *swashing* blow."

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight: Now go in we content,[a]
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *In we content.* This is the reading of the first folio; that of the second, *we in content.* Malone holds *content* to be a substantive, in the reading of the second folio. Adopting the original reading, we must receive it as an adjective.

['To liberty, and not to banishment.']

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.*"

IN a foot-note to the first scene of Act II. we have explained our reasons for adopting the belief that Shakspere, in his dramatic representations of the mode of life in the forest of Arden, had especial regard to an imaginary state of ease and content, such as is described to have belonged to the golden age. We subjoin a passage from Fanshawe's translation of Guarini's 'Pastor Fido,' which illustrates the text, and in some degree confirms our general opinion :—

"Fair Golden Age! when milk was th' only food,
And cradle of the infant world the wood
Rock'd by the winds; and th' untouch'd flocks did bear
Their dear young for themselves! None yet did fear
The sword or poison: no black thoughts begun
T' eclipse the light of the eternal sun:
Nor wandring pines unto a foreign shore
Or war, or riches (a worse mischief), bore.
That pompous sound, idol of vanity,
Made up of title, pride, and flattery,
Which they call honour whom ambition blinds,
Was not as yet the tyrant of our minds.
But to buy real goods with honest toil
Amongst the woods and flocks, to use no guile,
Was honour to those sober souls that knew
No happiness but what from virtue grew."

[2] SCENE I.—"*Of all sorts enchantingly beloved.*"

We subjoin a note of Coleridge, which is conceived in his usual inquiring spirit, and is therefore worthy of consideration :—

"It is too venturous to charge a passage in Shakspeare with want of truth to nature; and yet at first sight this speech of Oliver's expresses truths which it seems almost impossible that any mind should so distinctly, so livelily, and so voluntarily, have presented to itself in connexion with feelings and intentions so malignant and so contrary to those which the qualities expressed would naturally have called forth. But I dare not say that this seeming unnaturalness is not in the nature of an abused wilfulness, when united with a strong intellect. In such characters there is sometimes a gloomy self-gratification in making the absoluteness of the will (sit pro ratione voluntas!) evident to themselves by setting the reason and the conscience in full array against it."—Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 116.

[3] SCENE II. . . . "*My better parts*
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up
Is but a QUINTAIN, *a mere lifeless block.*"

The origin and use of the *quintain* are thus described in the 'Pictorial History of England:'—"A pole or spear was set upright in the ground, with a shield strongly bound to it, and against this the youth tilted with his lance in full career, endeavouring to burst the ligatures of the shield, and bear it to the earth. A steady aim and a firm seat were acquired from this exercise, a severe fall being often the consequence of failure in the attempt to strike down the shield. This, however, at the best, was but a monotonous exercise, and therefore the pole, in process of time, was supplanted by the more stimulating *figure of a misbelieving Saracen*, armed at all points, and brandishing a formidable wooden sabre. The puppet moved freely upon a pivot or spindle, so that, unless it was struck with lance adroitly in the centre of the face or breast, it rapidly revolved, and the sword, in consequence, smote the back of the assailant in his career, amidst the laughter of the spectators." The *lifeless block* is clearly an allusion to the *wooden man* thus described. The quintain was, however, often formed only of a broad plank on one side of the pivot, with a sandbag suspended on the other side.

['A poor sequester'd stag.']

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of* Arden.

Enter Duke *senior*, AMIENS, *and other Lords, in the dress of Foresters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam.
The seasons' difference,—as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery,—these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.[a]
Sweet are the uses of adversity;

[a] In this celebrated passage we have restored the old reading:—

'Here feel we *not* the penalty of Adam."

In every modern edition, except that of Mr. Caldecott, the reading is—

"Here feel we *but* the penalty of Adam."

The change of *not* to *but* was made by Theobald, who says, "What was the penalty of Adam hinted at by our poet? The being sensible of the difference of the seasons. The Duke says—the cold and effects of the winter feelingly persuade him what he is. How does he *not* then feel the penalty?" Boswell—and Caldecott agrees with him—replies, "Surely the old reading is right. Here we feel *not*, do *not* suffer from, the penalty of Adam, the seasons' difference; for when the winter's wind blows upon my body, I *smile*, and say—." But whilst restoring *not*, we do not assent to this interpretation; and, following a suggestion of Mr. Whiter, we have pointed the passage very differently from the usual mode; for, we ask again, what is "the penalty of Adam?" All the commentators say, "the seasons' differ-

Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;[1]
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,[a]
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Ami. I would not change it: Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me[b] the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this desert city,—
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads[a]
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 *Lord.* O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless[b] stream;
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much.'[c] Then being there alone,[d]
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friend;[e]
'Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company.' Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'

ence." On the contrary, it was, "*In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.*" Milton represents the repentant Adam as thus interpreting the penalty:—

"On me the curse aslope
Glanced on the ground; *with labour I must earn*
My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse."

The beautiful passage in Cowper's 'Task,' describing the Thresher, will also occur to the reader:—

"See him sweating o'er his bread
Before he eats it. 'Tis *the primal curse*,
But soften'd into mercy; made the pledge
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan."

"*The seasons' difference,*" it must be remembered, was ordained *before* the fall, and *was in no respect a penalty.* We may therefore reject the received interpretation. But how could the Duke say, receiving the passage in the sense we have suggested,

"Here feel we *not* the penalty of Adam?"

In the first act, Charles the wrestler, describing the Duke and his co-mates, says, they "fleet the time carelessly as they did in the *golden world.*" One of the characteristics of the golden world is thus described by Daniel:—

"Oh! happy golden age!
Not for that rivers ran
With streams of milk, and honey dropp'd from trees;
Not that the earth did gage
Unto the husbandman
Her voluntary fruits, free without fees."

The song of Amiens in the fifth scene of this act conveys, we think, the same allusion—

"Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets."

The exiled courtiers led a life without toil—a life in which they were contented with a little—and they were thus exempt from "the penalty of Adam." We close, therefore, the sentence at "Adam." "The seasons' difference" is now the antecedent of "these are counsellors;"—the freedom of construction common to Shakspere and the poets of his time fully warranting this acceptation of the reading. In this way, the Duke says, the differences of the seasons are counsellors that teach me what I am;—as, for example, the winter's wind—which when it blows upon my body, I smile, and say, this is no flattery. We may add that, immediately following the lines we have quoted from the Paradise Lost, Adam alludes to the "seasons' difference," but in no respect as part of the curse—

"With labour I must earn
My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse;
My labour will sustain me; and lest cold
Or heat should injure us, his timely care
Hath unbesought provided, and his hands
Cloth'd us unworthy, pitying while He judg'd.
How much more, if we pray Him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pity incline,
And teach us further by what means to shun
Th' inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow."
Book x.

[a] This is an amplification of a thought in Sidney's 'Arcadia:' "Thus both trees and each thing else be the books to a fancy."

[b] *Irks me.* This active use of the verb *irk* has become obsolete, although it is used by as recent an author as Hoole. The meaning is obvious from the adjective, which we still retain, *irksome.*

[a] *Forked heads*—the heads of barbed arrows.

[b] *Needless*—needing not.

[c] So, in the Lover's Complaint,

"In a river—
Upon whose weeping margin she was set,
Like usury, applying wet to wet."

[d] *Then being there alone.* So the folio of 1623. The second folio reads, "then being alone," which of course becomes the received reading. It is wonderful how soon after Shakspere's death his verse offered an opportunity for the tampering of those who did not understand it. The twelve-syllable verse, sparingly introduced, imparts a singularly dramatic freedom to the poetry, and makes the regular metre more beautiful from the variety.

[e] *Friend.* The ordinary reading is *friends.* Whiter here observes, "the singular is often used for the plural with a sense more abstracted, and therefore in many instances more poetical."—'Specimen of a Commentary,' 8vo 1794, p. 15.

MELANCHOLY JAQUES.

A Lord. . . . "The brook that brawls along this wood.
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag
Did come to languish."

As you Like it. Act ii., sc. 1.

Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: swearing, that we
Are more usurpers, tyrants, and what 's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,[a]
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.[b]

Duke S. Show me the place;
I love to cope[c] him in these sullen fits,
For then he 's full of matter.

2 *Lord.* I 'll bring you to him straight.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Duke Frederick, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 *Lord.* My lord, the roynish[d] clown, at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I 'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail[a]
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before* Oliver's *House.*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam, *meeting.*

Orl. Who 's there?

Adam. What! my young master!—O, my gentle master,
O, my sweet master, O you memory
Of old sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony priser of the humorous duke?[b]
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what 's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son; I will not call him son—
Of him I was about to call his father,)—
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place,[c] this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

a *Kill them up.* In the same way Shakspere has "flatter up,"—"stifle up,"—"poisons up."

b *Sobbing deer.* This dwelling upon the image of the "weeping" stag, and his "big round tears," shows how Shakspere saw the poetry of this popular belief, derived from antiquity, more completely than other writers. The ancient naturalist Bartholomæus says,—"When the hart is arered (followed close) he fleeth to a ryver or ponde, and roreth, cryeth, and wepeth when he is take." The tame stag wounded by Ascanius (Virgil, Æneid, vii.) has been referred to by the commentators as suggesting this passage:—

"Saucius at quadrupes nota intra tecta refugit,
Successitque gemens stabulis; quæstuque, cruentus,
Atque imploranti similis, tectum omne replevit."

We have here "the groans" but not "the tears." Drayton makes the same use of the popular belief as Shakspere:—

"The hunter coming in to help his wearied hounds
He desperately assails; until oppress'd by force,
He, who the mourner is to his own dying corse,
Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall."
(Poly-Olbion. Song 13.)

c *Cope.*—encounter.

d *Roynish*—literally, mangy—the French *rogneux*. In the same manner we still say, a *scurvy* fellow.

a *Quail*—slacken.

b *Bony priser.* In the original, *bonnie priser.* We are willing to receive the correction of Warburton, *bony;* which is supported by the epithet "*big-boned* traitor" in Henry VI.

c *Place.* M. Mason interprets this, *no place for you.* Steevens' explanation is a *seat*, a *mansion.* But there could be no sense in saying, this is no house—place—mansion; this *house* is but a butchery. It is clearly—this is no abiding place.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood,[a] and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood:
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:
But come thy ways, we'll go along together:
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years[b] till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore, it is too late a week:[c]
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*

[a] *A diverted blood.* Caldecott explains this, as, "affections alienated and turned out of their natural course; as a stream of water is said to be *diverted.*"

[b] The original folios read *seventy.* That it must have been a misprint is evident from the next line but one.

[c] *Too late a week*—an indefinite period, but still a short period—*somewhat* too late.

SCENE IV.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter Rosalind *in boy's clothes,* Celia *dress'd like a Shepherdess, and* Touchstone.

Ros. O Jupiter! how merry are my spirits![a]

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I should bear no cross[b] if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now I am in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter Corin *and* Silvius.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As sure I think did never man love so,)
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then never love so heartily:
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

[a] *Merry.* Modern editors read *weary;* and one objects to the restoration of the original text, and to Mr. Whiter's suggestion that Rosalind's merriment was *assumed* as well as her dress. Rosalind, as we learn as she continues her speech, *assumes* a *courageous* bearing as well as a *merry* one, when she addresses Celia.

[b] *Cross*—a piece of money stamped with a cross.

Thou hast not lov'd: O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!
[*Exit* Silvius.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine: I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming anight to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batler,[a] and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom[b] I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said, with weeping tears, 'Wear these for my sake.' We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.[c]

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla; you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he 's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say:—
Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed:
Here 's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying anything.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold:
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.
[*Exeunt.*

a *Batt r*—the bat used in washing linen in a stream.

b *From whom*—from his mistress. He took from her two peascods—that is, two pods. We find the pod or cod of the pea used as an ornament in the robe of Richard II., in his monument in Westminster Abbey.

c *Mortal in folly*—extremely foolish,—from *mort*, a provincial word for a great quantity.

SCENE V.—*The same.*

Enter Amiens, Jaques, *and others.*

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn[a] his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs: More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged;[b] I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing: Come, more; another stanza; Call you them stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing:[2] Will you sing?

a *Turn*—modulate. The modern reading is *tune*.

b *Ragged*—broken, discordant. The term was used for anything wanting in propriety. In Shakspere's Lucrece we have—

"Thy smoothing titles to a *ragged* name."

Ragged verses were inharmonious verses.

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover[a] the while; the duke will drink under this tree: —he hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable[b] for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [*All together here.*
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme;[3]
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that *ducdàme?*

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.[c]

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: If this uncouth forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable,[a] hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerly: and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The same.*

A table set out. Enter Duke *senior,* AMIENS, *Lords, and others.*

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence;
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact[b] of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:—
Go, seek him; tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 *Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, now now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world:
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I: 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune:'
And then he drew a dial from his poke;[4]
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:

[a] *Cover*—set out the table.
[b] *Disputable*—disputations.
[c] *The first-born of Egypt.* Johnson explains this as a proverbial expression for high born persons.

[a] *Be comfortable*—become susceptible of comfort.
[b] *Compact*—compounded, made up of.

Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:
'T is but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after one hour more, 't will be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley 's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier;
And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit:[a]
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh: And why, sir, must they so?
The why is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
[Not to[b]] seem senseless of the bob:[c] if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?[a]

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's[a] very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name
When that I say, The city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery[b] is not on my cost,
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; How then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him:[5] if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing[c] like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, *with his sword drawn.*

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress;
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture.[d] But forbear, I say;
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

a *Suit*—request. Rosalind plays in the same way upon the word: "Not out of your *apparel*, but out of your *suit*."

b *Not to.* These words are not in the original, but were added by Theobald. We cannot dispense with them, unless we adopt Whiter's ingenious but somewhat forced punctuation:—

"He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth, very foolishly although he smart,
Seem senseless of the bob."

c *Bob*—rap.

a *Wearer's.* The original has "*weary* very." We have adopted Mr. Singer's ingenious and satisfactory alteration.

b *Bravery*—finery.

c *Taxing*—censure, reproach.

d *Nurture*—education.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.
Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 't is to pity and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.
Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command[a] what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.
Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils,[b] age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.
Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.
Orl. I thank ye: and be bless'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*
Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.[c]
Jaq. All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: and then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like a pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: and then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter Orlando, *with* Adam.

Duke S. Welcome: Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.
Orl. I thank you most for him.
Adam. So had you need;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.
Duke S. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes:—
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

Amiens *sings.*

SONG.

I.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind[a]
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

II.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,[b]
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! &c.

[a] *Upon command*—at your own will.
[b] *Weak evils*—evils that are causes of weakness.
[c] This construction, as we have often shown, is common to Shakspere and the writers of his age

[a] *Unkind*—unnatural.
[b] *Warp*—There was an old Saxon proverb, *Winter shall warp water.*

Duke S. If that you were the good sir Rowland's son,—
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,
That lov'd your father: The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is;
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.

[*Exeunt*

['Dear master, I can go no further.']

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,*
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

It has sometimes been supposed that the "precious jewel" refers only to the brilliancy of the toad's eyes, as contrasted with its ugly form. But we think there can be no doubt it referred to a common superstition, with which Shakspere's audience was familiar. This, like many other vulgar errors, is ancient and universal. Pliny tells us of the wonderful qualities of a *bone* found in the right side of a toad. In India it is a common notion that some species of serpents have precious stones in their heads. Our old credulous writers upon natural history, who dwelt with delight upon "notable things" and "secret wonders," are as precise about the toad's stone as a modern geologist is about quartz. Edward Fenton, in 1569, tells us "there is found in heads of old and great toads a stone which they call borax, or stelon: it is most commonly found in the head of a he toad." These toad-stones, it should seem, were not only specifics against poison when taken internally, but "being used in rings gave forewarning against venom." There were, of course, many counterfeit stones, procured by a much easier process than that of toad hunting; but the old lapidaries had an infallible mode of discovering the true from the false. "You shall know whether the toad-stone be the right and perfect stone or not. Hold the stone before a toad, so that he may see it; and if it be a right and true stone the toad will leap toward it and make as though he would snatch it. He envieth so much that man should have that stone." Shakspere, in the passage before us, has taken the superstition out of the hands of the ignorant believers in its literality, and has transmuted it into a poetical truth.

[2] SCENE V.—"*Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing.*

In the variorum editions we have no explanation of this passage. Mr. Caldecott says that it is an allusion to the Latin phrase *nomina facere*, as applied to debtor and creditor in the Roman law. He adds, "We have shown that the phraseology of our courts of justice, and the names of their officers and process, were in universal use with our ancestors, and that as well in the pulpit as in common life and upon the stage; but through what channel Shakspere became acquainted with so much of the practical part of the Roman law, which it is pretty plain his commentators had not at their fingers' ends, we in our turn leave to the reader to say."

[3] SCENE V.—"*Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme.*"

Hanmer turned this into Latin—*duc ad me.* When Amiens asks "What's that ducdàme?" Jaques replies, "'T is a Greek invocation." It was not in the character of Jaques to talk Latin in this place. He was parodying the "*Come hither, come hither, come hither,*" of the previous song. The conjecture, therefore, that he was using some country call of a woman to her ducks, appears much more rational than his latinity.

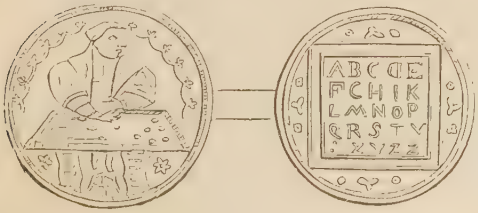
[4] SCENE VII.—"*And then he drew a dial from his poke.*"

"There's no clock in the forest," says Orlando, and it was not very likely that the fool would have a pocket clock. What was then the *dial* that he "took from his poke?" We became the possessor of a rude instrument kindly presented to us by a friend, which, as the Maid of Orleans found her sword, he picked "out of a deal of old iron." It is a brass circle of about two inches diameter: on the outer side are engraved letters indicating the names of the months, with graduated divisions; and on the inner side the hours of the day. The brass circle itself is to be held in one position by a

ring; but there is an inner slide in which there is a small orifice. This slide being moved so that the hole stands opposite the division of the mouth when the day falls of which we desire to know the time, the circle is held up opposite the sun. The inner side is of course then in shade; but the sunbeam shines through the little orifice and forms a point of light upon the hour marked on the inner side. We have tried this dial and found it give the hour with great exactness.

[5] SCENE VII.—"*What, for a counter, would I do but good?*"

The wager proposed by Jaques was not a very heavy one. Jettons or counters, which are small and very thin, are generally of copper or brass, but occasionally of silver, or even of gold; they were commonly used for purposes of calculation, in abbeys and other places, where the revenues were complex and of difficult adjustment: the figure represents a person employed in the arithmetical process with counters. From their being found among the ruins of English abbeys they are usually termed abbey-counters. They have been principally coined abroad, particularly at Nürnberg (See Snelling's 'Treatise on Jettons'), though some few have been struck in England since the reign of Henry VIII. The most ancient bear on both sides crosses, pellets, and globes; the more modern have portraits and dates and heraldic arms on the reverse. The legends are at times religious, and at others *Gardez vous de mescompter*, and the like.



[6] SCENE VII.— "*Let me see wherein My tongue hath wrong'd him,*" &c.

Tieck observes that this speech of Jaques has great resemblance to B. Jonson's Prologue to 'Every Man out of his Humour,' and that much in this character has more or less resemblance to Jonson, and to his sarcastic style. The following lines of that Prologue clearly resemble the passage we refer to above:—

> "If any here chance to behold himself,
> Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong;
> For, if he shame to have his follies known,
> First, he should shame to act 'em: my strict hand
> Was made to seize on vice, and with a gripe
> Squeeze out the humour of such spongy souls
> As lick up every idle vanity."

If we could determine which play was first represented, and could be certain that 'Every Man out of his Humour' preceded As You Like It, we should have an interesting key to the principle which Shakspere had in his mind in the construction of the character of Jaques. As we understand the character he is a satire upon satirists. The whole tone of Ben Jonson's Prologue is not merely satirical,—it is furious. The play was first acted in 1599. If As You Like It may be assigned to 1600, we have little doubt that the Jaques of Shakspere was intended to glance at the Asper of Jonson,—the name by which he chose to designate himself, as one "of an ingenious and free spirit, *eager and constant in reproof*, without fear controlling the world's abuses."

[7] SCENE VII.—"*All the world's a stage.*"

This celebrated comparison had been made by Shakspere in another play, written, there can be little doubt, before this:—

> "I hold the world, but as the world, Gratiano,
> A stage, where every man must play a part."
> (Merchant of Venice.)

It is scarcely necessary to inquire whether Shakspere found the idea in the Greek epigram:—

> Σκηνὴ πᾶς ὁ βίος, καὶ παίγνιον. ἢ μάθε παὶ ζεὶν,
> Τὴν σπουδὴν μεταθεῖς, ἢ φέρε τὰς ὀδύνας.

> "This life a theatre we well may call,
> Where every actor must perform with art;
> Or laugh it through, and make a farce of all,
> Or learn to bear with grace his tragic part."
> (Anonymous, in Bland's Selections from the Greek Anthology.)

The idea had almost passed into a proverb; and even a Latin Dictionary, published in 1599, gives us the following passage: "This life is a certain interlude or play. The world is a stage full of change every way; every man is a player." The division of life into seven ages by Hippocrates and Proclus was probably familiar to Shakspere; and the commentators say that there was an old emblematical print representing a human being in each stage. But wherever the general idea was to be found, who but Shakspere could have created the wonderful individualization of the several changes?

['Tongues I'll hang on every tree.']

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument[a]
Of my revenge, thou present: But look to it;
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle;[b] bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O, that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:[a]
Do this expediently,[b] and turn him going.

[*Exeunt.*

a *Argument*—subject-matter.
b It is supposed that this is an allusion to the passage in Saint Luke, c. xv.: "If she lose one piece, doth she not light a *candle?*" If so, it is, metaphorically, seek him in every corner with the greatest diligence.

a The law phrase is here used literally
b *Expediently*—promptly.

SCENE II.—*The Forest.*

Enter ORLANDO, *with a paper.*

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:

And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,[a] survey
With thy chaste eye from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive[b] she.
[*Exit.*

Enter Corin *and* Touchstone.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life it is naught. In respect that it is solitary I like it very well; but in respect that it is private it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends: That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun: That he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding,[c] or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope,——

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners[a] then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous[b] state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: a better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again: A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; And would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfum'd with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms'-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh: Indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.[c]

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm:[d] and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a she lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the

a Johnson says, "alluding to the triple character of Proserpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by some mythologists to the same goddess."

b *Unexpressive*—inexpressible. Warton (in a note upon the following passage in Milton's Hymn on the Nativity) supposes that Shakspere coined the word:—

"The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With *unexpressive* notes to Heaven's new-born Heir."

c May complain of *the want of* good breeding. Whiter says, "This is a mode of speech common, I believe, to all languages."

a *Manners* is here used in the sense of morals. *Morals* was not used by the old writers.

b *Parlous*—perilous.

c Steevens thinks this has reference to the proverbial phrase of "cutting for the simples."

d Resigned to any evil.

devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress' brother.

Enter Rosalind, *reading a paper.*

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,[a]
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair[b] of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rank to market.[c]

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Wintred-garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit in the country: for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe,[d] and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter Celia, *reading a paper.*

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. Why should this a desert be?[a]
For it is unpeopled? No:
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring[b] pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little[c] show.
Therefore heaven nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches[d] dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, 'Have patience, good people.'

Cel. How now! back friends;—Shepherd, go off a little: go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt* Corin *and* Touchstone.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering

[a] *Lin'd*—delineated.
[b] *Fair*—beauty.
[c] Whiter says, defending the old reading of *rank*, that the expression means the jog-trot rate with which butter-women travel to market, *one after another*. In its application to Orlando's poetry it means a *set* or *string* of verses, in the same course, cadence, and uniformity of rhythm. We think that Whiter's explanation is right; and that Shakspere, moreover, had in mind the *pack-horse* roads, where one traveller must follow another in single *rank*.
[d] Does this require a note? With regard to its premature decay, is not the medlar the *earliest* fruit? Yet Steevens says, "Shakspere seems to have had little knowledge in gardening. The medlar is one of the latest fruits, being eneatable till the end of November."!!!

[a] The original omits the article *a*. Some texts have—
"Why should this desert *silent* be?"
This was Tyrwhitt's emendation; but the adjective is certainly unnecessary. A question arises, is *desert* an adjective or a noun? The absence of people, says the sonnetteer, does not make this place *desert*, for I will hang tongues on every tree, that will speak the language of *civil* life. *Desert* is here an adjective opposed to *civil*. Rowe, to reform the metre, reads—
"Why should this *a* desert be?"
Upon the principle that a line must be sometimes read with retardation, the article is not necessary; but receiving the word as a noun the sense is clearer.
[b] *Erring*—wandering.
[c] *In little*—in miniature.
[d] *Touches*—traits.

how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm tree: I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,[2] which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping.[a]

Ros. Good my complexion![b] dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery.[c] I prithee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando; that tripped up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.[d]

[a] There is an old proverbial phrase, *out of cry*, meaning, beyond all measure.

[b] Ritson explains this as a little unmeaning exclamatory address to her beauty, in the nature of a small oath.

[c] My curiosity can endure no longer. If you perplex me any further I have a space for conjecture as wide as the South-sea. *Of* is the original reading; the modern change is "a South-sea *off* discovery."

[d] Speak with a serious countenance, and *as* a true maid. So Henry V. says,

"I speak to thee *plain soldier*."

Cel. I' faith, coz, 't is he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he?[a] What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and where shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth[b] first: 't is a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such[c] fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably.[d] He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my hart!

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando *and* Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out:[e]—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'T is he; slink by, and note him.

[Celia *and* Rosalind *retire.*

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

[a] *Wherein went he?*—in what dress did he go?

[b] *Gargantua's mouth*—the mouth of the giant of Rabelais, who swallowed five pilgrims in a salad.

[c] *Such* is not in the folio of 1623; it is inserted in the second folio.

[d] The ordinary reading, contrary to the original, is *very unseasonably.*

[e] *You bring me out*—put me out.

Jaq. God be wi' you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.[3]

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself; against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good monsieur melancholy.

[*Exit* JAQUES.—CELIA *and* ROSALIND *come forward.*

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well; What would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: These time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you a native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed[a] a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as halfpence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants

[a] *Removed*—remote.

with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying[a] the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye, and sunken; which you have not: an unquestionable spirit;[b] which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not: (but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having in beard[c] is a younger brother's revenue:) Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device[d] in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a loving[a] humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in 't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I 'll show it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind:—Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

Enter Touchstone *and* Audrey; Jaques *at a distance, observing them.*

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.[b]

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited![c] worse than Jove in a thatched house![d] [*Aside.*

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with

a *Deifying.* So the folio of 1632. In the first folio *defying.*

b *Unquestionable*—not to be questioned, not to be conversed with.

c *Having in beard.* So the original. The second edition reads, "having *no* beard." The meaning is, your *possession* in beard; *having* is a substantive.

d *Point-devise*—minutely exact. See Twelfth Night, Act II. Sc. V.

a *Loving*—the original has *living*, which may be received as actual, positive. Johnson suggested the antithetical epithet.

b Caldecott says, "Caper, capri, caperitious, capricious, fantastical, capering, goatish: and by a similar sort of process are we to smooth *Goths* into *goats*."

c *Ill-inhabited*—ill-lodged.

d The same allusion is in Much Ado about Nothing, Act II. Sc. I.—

"My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove."

the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room: Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. A material fool![a] [*Aside.*

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.[b]

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain see this meeting. [*Aside.*

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though?—Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 't is none of his own getting. Horns? Even so: Poor men alone?[c] No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.[d] Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence[a] is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes sir Oliver:[b]—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: Will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*discovering himself.*] Proceed, proceed; I 'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good master 'What ye call 't:' How do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you[c] for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir:—Nay; pray, be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow,[4] sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells,[5] so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife. [*Aside.*

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good master Oliver!

Not O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee:
But wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt* Jaques, Touchstone, *and* Audrey.

a A fool, says Johnson, with *matter* in him.

b *Foul* is here used in the sense of *homely*—opposed to *fair*. It retained this sense as late as Pope; and the meaning in the time of Shakspere may be seen in the following extract from Thomas's 'History of Italy:'—"If the maiden be *fair* she is soon had, and little money given with her; if she be *foul* they avaunce her with a better portion."

c So the original, with a different punctuation. Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector has—"Are horns given to poor men alone?"

d *Rascal* is the hunter's term given to young deer, lean and out of season.

a *And by how much defence is better*, &c. Any means of defence is better than the lack of science; in proportion as something is to nothing.

b Sir *Oliver*. See the opening of Merry Wives of Windsor, *Sir* Hugh.

c God yield you—give you recompense.

Sir Oli. 'T is no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Before a Cottage.*

Enter Rosalind *and* Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chesnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet,[a] or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. Was is not is: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings: He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him: He asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there 's such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that 's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny[b] tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all 's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquir'd
After the shepherd that complain'd of love;
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I 'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness: The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon; Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, *and* Corin, *at a distance.*

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye;
'T is pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains

[a] The goblet is *covered* when it is empty; when full, to be drunk out of, the cover is removed.

[b] *Puisny.* So the original. The Cambridge editors explain that the word is used in the sense of *inferior.* A *puisne* judge is a younger or inferior judge.

Some scar of it; lean upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable[a] impressure,
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.
Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.
Phe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.
Ros. And why, I pray you? [*Advancing.*] Who might be your mother?
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,[b]
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:—Od's my little life!
I think, she means to tangle my eyes too:—
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'T is not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 'T is such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'T is not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So, take her to thee, shepherd; fare you well.
Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together;
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.
Ros. He 's fallen in love with your[a] foulness, and she 'll fall in love with my anger: If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I 'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?
Phe. For no ill will I bear you.
Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not: If you will know my house,
'T is at the tuft of olives, here hard by:—
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard;
Come, sister: Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.
Come, to our flock.
[*Exeunt* Rosalind, Celia, *and* Corin.
Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;
'Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?'[6]
Sil. Sweet Phebe,—
Phe. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius.
Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.
Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.
Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be;
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.
Phe. Thou hast my love; Is not that neighbourly?
Sil. I would have you.
Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love:
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I 'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompence
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.
Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I 'll live upon.

[a] *Capable*—able to receive.
[b] *No beauty.* The tenor of Rosalind's speech is to make Phebe think humbly of herself; and yet in modern editions, before the Pictorial, *no* is turned into *more*, it being maintained that the original word was *mo*, misprinted *no*.

[a] *Your.* The modern reading is *her*. We suppose Rosalind here turns to the parties before her, and addresses each.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?
Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot[a] once was master of.
Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'T is but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—
But, sure, he 's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:
He 'll make a proper man: The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he 's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 't is well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 't was just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.[a]
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
Have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that 's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I 'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; Wilt thou, Silvius?
Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.
Phe. I 'll write it straight:
The matter 's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and passing short:
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Carlot*—churl or peasant.

[a] This is explained as referring to the silk called *damask*. We doubt this. The *damask rose* was of a more varied hue than the *constant red* of other species of rose.

[Scene V. 'Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me.']

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

[1] SCENE II.—"*Helen's cheek, but not her heart;*
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty."

Mr. Whiter's explanation of this passage, in illustration of his theory of the Association of Ideas, is very ingenious. We are compelled to abridge it, by which process the chain of reasoning may be somewhat impaired.

"I have always been firmly persuaded that the *imagery* which our poet has selected to discriminate the more prominent perfections of *Helen, Cleopatra, Atalanta,* and *Lucretia,* was not derived from the abstract consideration of their general qualities; but was caught from those *peculiar traits* of beauty and character which are impressed on the mind of him who contemplates their portraits. It is well known that these celebrated heroines of romance were in the days of our poet the favourite subjects of popular representation, and were alike visible in the coarse hangings of the poor and the magnificent arras of the rich. In the portraits of *Helen,* whether they were produced by the skilful artist or his ruder imitator, though her face would certainly be delineated as eminently beautiful, yet she appears not to have been adorned with any of those charms which are allied to *modesty;* and we accordingly find that she was generally depicted with a loose and insidious countenance, which but too manifestly betrayed the inward wantonness and perfidy of her heart. * * * * With respect to the *majesty of Cleopatra,* it may be observed that this notion is not derived from classical authority, but from the more popular storehouse of legend and romance. * * * * I infer therefore that the *familiarity* of this image was impressed both on the poet and his reader from pictures or representations in tapestry, which were the lively and faithful mirrors of popular romances.—*Atalanta,* we know, was considered likewise by our ancient poets as a celebrated beauty; and we may be assured therefore that her portraits were everywhere to be found. * * * * Since the story of *Atalanta* represents that heroine as possessed of singular beauty, zealous to preserve her virginity even with the death of her lovers, and accomplishing her purposes by extraordinary swiftness in running, we may be assured that the skill of the artist would be employed in displaying the most perfect expressions of *virgin purity,* and in delineating the *fine proportions and elegant symmetry of her person.*—'*Lucretia*' (we know) 'was the grand example of conjugal fidelity throughout the Gothic ages;' and it is this spirit of unshaken chastity which is here celebrated under the title of *modesty.* * * * * Such then are the wishes of the lover in the formation of his mistress, that the *ripe* and *brilliant beauties* of *Helen* should be united to the *elegant symmetry* and *virgin graces of Atalanta;* and that this union of charms should be still dignified and ennobled by the *majestic mien* of *Cleopatra* and the *matron modesty* of *Lucretia.*"

[2] SCENE II.—"*I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat.*"

How rats were rhymed, and rhymed to death it should seem, in Ireland, does not very distinctly appear; but the allusion was very common. Sidney, Jonson, Randolph, and Donne, each mention this remarkable property of Irish poetry. The rats have suffered more from the orators in modern times.

[3] SCENE II.—"*I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.*"

A specimen of painted cloth language in the time of Shakspere is cited by Malone from a tract of 1601—"No whipping nor tripping;"—

"Read what is written on the painted cloth.
Do no man wrong; be good unto the poor,
Beware the mouse, the maggot, and the moth;
And ever have an eye unto the door."

A much earlier specimen of these moral ornaments occurs in 'Gough's Sepulchral Monuments.' It is a copy of a painting formerly placed against

the wall within the Hungerford Chapel, Salisbury Cathedral, which chapel was totally pulled down in 1789.

It represents a gentleman dressed in the full style of fashion of the reign of Edward IV. His fingers covered with rings, his shoes extravagantly long and pointed, and his whole dress a perfect specimen of foppery. He holds up one hand in terror at the sight of Death, who approaches him in a shroud, and has a coffin at his feet. The dialogue between them is painted on the labels over their heads, and runs thus :—

"Alasse, Dethe, alasse, a blessful thing yo were
Yf thow woldyst spare us in our lustynesse
And hi to wretches yt bethe of hevy chere
When they ye clepe to slake there dystresse.
But owte alasse thyne owne sely selfwyldnesse
Crewelly werieth them yt seyghe wayle and wepe
To close there yen yt after ye dcth clepe."

Over Death:

"Grasles galante in all thy luste and pryde
Reme'byr, yt thow ones schalte dye.
Deth shold fro thy body thy sowle devyde
Thou mayst him not ascape certaynly.
To ye dede bodys cast doune thyne ye
Behold thaym well, consydere and see
For such as thay ar, such shalt yow be."

[4] SCENE III.—"*The ox hath his bow.*"

The commentators say that the ancient yoke resembled a bow; and so, they might have added, does the modern. The following representation of the Suffolk yoke will show how unchanging some agricultural fashions are :—

[5] SCENE III.—"*The falcon her bells.*"

Master Stephen, in 'Every Man in his Humour,' says, "I have bought me a hawk and a hood, and bells and all." Gervase Markham, in his edition of the 'Boke of St. Albans,' says, "The bells which your hawk shall wear, look in anywise that they be not too heavy, whereby they overload her, neither that one be heavier than another, but both of like weight: look also that they be well sounding and shrill, yet not both of one sound, but one at least a note under the other."

[6] SCENE V.—"*Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;*
'Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?'"

The "dead shepherd" is Marlowe; the "saw of might" is in the 'Hero and Leander,' first published in 1598 :—

"It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is overrul'd by fate.
When two are stripp'd, long ere the course begin
We wish that one should lose, the other win;
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect:
The reason no man knows; let it suffice,
What we behold is censur'd by our eyes.
Where both deliberate the love is slight;
Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?"

(Scene III. 'Lay sleeping on his back.')

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so: I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 't is good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 't is good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice;[a] nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.[a]

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

[a] *Nice*—affected.

[a] The original reads "*by* often rumination." We give the reading of the second folio. His melancholy is the contemplation of his travels, the rumination upon which wraps him in a most humorous sadness. Malone makes up a reading different from both editions, and so does Steevens also in another way.

Jaq. Nay, then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller: Look you lisp and wear strange suits; disable[a] all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer[b] than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent:—what would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind.

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

a *Disable*—detract from. b *Leer*—feature.

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club: yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp, was drowned;[1] and the foolish chroniclers[a] of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me.

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou.

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,——'Will you, Orlando,'—

Cel. Go to:——Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

a *Chroniclers.* The change which was adopted by Hanmer, of *coroners*, starts up again in the Corrector of Mr. Collier. The technical use of *found* has been held to justify the change. The wit of Rosalind upon the "chronicler's" verdict on the good youth that was drowned need not be taken *au pied de la lettre.*

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There's a girl goes before the priest: and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors[a] upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 't will out at the key-hole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—'Wit, whither wilt?'[b]

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

[a] *Make the doors*—the language of the midland counties for *making fast* the doors.

[b] Malone thinks these are the first words of a madrigal.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'t is but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical[a] break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu! [*Exit* Orlando.

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter Jaques *and* Lords, *in the habit of Foresters.*

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 *Lord.* Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set

[a] We have "most pathetical nit" in Love's Labour's Lost

the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 *Lord.* Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 't is no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

1. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
2. His leather skin, and horns to wear.[a]
Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn
It was a crest ere thou wast born.
1. Thy father's father wore it;
2. And thy father bore it;
All. The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Forest.*

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando! [b]

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this:
[*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and, that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix; Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt,
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool.
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 't was her hands;
She has a huswife's hand: but that's no matter:
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 't is a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance:—Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: Mark how the tyrant writes.

[*Reads.*
"Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?"—

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. "Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?"

Did you ever hear such railing?

"Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance[a] to me.—"

Meaning me a beast.—

"If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind[b]
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;[c]
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.'

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,[3]) and say this to her;—That if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit* SILVIUS.

a In modern editions we have a line after this—
"Here sing him home."
For the reasons of the omission, see Illustration 2.
b *Much Orlando*—ironically, a great deal of Orlando.

a *Vengeance*—mischief.
b *Kind*—kindly affections.
c *Make*—make up.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know
Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote, fenced about with olive-trees?
Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom,
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
There 's none within.
Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years: 'The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister:[a] the woman low,
And browner than her brother.' Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?
Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.
Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin; Are you he?
Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?
Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.
Cel. I pray you, tell it.
Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food[b] of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 't is
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead;
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render[a] him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.
Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.
Ros. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?
Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,[b]
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling,
From miserable slumber I awak'd.
Cel. Are you his brother?
Ros. Was it you he rescued?
Cel. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'T was I; but 't is not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—
Oli. By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, how[c] I came into that desert place;—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in this blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[a] *Sister.* Mr. Lettsom suggests *forester.*
[b] *Food* in the original. We would print *cud* if the change had something more definite than common usage.

[a] *Render*—represent
[b] *Just occasion* — such reasonable ground as might have amply justified, or given just occasion for, abandoning him.
[c] *Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd.*
As, how—*i.e.* with a train of circumstances, "As how."

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede? [Rosalind *faints.*

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We 'll lead you thither:—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man?—
You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirra,[a] a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards:—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him:—Will you go? [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Ah, sirra.*—For this, the reading of the folios, some editors give *sir.*" Mr. Dyce gives *sirrah*, as it was sometimes only a term of familiar address. Mr. White says Rosalind here resumes her boyish sauciness.

[Scene III. 'Be of good cheer, youth.']

[Hellespont.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned.*"

THIS pretty banter of Rosalind is but a thin disguise of her real feelings. She thinks of the "good youth," and of "Hero of Sestos," much more in the spirit of the following beautiful lines of Byron:—

"The winds are high on Helle's wave,
As on that night of stormy water
When Love, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
The lonely hope of Sestos daughter.
Oh! when alone along the sky
Her turret-torch was blazing high,
Though rising gale, and breaking foam,
And shrieking sea-birds warn'd him home;
And clouds aloft and tides below,
With signs and sounds, forbade to go,
He could not see, he would not hear,
Or sound or sign foreboding fear;
His eye but saw that light of love,
The only star it hail'd above;
His ear but rang with Hero's song,
'Ye waves, divide not lovers long!'—
That tale is old, but love anew
May nerve young hearts to prove as true."

(Bride of Abydos.)

[2] SCENE II.—"*What shall he have that kill'd the deer?*"

The music to this "song" (given at pp. 244,5) is from a curious and very rare work, entitled "CATCH THAT CATCH CAN; *or a Choice Collection of Catches, Rounds, &c., collected and published by John Hilton, Batch. in Musicke*, 1652;" and is there called a *catch*, though, as in the case of many other compositions of the kind so denominated, it is a *round*, having no *catch*, or play upon the words, to give it any claim to the former designation. It is written for four basses, but by transposition for other voices would be rather improved than damaged. John Hilton, one of the best and most active composers of his day, was organist of St. Margaret's, Westminster. His name is affixed to one of the madrigals in 'The Triumphs of Oriana,' a work published in 1601, previously to which he was admitted, by the university of Cambridge, as a Bachelor in Music. Hence he was of Shakspere's time, and it is as reasonable to presume as agreeable to believe that a piece of vocal harmony so good and so pleasing, its age considered, formed a part of one of the most delightful of the great poet's dramas. In Hilton's round, the brief line, "Then sing him home," is

rejected. The omission was unavoidable in a round for four voices, because in a composition of such limit, and so arranged, it was necessary to give one couplet, and neither more nor less, to each part. But it is doubtful whether that line really forms part of the original text. Printed as *one* line we have,

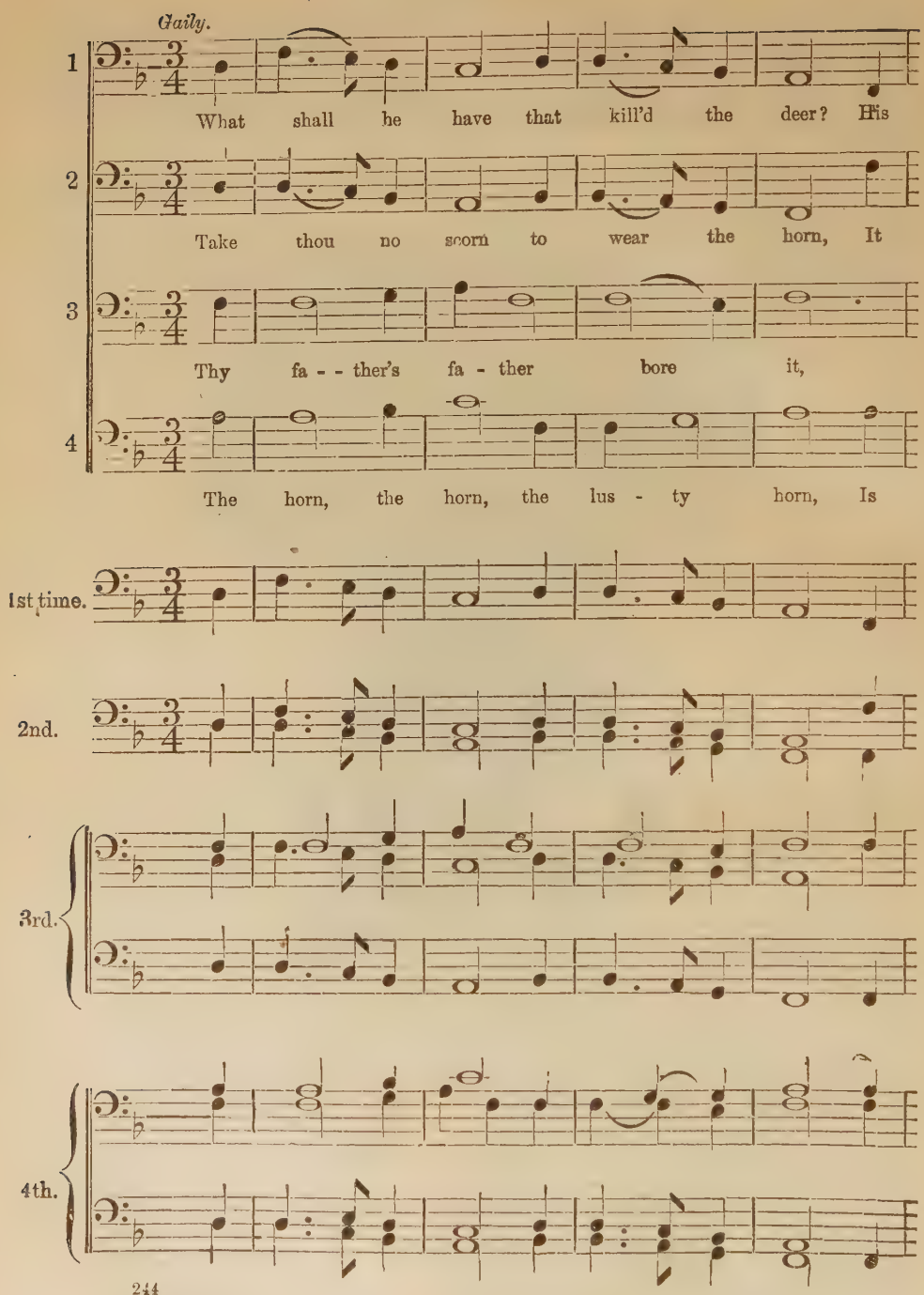
"Then sing him home the rest shall bear this burthen."

without any variation of type. Is the whole of the line a stage direction? "Then sing him home" may be a direction for a stage procession. Mr. Oliphant, in his useful and entertaining 'Musa Madrigalesca' (1837) doubts whether the John Hilton, the author of the 'Oriana' madrigal, could have been the same that subsequently published 'Catch that Catch can,' as well as another work which he names. This is a question into which we shall not enter, our only object being to give such music, as part of Shakspere's plays, as is supposed to have been originally sung in them, or that may have been introduced in them shortly after their production.

[3] SCENE III.—"*I see, love hath made thee a tame snake.*"

Upon this passage the commentators simply say, "This term was, in our author's time, frequently used to express a poor contemptible fellow." We have no doubt that the allusion was to the snake made harmless by the serpent-charmer.

[Serpent Charmers of India.]


Gaily.
1
What shall he have that kill'd the deer? His
2
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn, It
3
Thy fa - - ther's fa - ther bore it,
4
The horn, the horn, the lus - ty horn, Is
1st time.
2nd.
3rd.
4th.

2

lea - - ther skin, and horns to wear.

3

was a crest ere thou wast born.

4

And thy fa - - ther wore - - - it.

1

not a thing to laugh to scorn.

ACCOMPANIMENT.

[Scene IV. 'Here comes a pair of very strange beasts.']

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 't is; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting: we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five-and-twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age: Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name: Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God!—a good answer: Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying; 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir!

Touch. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other: For all your writers do consent,[a] that *ipse* is he; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you, clown, abandon, which is in the vulgar, leave, the society, which in the boorish is, company, of this female, which in the common is, woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey;—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter Orlando *and* Oliver.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her[a] sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to sound,[b] when he showed me your handkercher?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 't is true: there was never anything so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—'I came, saw, and overcame:' For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent,[c] or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you no longer then with idle

[a] *Consent* – concur.

[a] *Her*—which is necessary to the sense, is not in the original.
[b] *Sound* swoon. [c] *Incontinent*—immediately.

talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician: Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 't is to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;[a]
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [*To* Rosalind.

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [*To* Phebe.

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, 'why blame you me to love you?'

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 't is like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, [*to* Silvius] if I can:—I would love you, [*to* Phebe] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*to* Phebe] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you, [*to* Orlando] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [*to* Silvius] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [*to* Orlando] love Rosalind, meet;—as you [*to* Silvius] love Phebe, meet; And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter Touchstone *and* Audrey.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey: to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.[b] Here comes two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met: Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 *Page.* We are for you: sit i' the middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *Page.* I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune like two gipsies on a horse.

[a] *Observance*—Malone changed the word to *obedience;* Mr. Collier's Corrector did the same when the word first occurs.

[b] To be married.

SONG.

I.

It was a lover, and his lass,[1]
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In spring time, the only pretty ring[a] time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

II.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

III.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

IV.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1 *Page.* You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter Duke *senior*, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, *and* Celia.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear,—they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, *and* Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:—
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*To the* Duke.
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her? [*To* Orlando.

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing? [*To* Phebe.

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd.

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will? [*To* Silvius.

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep you your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.
[*Exeunt* Rosalind *and* Celia.

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born;
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter Touchstone *and* Audrey.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have

[a] *Ring.* See Illustration 1, where in the old copy of the music we find the reading of *ring*-time; in the original it is *rang;* and Steevens, not knowing of the music, suggested this very alteration. The original, in the same line, has "*the* spring-time." We omit *the* because it is not found in the musical copy. The stanzas in the first folio occur in the order which we have given. But in old copies of this song the second stanza is given as the last.

undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?[a]

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks: A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor-house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.[b]

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed;—Bear your body more seeming,[c] Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the 'Retort courteous.' If I sent him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is called the 'Quip modest.' If again, it was not well cut, he disabled[d] my judgment: This is called the 'Reply churlish.' If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is called the 'Reproof valiant.' If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is called the 'Countercheck quarrelsome:' and so to the 'Lie circumstantial,' and the 'Lie direct.'

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the 'Lie circumstantial,' nor he durst not give me the 'Lie direct:' and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous; the second, the Quip modest; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth, the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, 'If you said so, then I said so;' and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, *leading* Rosalind *and* Celia.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.[a]
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To* Duke S.
To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To* Orlando.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:— [*To* Duke S.
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:— [*To* Orlando.
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [*To* Phebe.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.

[a] *Ta'en up*—made up.

[b] This quaint expression has a parallel in another witty clown, our old friend Gobbo:—"the young gentleman (according to the fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is indeed deceased."

[c] *Seeming*—seemly.

[d] *Disabled*—impeached. See Act iv. Sc. i.

[a] *Alone together*—unite.

You and you no cross shall part:
[*To* ORLANDO *and* ROSALIND.
You and you are heart in heart:
[*To* OLIVER *and* CELIA.
You [*to* PHEBE] to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:—
You and you are sure together,
[*To* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;[a]
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'T is Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.
Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.
[*To* SILVIUS.

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word, or two;
I am the second son of old sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd[b] a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd: This to be true,
I do engage my life.
Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry:—
Play, music;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.
Jaq. Sir, by your patience; If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?
Jaq. de B. He hath.
Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath;
[*To* Duke S.
Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it:—
You [*to* ORLANDO] to a love, that your true faith doth merit:—
You [*to* OLIVER] to your land, and love, and great allies:—
You [*to* SILVIUS] to a long and well-deserved bed;—
And you [*to* TOUCHSTONE] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd:—So to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures.
Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.
Jaq. To see no pastime I:—what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.
[*Exit.*
Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
And we do trust they 'll end in true delights.
[*A dance.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that 'good wine needs no bush,' 't is true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the

[a] *Questioning*—discoursing. [b] *Address'd*—prepared.

women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them,) that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman,[a] I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

[a] Tieck says this alludes to the practice in Shakspere's times of the female parts being played by men. For thus—though 'the lady' speaks the epilogue, she has passed out of her dramatic character.

[Scene IV. 'I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.']

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT V.

[1] Scene III.—"*It was a lover, and his lass.*"

In the Signet-Office library at Edinburgh is a MS. in 4to., formerly in the possession of Mr. Heber, containing many songs set to music, and among them the following. It seems quite clear that this manuscript cannot have been written later than sixteen years after the publication of the present play, and may have existed at a much earlier period; it is, therefore, not straining probability too hard to suppose that the air here inserted was, in some form—most likely as a duet, unless the two pages sang in unison—performed in the play, either as this was originally acted, or not long after its production. But whether our conjecture—and only as such we offer it—be well or ill founded, there can be no doubt that the composition is one of those which, in musical chronology, is classed as ancient. We here give it, with the simple and modern accompaniment, as it is printed in the 'Collection of National Airs,' edited by Mr. Chappell (vol. i. p. 81), a valuable work, to which we have before been indebted.

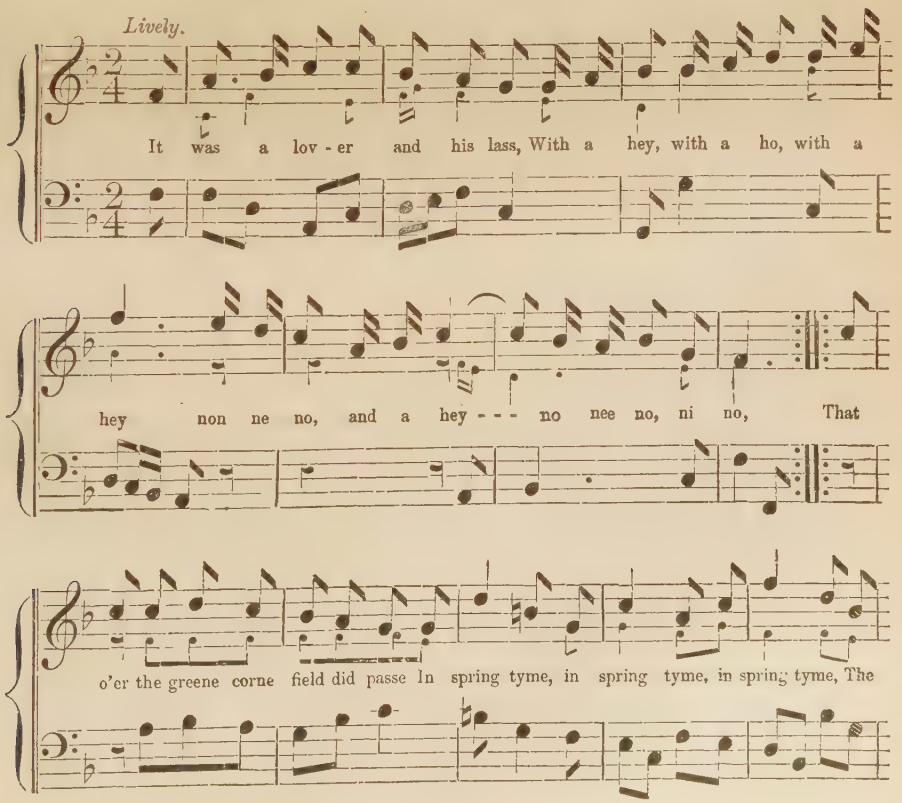
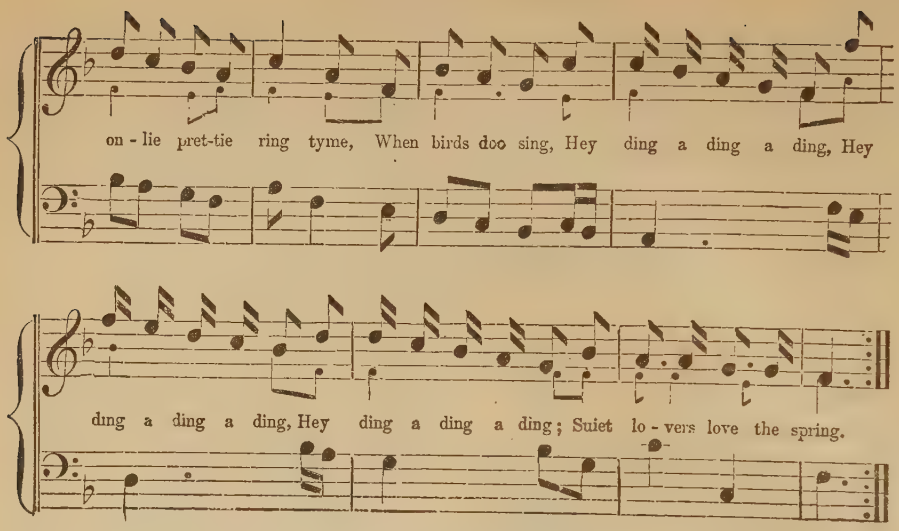
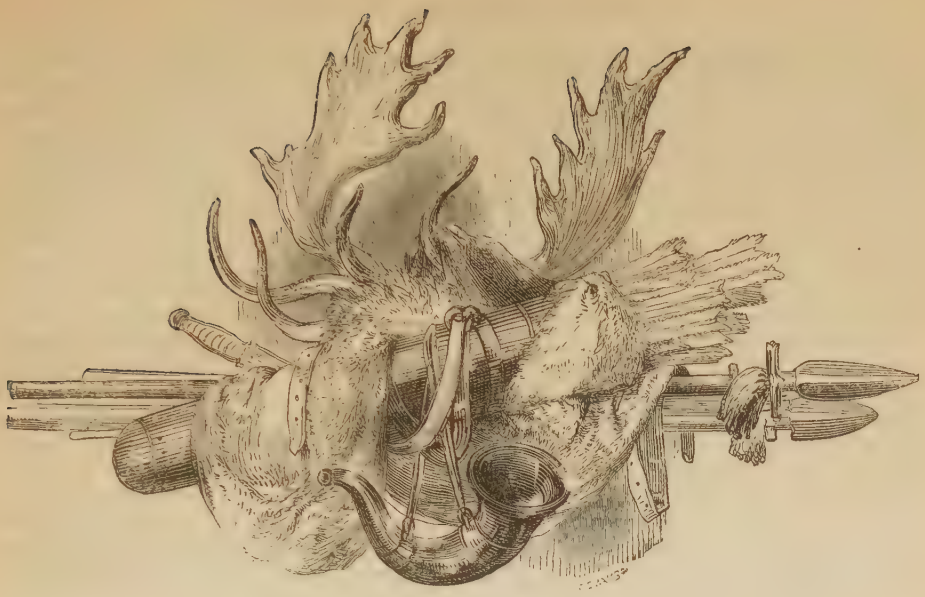


ILLUSTRATION OF ACT V.





SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

Of all Shakspere's Comedies we are inclined to think that As You Like It is the most *read.* It possesses not the deep tragic interest of the Merchant of Venice, nor the brilliant wit and diverting humour of Much Ado About Nothing, nor the prodigal luxuriance of fancy which belongs to A Midsummer Night's Dream, nor the wild legendary romance which imparts its charm to A Winter's Tale, nor the grandeur of the poetical creation of the Tempest. The peculiar attraction of As You Like It lies, perhaps, in the circumstance that "in no other play do we find the bright imagination and fascinating grace of Shakspere's youth so mingled with the thoughtfulness of his maturer age." This is the character which Mr. Hallam gives of this comedy, and it appears to us a very just one.* But in another place Mr. Hallam says, "There seems to have been a period of Shakspeare's life when his heart was ill at ease and ill content with the world or his own conscience. The memory of hours mis-spent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worser nature, which intercourse with ill-chosen associates, by chance or circumstances, peculiarly teaches;—these, as they sank down into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of Lear and Timon, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind. *This type is first seen in the philosophic melancholy of Jaques,* gazing with an undiminished serenity, and with a gaiety of fancy, though not of manners, on the follies of the world. It assumes a graver cast in the exiled Duke of the same play." Mr. Hallam then notices the like type in Measure for Measure, and the altered Hamlet, as well as in Lear and Timon and adds, "In the later plays of Shakspere, especially in Macbeth and the Tempest, much of moral speculation will be found, but he has never returned to this type of character in the personages."† Without entering into a general examination of Mr. Hallam's theory, which evidently includes a very wide range of discussion, we must venture to think that the type of character *first* seen in Jaques, and presenting a graver cast in the exiled Duke, is so modified by the whole conduct of the action of this comedy, by its opposite characterization, and by its prevailing tone of reflection, that it offers not the slightest evidence of having been produced at a period of the poet's life "when his heart was ill at ease and ill content with the world or his own conscience." The charm which this play appears to us to possess in a most remarkable degree, even when compared with other works of Shakspere, is that, while we

* Literature of Europe, vol. ii. p. 397. † Ib. vol. iii. p. 568

behold "the philosophic eye, turned inward on the mysteries of human nature"—(we use Mr. Hallam's own forcible expression)—we also see the serene brow and the playful smile, which tell us that "the philosophic eye" belongs to one who, however above us, is still akin to us—who tolerates our follies, who compassionates even our faults, who mingles in our gaiety, who rejoices in our happiness; who leads us to scenes of surpassing loveliness, where we may forget the painful lessons of the world, and introduces us to characters whose generosity, and faithfulness, and affection, and simplicity may obliterate the sorrows of our "experience of man's worser nature." It is not in Jaques alone, but in the entire dramatic group, that we must seek the tone of the poet's mind, and to that have our own minds attuned. Mr. Campbell, speaking of the characters of this comedy, says, "our hearts are so stricken by these *benevolent* beings that we easily forgive the other more culpable but at last repentant characters."* This is not the effect which could have been produced if the dark shades of a painful commerce with the world had crossed that "sunshine of the breast" which lights up the "inaccessible" thickets, and sparkles amidst the "melancholy boughs" of the forest of Arden. Jaques may be Shakspere's first type "of the censurer of mankind;" but Jaques is precisely the reverse of the character which the poet would have chosen, had he intended the censure to have more than a dramatic force—to be universally true and not individually characteristic. Jaques is strikingly a character of inconsistency; one, as Ulrici expresses it, "of witty sentimentality and merry sadness." Nothing can be more beautiful than the delineation; but it appears to us to be anything but the result of the poet's self-consciousness. We are induced to believe that Shakspere's unbounded charity made him feel that there was a chance of Jaques being held somewhat too much of an authority, and that he in consequence made the Duke reprove him when he says,—

> "Invest me in my motley; give me leave
> To speak my mind, and I will through and through
> Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
> If they will patiently receive my medicine.
> *Duke S.* Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do
> *Jaq.* What, for a counter, would I do but good?
> *Duke S.* Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin;
> For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
> As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
> And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
> That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
> Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world."

The German critic Ulrici, speaking of the characters of Jaques and Touchstone, calls them "*the two fools.*" We are not about to pursue his argument; but we accept his classification, which is, indeed, startling. What! Is *he* a *fool* that moralises the spectacle of

> "a poor sequester'd stag,
> That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,"

and gives us, thereupon, "a thousand similes," with which

> "most invectively he pierceth through
> The body of the country, city, court"?

Is *he* a fool that "can suck melancholy out of a song as a weazel sucks eggs"? Is he a fool that

> "met a fool i' the forest;"

whose

> "lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
> That fools should be so deep-contemplative"?—

and who himself aspires to be a fool:—

> "I am ambitious for a motley coat"?

Is *he* a fool that tells us,

> "All the world's a stage,
> And all the men and women merely players"?

Is *he* a fool, who has gained his "experience," and whom the "sundry contemplation" of his travels wraps in a "most humorous sadness"? Is *he* a fool, who commends him whom the critic calls his brother fool as "good at anything, and yet a fool"? Lastly, is *he* a fool, who rejects honour and advancement, and deserts the exiled Duke when he is restored to his state, because,

> "out of these convertites
> There is much matter to be heard and learn'd"?

Assuredly, upon the first blush of the question, we must say that the German critic is wrong.

* Life prefixed to Moxon's edition, p. xlv.

And yet, what is *a fool*, according to the Shaksperian definition? The fool is one

> "Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
> And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
> In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool."

The fool is one that doth "moral on the time;" one that hath been a courtier;

> "and in his brain,—
> Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
> After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd
> With observation, the which he vents
> In mangled forms."

The fool is one that

> "must have liberty
> Withal, as large a charter as the wind."

The fool is one who

> "will through and through
> Cleanse the foul body of the infected world."

The fool is one who aims at every man, but, hitting or missing, thus justifies his attack:—

> "Let me see wherein
> My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right
> Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
> Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
> Unclaim'd of any man."

And thus Jaques describes *himself*.

Now let us see what is the character of the companion fool, Touchstone. He introduces himself to us with a bit of fool's logic—that is, a comment upon human actions, derived from premises that are either above, or below,—which you please,—the ordinary argumentation of the world. His story "of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes" is not pointless. Perhaps it is a fool's bolt, and soon shot; yet it hits. But the fool is not without his affections. The friendship which Celia had for Rosalind is reciprocated by the friendship which the fool has for Celia:—

> "*Ros.* But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
> The clownish fool out of your father's court?
> Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
> *Cel.* He 'll go along o'er the wide world with me."

He is fled to the forest with the two ladies, their comfort, their protector:—

> "My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft
> Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing."

They are in Arden; and then the fool becomes a philosopher:—

> "Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but travellers must be content."

And then he goes on to laugh at romance in a land of romance, and tells us of "Jane Smile."

But next we hear of him growing "deep-contemplative" over his dial:—

> "'Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:
> 'T is but an hour ago since it was nine;
> And after one hour more 't will be eleven;
> And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
> And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
> And thereby hangs a tale.'"

The fool's manners are changing. He did not talk thus in the court. He is quickly growing a philosopher. Hazlitt truly tells us that the following dialogue is better than all 'Zimmermann on Solitude,' where only half the question is disposed of:—

> "*Cor.* And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?
> *Touch.* Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?"

The fool has lived apart from human sympathies. He has been a thing to make idle people laugh: to live in himself alone; to be in the world and not of the world; to be licensed and despised; to have no responsibilities. The fool goes out of the social state in which he has moved, and he becomes a human being. His affections are called forth in a natural condition of society; he is restored to his fellow-creatures, a *man*, and *not a fool*. We do not think that Shakspere meant the courtship of Touchstone and Audrey to be a *travestie* of the romantic passion of Orlando and Rosalind. It appears to us that it is anything but farce or irony when the fool and the shepherdess thus commune:—

> "*Touch.* Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.
> *Aud.* I do not know what poetical is: is it honest, in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?"

And there is anything but folly when Touchstone resolves,

> "Be it as it may, I will marry thee."

A touch of the court—of his old vocation of saying without accountableness—lingers with him, when, rejoicing in that most original hedge priest, who says, "ne'er a fantastical knave of 'em all shall flout me out of my calling"—(the Fleet prison priest of a century ago)—he hugs himself with the belief that "I were better to be married by him than another;"—but he is after all the true lover, when he rejects the "most vile Mar-text," and in the honesty of his heart exclaims, "To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married."

And thus, it appears to us, is Ulrici justified in denominating Jaques and Touchstone "*the two fools.*" It was the characteristic of the Shaksperian fool to hang loose upon the society in which he was cherished; to affect no concern in its anxieties, no sympathy in its pleasures; to be passionless and sarcastic. Jaques, a banished courtier, refuses to seek companionship in the solitary life;—he rejects its freedom;—he finds in it only a distorted mirror of the social life. The wounded stag is "a broken bankrupt,"—the "careless herd" are "fat and greasy citizens." This is not real philosophy; it is false sentimentality. Jaques, refusing to adopt the tone of his companions, who have embraced the free life of the woods, its freshness, its privacy,—has put himself into the condition of the fool, who belongs to the world only because he is a mocker of the world. When his friends sing,

> "Who doth ambition shun,
> And loves to live i' the sun,
> Seeking the food he eats,
> And pleas'd with what he gets,"

Jaques answers,

> "If it do come to pass
> That any man turn ass,
> Leaving his wealth and ease
> A stubborn will to please," &c.

This is the answer of one for whom "motley's the only wear."

And yet how beautifully all this harmonises with the pastoral character of this delightful comedy! The professional fool gradually slides into a *real man*, from the power of sympathy, which is strong in him, and which is called forth by the absence of a just occasion for his professional unrealities. He is no longer a *chorus*. The clever but self-sufficient courtier, half in jest, half in earnest, becomes a mocker and a pretended misanthrope. He is passed into the *chorus* of the real action. In the mean while the main business of the comedy goes forward; and we live amongst all the natural and kindly impulses of true thoughts and feelings, mingled with weaknesses that are a part of this sincerity. But most certainly the spirit which breathes throughout is not one of censure, or sarcasm, or irony. It is a most loving, and sincere, and tolerant spirit—radiant with poetry and therefore with truth. We desire nothing better to show that Shakspere did not speak through Jaques than these words:—

> "*Jaques.* Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery?
> *Orlando. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself; against whom I know most faults.*"

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.
F. W. QUARTLEY SCULP.

['Unscour'd armour, hung by the wall.']

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of Measure for Measure.

This comedy was first printed in the folio collection of 1623, and there had been no previous claim to the right of printing it made by any entry in the registers of the Stationers' Company. We are very much inclined to think, from the state of the original text, that the editors of the first folio possessed no copy but that from which they printed. Some of the sentences throughout the play are so involved that they have very little the appearance of being taken from a copy which had been used by the actors; and in two cases a word is found in the text (*prenzie*) which could never have been given upon the stage, and appears to have been inserted by the printer in despair of deciphering the author's manuscript. On the other hand, the metrical arrangement, which has been called "rough, redundant, and irregular," was strictly copied, we have no doubt, from the author's original; for a printer does not mistake the beginnings and ends of blank-verse lines, although little attention might be paid to such matters in a prompter's book. The peculiar structure

of the versification in this comedy was, we are satisfied, the result of the author's system; and, from the integrity with which it has been preserved in the first edition, we believe that the original manuscript passed directly through the hands of the printer, who made the best of it without any reference to other copies. The original edition is divided into acts and scenes. It also gives the enumeration of characters as we have printed them, such a list of "the names of the actors," as we have before observed, being rarely presented in the early copies.

We cannot trace that any allusion to Measure for Measure is to be found in the works of Shakspere's contemporaries. There is, indeed, a passage in a poem, published in 1607, which conveys the same idea as a passage in Measure for Measure:—

> "And like as when some sudden extasy
> Seizeth the nature of a sickly man;
> When he's discern'd to *swoon*, straight by and bye
> Folk to his *help* confusedly have ran,
> And seeking with their art to fetch him back,
> So many *throng*, that he the *air* doth lack."
> ('Myrrha, the Mother of Adonis,' by William Barksted.)

The following is the parallel passage in the comedy:—

> "So play the foolish *throngs* with one that *swoons*;
> Come all to *help* him, and so stop the *air*
> By which he should revive."

Malone says of this coincidence, "That Measure for Measure was written before 1607 may be fairly concluded from the following passage in a poem published in that year, which we have good ground to believe was copied from a similar thought in this play, as the author, at the end of his piece, professes a personal regard for Shakspeare, and highly praises his Venus and Adonis." * This reasoning is to us not at all conclusive; for Shakspere would not have hesitated to compress the six lines of Barksted into his own dramatic three; or the image might have been derived from some common source. Such coincidences prove nothing in themselves. In the other arguments of Malone as to the date of this play, which he assigns to 1603, we have an utter absence of all proof. The Duke says—

> "I love the people,
> But do not like to stage me to their eyes."

James I., according to Malone, is the model of this dislike of popular applause; and the passage is an apology for his proclamation of 1603, forbidding the people to resort to him. The expression in the first act, "Heaven grant us his *peace*," alludes, says Malone, to the *war* with Spain, which was not terminated till 1604. The Clown's enumeration of his old friends, the prisoners, includes "Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger-man, young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, master Forthright the tilter, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots:" and so the poet must have had in view the Act of the first of James against such offenders, and the play and "the statute on stabbing" must be dated in the same year. Chalmers carries this laborious trifling even farther, stoutly contending for the date of 1604: the assertion of the Clown, that "all houses in the suburbs must be plucked down," is held by Chalmers to allude to the proclamation of 1604 against the increase of London; and the complaint of Claudio, that "the neglected act" is enforced against him, is held to allude to "the statute to restrain all persons from marriage, until their former wives, and former husbands, be dead," passed on the 7th of July, 1604.

Conjectures such as these are too often laborious trifling. But, for once, they are pretty nearly borne out by incontrovertible testimony. The perseverance of Mr. Peter Cunningham has been rewarded by discovering in the Audit Office certain passages in the original Office Books of the Masters and Yeomen of the Revels, which fix the date of the representation at Court of some of Shakspere's plays. The Office Book shows that 'Measure for Measure' was presented at Court by the King's Players in 1604; and "The Accompte of the Office of the Reuelles of this whole yeres Charge in An° 1604: untell the last of Octobar 1605," is preceded by the following very curious list of plays acted during that period:—

* 'Chronological Order,' p. 88?.

The Plaiers.		*The Poets wch mayd the plaies.*
By the Kings Matis plaiers.	Hallamas Day being the first of Nouembar A play in the Banketinge house att Whithall called The Moor of Venis.	
By his Matis plaiers.	The Sunday ffollowinge A Play of the Merry Wiues of Winsor.	
By his Matis plaiers.	On St. Stiuens Night in the Hall A Play called Mesur for Mesur.	Shaxberd.
	On St. Jhons Night A Maske wth musick presented by the Erl of Penbrok the Lord Willowbie & 6 Knights more of ye Court.	
By his Matis plaiers.	On Inosents Night The Plaie of Errors.	Shaxberd.
By the Queens Matis plaiers.	On Sunday ffollowinge A plaie How to larne of a woman to wooe.	Hewood.
The Boyes of the Chapell.	On Newers Night A playe cauled: All Fouelles.	By Georg Chapman.
By his Matis plaiers.	Betwin Newers Day and Twelfe day A Play of Loues Labours Lost.	
	On Twelfe Night The Queens Matis Maske of Moures wh Aleven Laydies of honnor to accupayney her matie wch cam in great showes of devises wch thay satt in wth exselent musike.	
By his Matis plaiers.	On the 7 of January was played the play of Henry the fift.	
By his Matis plaiers.	The 8 of January A play cauled Every on out of his Umor.	
By his Matis plaiers.	On Candelmas night A playe Every one in his Umor.	
	The Sunday ffollowing A playe provided and discharged.	
By his Matis plaiers.	On Shrousunday A play of the Marchant of Venis.	Shaxberd.
By his Matis plaiers.	On Shroumonday A Tragidye of The Spanish Maz.	
By his Matis plaiers.	On Shroutusday A play cauled The Martchant of Venis againe comanded by the Kings Matie.	Shaxberd.

Nothing can be a stronger evidence of the surpassing popularity of Shakspere than this list. This account was published in 1842 by "the Shakespeare Society," in a volume edited by Mr. Peter Cunningham, and which is highly creditable to his industry and knowledge.

Supposed Source of the Plot.

The *Promos and Cassandra* of George Whetstone, printed in 1578, but not acted, was, there can be no doubt, the foundation upon which Shakspere built his Measure for Measure. Whetstone tells us in a subsequent work that he constructed his play upon a novel of Giraldi Cinthio, of which he gives us a translation; observing, "this history, for rareness thereof, is livelily set out in a comedy by the reporter of the work, but yet never presented upon stage." * Without entering into a minute comparison of the conduct of the story by Whetstone and by Shakspere, it may be sufficient to give the elder poet's "argument of the whole history."

"In the city of Julio (sometime under the dominion of Corvinus king of Hungary and Bohemia) there was a law, that what man soever committed adultery should lose his head, and the woman offender should wear some disguised apparel during her life, to make her infamously noted. This severe law, by the favour of some merciful magistrate, became little regarded, until the time of Lord Promos' authority, who, convicting a young gentleman named Andrugio of incontinency, condemned both him and his minion to the execution of this statute. Andrugio had a very virtuous and beautiful gentlewoman to his sister, named Cassandra: Cassandra, to enlarge her brother's life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord Promos. Promos, regarding her good behaviour and fantasying her great beauty, was much delighted with the sweet order of her talk, and, doing good that evil might come thereof, for a time he reprieved her brother; but, wicked man, turning his liking into unlawful lust, he set down the spoil of her honour ransom for her brother's life. Chaste Cassandra, abhorring both him and his suit, by no persuasion would yield to this ransom. But, in fine, won with the importunity of her brother (pleading for life), upon these conditions she agreed to Promos—first, that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. Promos, as fearless in promise as careless in performance, with solemn vow signed her conditions; but, worse than any infidel, his will satisfied, he performed neither the one nor the other; for, to keep his authority unspotted with favour, and to prevent Cassandra's clamours, he commanded the gaoler secretly to present Cassandra with her brother's head. The gaoler, with the outcries of Andrugio, abhorring Promos' lewdness, by the providence of God provided thus for his safety. He presented Cassandra with a felon's head, newly executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brother's, who by the gaoler was set at liberty) was so aggrieved at this treachery, that, at the point to kill herself, she spared that stroke to be avenged of Promos; and devising a way, she concluded to make her fortunes known unto the king. She (executing this resolution, was so highly favoured of the king, that forthwith he hasted to do justice on Promos; whose judgment was to marry Cassandra, to repair her crased honour; which done, for his heinous offence he should lose his head. This marriage solemnised, Cassandra, tied in the greatest bonds of affection to her husband, became an earnest suitor for his life. The king (tendering the general benefit of the commonweal before her

* 'Heptameron of Civil Discourses,' 1582. † 'Annals of the Stage,' vol. iii. p. 64.

special case, although he favoured her much) would not grant her suit. Andrugio (disguised among the company), sorrowing the grief of his sister, betrayed his safety and craved pardon. The king, to renown the virtues of Cassandra, pardoned both him and Promos."

The performance of Whetstone, as might be expected in a drama of that date, is feeble and monotonous, not informed with any real dramatic power, drawling or bombastic in its tragic parts, extravagant in its comic. Mr. Collier has observed that "the first part is entirely in rhyme, while in the second are inserted considerable portions of blank-verse, put only in the mouth of the king, as if it better suited the royal dignity." † It is scarcely necessary to offer to our readers any parallel examples of the modes in which Whetstone and Shakspere have treated the same incidents. We will, however, extract one scene, which may be compared with Shakspere. The second scene of the second act of Measure for Measure, fraught as it is with the noblest poetry, owes little to the following beyond the dramatic situation :—

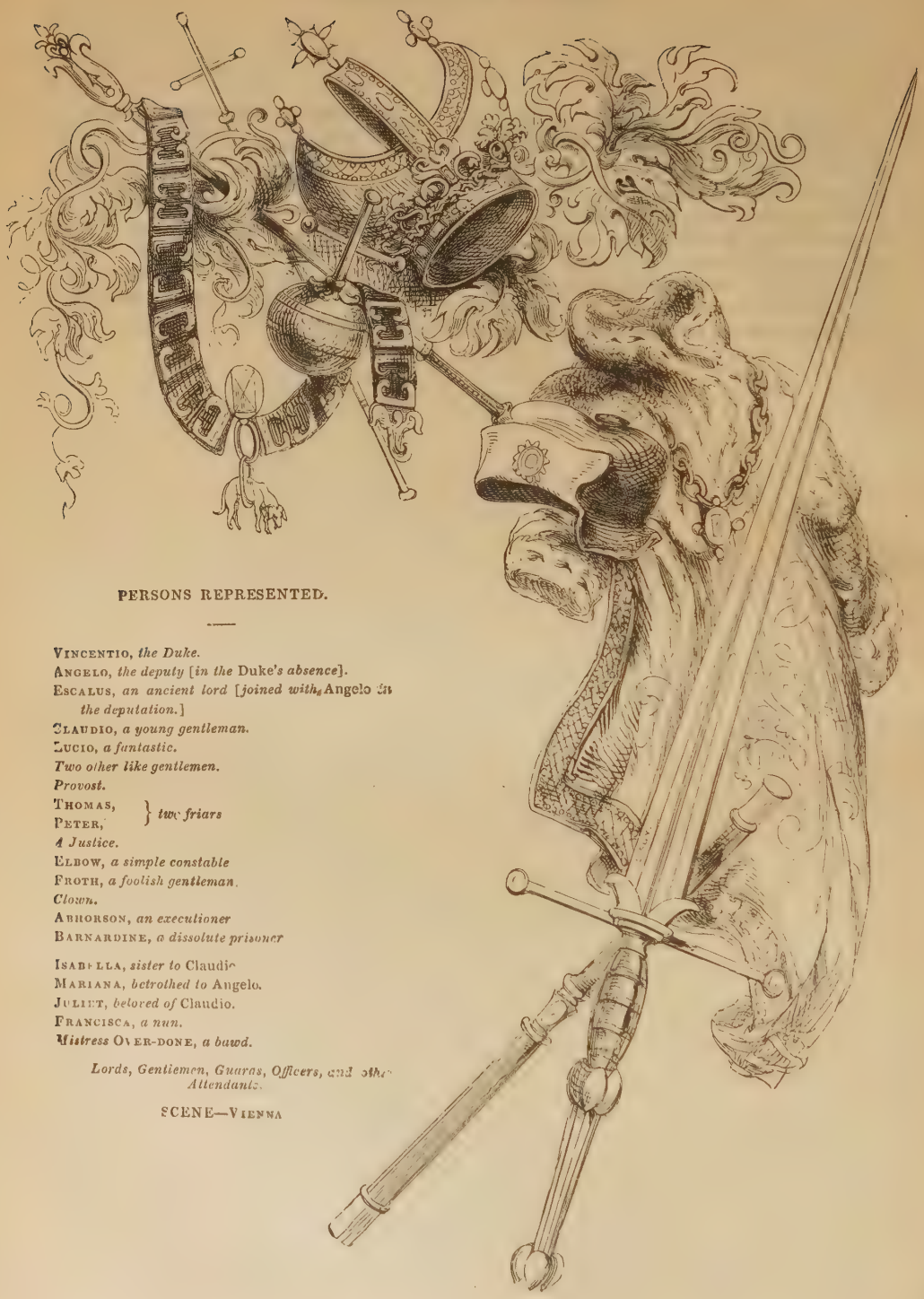
PROMOS *with the* Sheriff, *and their* Officers.

Pro. 'T is strange to think what swarms of unthrifts live
Within this town, by rapine, spoil, and theft,
That, were it not that justice oft them grieve,
The just man's goods by ruffiers should be reft.
At this our 'size are thirty judg'd to die,
Whose falls I see their fellows smally fear.
So that the way is, by severity
Such wicked weeds even by the roots to tear.
Wherefore, sheriff, execute with speedy pace
The damned wights, to cut off hope of grace.
Sher. It shall be done.
Cass. [*to herself.*] O cruel words! they make my heart to bleed:
Now, now I must this doom seek to revoke,
Lest grace come short when starved is the steed.
[*Kneeling, speaks to* PROMOS.
Most mighty lord, a worthy judge, thy judgment sharp abate;
Vail thou thine ears to hear the 'plaint that wretched I relate.
Behold the woeful sister here of poor Andrugio,
Whom though that law awardeth death, yet mercy do him show.
Weigh his young years, the force of love which forced his amiss,
Weigh, weigh that marriage works amends for what committed is.
He hath defil'd no nuptial bed, nor forced rape hath mov'd;
He fell through love who never meant but wife the wight he lov'd:
And wantons sure to keep in awe these statutes first were made,
Or none but lustful lechers should with rig'rous law be paid.
And yet to add intent thereto is far from my pretence;
I sue with tears to win him grace that sorrows his offence.
Wherefore herein, renowned lord, justice with pity pays;
Which two, in equal balance weigh'd, to heaven your fame will raise.
Pro. Cassandra, leave off thy bootless suit; by law he hath been tried—
Law found his fault, law judg'd him death.
Cas. Yet this may be replied:
That law a mischief oft permits to keep due form of law—
That law small faults, with greatest, dooms, to keep men still in awe.
Yet kings, or such as execute regal authority,
If 'mends be made, may over-rule the force of law with mercy.
Here is no wilful murder wrought which asketh blood again;
Andrugio's fault may valued be, marriage wipes out his stain.
Pro. Fair dame, I see the natural zeal thou bear'st to Andrugio,
And for thy sake (not his desert) this favour will I show:
I will reprieve him yet a while, and on the matter pause;
To-morrow you shall licence have afresh to plead his cause.
Sheriff, execute my charge, but stay Andrugio
Until that you in this behalf more of my pleasure know.
Sher. I will perform your will.
Cass. O most worthy magistrate, myself thy thrall I bind,
Even for this little light'ning hope which at thy hands I find.
Now will I go and comfort him which hangs 'twixt death and life. [*Exit.*
Pro. Happy is the man that enjoys the love of such a wife!
I do protest her modest words hath wrought in me amaze,
Though she be fair, she is not deck'd with garish shows for gaze;
Her beauty lures, her looks cut off fond suits with chaste disdain;
O God, I feel a sudden change that doth my freedom chain!
What didst thou say? Fie, Promos, fie! of her avoid the thought:
And so I will; my other cares will cure what love has wrought.
Come away. [*Exeunt.*

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Costume.

With the exception, perhaps, of the Winter's Tale, no play of Shakspere's is so utterly destitute of any "loop or hinge to hang an" appropriate costume upon as Measure for Measure. The scene is laid in Vienna, of which city there never was a duke; and in the whole of the list of persons represented there is not one German name. Vincentio, Angelo, Escalus, Claudio, Lucio, Isabella, Juliet, Francisca, Mariana, all smack of Italy; and it has therefore been questioned by some whether or not we should read "Sienna" for "Vienna." There does not appear, however, to be any authority for supposing the scene of action to have been altered either theatrically or typographically, and, consequently, we must leave the artist to the indulgence of his own fancy, with the suggestion merely that the Viennese costume of the time of Shakspere must be sought for amongst the national monuments of the reign of the Emperor Rodolph II., A.D. 1576—1612.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VINCENTIO, *the Duke.*
ANGELO, *the deputy* [*in the* Duke's *absence*].
ESCALUS, *an ancient lord* [*joined with* Angelo *in the deputation.*]
CLAUDIO, *a young gentleman.*
LUCIO, *a fantastic.*
Two other like gentlemen.
Provost.
THOMAS, } *two friars*
PETER, }
A Justice.
ELBOW, *a simple constable*
FROTH, *a foolish gentleman.*
Clown.
ABHORSON, *an executioner*
BARNARDINE, *a dissolute prisoner*

ISABELLA, *sister to* Claudio.
MARIANA, *betrothed to* Angelo.
JULIET, *belored of* Claudio.
FRANCISCA, *a nun.*
Mistress OVER-DONE, *a bawd.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—VIENNA

[Scene III.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Escalus,—

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know,[a] that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists[b] of all advice
My strength can give you: Then, no more remains:
But that, to your sufficiency as your worth, is able;
And let them work.[a] The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms[b]

[a] *Put to know*—equivalent to *I cannot avoid knowing.*
[b] *Lists*—limits.

[a] Here is one of the obscure passages for which this play is remarkable. The text is usually pointed thus:—

"Then no more remains
But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work."

It is certainly difficult to extract a clear meaning from this. The emendation which Steevens proposes is to omit *to.*

"Then" (says the Duke) "no more remains to say,
But your sufficiency as your worth is able,
And let them work."

It is not our purpose to remove obscurities by additions or omissions in the text, and therefore we leave the passage as in the original, excepting a slight alteration in the punctuation. But we suggest a reading which appears more clearly to give the meaning that may be collected from the text as it stands. We would read

"Then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency your worth is able,
And let them work."

Sufficiency is adequate power; *worth* is the virtue or strength (*virtus*), which, *added to* sufficiency, is *able* (equal to the duty). By the omission of *as* the sense is clearer, and the line is more metrical.

[b] *Terms.*—Blackstone explains this to mean the technical

For common justice, you are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.—
[*Exit an* Attendant.
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: What think you of it?
Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look, where he comes.
Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.
Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold:[a] Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they[b] on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to find issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.[c] But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;[d]
Hold,[a] therefore, Angelo;
In our remove, be thou at full ourself:
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart:[b] Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary:
Take thy commission.
Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.
Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd[c] and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.
Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.
Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own:
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement:
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.
Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!
Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness.
Duke. I thank you: Fare you well. [*Exit.*
Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:

language of the courts, and adds, "An old book called Les Termes de la Ley (written in Henry the Eighth's time) was in Shakspeare's day, and is now, the accidence of young students in the law."

[a] The commentators have stumbled at this passage. Johnson says, "What is there peculiar in this, that a man's life informs the observer of his history?" Monck Mason would correct the passage as follows:—

"There is a kind of *history* in thy life,
That to the observer doth thy *character*
Fully unfold."

Surely *character* has here the original meaning of something engraved or inscribed—*thy life* is thy habits. Angelo was a man of decorum. The duke afterwards says, "Lord Angelo is *precise*."

[b] *They*—So the original. In modern editions *them*, as corrected by Hanmer. But as Angelo might waste himself upon his virtues, *they* might waste themselves on him.

[c] *Use.*—Interest of money.

[d] Alterations have been made and proposed in this passage. Hanmer reads—

"To one that can, *in my part me* advertise."

This is to destroy the sense. *My part in him* is, my part deputed to him, which he can *advertise*—direct his attention to.—without my speech.

[a] *Hold.*—Tyrwhitt supposes that the Duke here checks himself, *Hold therefore;* and that the word *Angelo* begins a new sentence. We have little doubt that the word *hold* is addressed to Angelo; and used technically in the sense of *to have and to hold.* Hold, therefore, our power, Angelo.

[b] Douce thus explains this passage:—"I delegate to thy tongue the power of pronouncing sentence of death, and to thy heart the privilege of exercising mercy."

[c] *Leaven'd.* As leaven slowly works to impart its quality to bread, so the considerations upon which the Duke made choice of Angelo have gradually fermented in his mind.

A power I have; but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me:—Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter Lucio *and two* Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the king of Hungary, why, then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 *Gent.* Why, 't was a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal: There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What? in metre?[1]

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? grace is grace, despite of all controversy: As for example: Thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of sheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet: Thou art the list.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-piled piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think I have done myself wrong; have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to—

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollours a-year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me: but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow: impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

2 *Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 't is not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 't is so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.
[*Exeunt* Lucio *and* Gentlemen.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.

[1] It is justly considered that the 1 *Gent.* has a claim to the honours of this purchase.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clo. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No; but there's a woman with maid by him: You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clo. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clo. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?

Clo. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clo. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

Clo. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison: and there's madam Juliet.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, *and* Officers; Lucio *and two* Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.[a]—
The words of heaven;[b]—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 't is just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope, by the immoderate use,
Turns to restraint: Our natures do pursue
(Like rats that ravin[a] down their proper bane)
A thirsty evil, and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality[b] of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What! is't murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Pro. Away, sir; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you. [*Takes him aside.*

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—
Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me:—Upon a true contract,
I got possession of Julietta's bed;
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation[c] lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation[d] of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time hath made them for us. But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness;
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in:—But this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,

[a] *To pay down by weight* is to pay the full price or penalty.

[b] It has been proposed here to read the *swords* of heaven. The passage is, however, an allusion to St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, chap. ix. ver. 15.

[a] *Ravin*—devour greedily.

[b] *Morality*—in the original *mortality*. It has been corrected, and properly so as would appear from the context, in the modern editions.

[c] *Denunciation* is used by old authors in the sense of *annunciation*.

[d] *Propagation.* It has been proposed to read *procuration*, and also *preservation*.

Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me:—'t is surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service;
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation:[a]
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him;
I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone[b] and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Monastery.*

Enter Duke *and Friar* Thomas.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom: why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life removed;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and[c] witless bravery keeps.[d]
I have deliver'd to lord Angelo
(A man of stricture[e] and firm abstinence)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd: Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,[a])
Which for this fourteen years we have let slip;[b]
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey:[2] Now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
[Becomes[c]] more mock'd than fear'd: so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 't was my fault to give the people scope,
'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight,
To do in slander:[d] And to behold his sway,
I will, as 't were a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me

[a] *Approbation*—probation.
[b] *Prone.* It appears to us that the word is here used in the sense of *humble;* and not in that of *prompt*, which Johnson and Malone have suggested. The timidity and silence of her *youth* alone would move men; but when she chooses to exercise reason and discourse she can well persuade.
[c] *And* is not found in the original, but is supplied in the second folio.
[d] *Keeps*—dwells.
[e] *Stricture*—strictness.

[a] *Steeds*—in the original *weeds.*
[b] *Slip.* The reading of the original has been changed to *sleep.* Theobald, who made this correction, thought that it suited the comparison; and that the *laws* were sleeping like an old lion. The *Duke* compares himself with the animal "who goes not out to prey." He has let the laws *slip.*
[c] *Becomes* was added by Pope to the original.
[d] We print this as in the original. The passage is ordinarily printed

"And yet, my nature never in the *sight*
To do *it* slander."

The image of a *fight* was certainly in the poet's mind, from the use of *ambush* and *strike home.* We understood by *to do in slander*, to be prominent in action, and thus exposed to slander.

How I may formally in person bear
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Nunnery.*

Enter Isabella *and* Francisca.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges?
Fran. Are not these large enough?
Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of saint Clare.
Lucio. Ho! Peace be in this place! [*Within.*
Isab. Who 's that which calls?
Fran. It is a man's voice: Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you answer him.
[*Exit* Francisca.
Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is 't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?
Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.
Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he 's in prison.
Isab. Woe me! For what?
Lucio. For that, which if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.
Isab. Sir, make me not your story.
Lucio. 'T is true. I would not—though 't is my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins so:[a]
I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.
Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.
Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 't is thus:
Your brother and his lover[b] have embrac'd:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison; even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.
Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?
Lucio. Is she your cousin?
Isab. Adoptedly; as schoolmaids change their names,
By vain though apt affection.
Lucio. She it is.
Isab. O, let him marry her!
Lucio. This is the point.
The duke has very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state.
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo: a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He (to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example; all hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer

[a] In this passage we follow the original. Malone says that the reading should be thus:—

"Sir, mock me not—your story."

But the original meaning is clear enough: *make me not your story* is, invent me not your story,—a very common phraseology of our author. When Lucio replies '*t is true*, he means his story is true; he has not invented it; and he adds that he would not jest with her though jesting be his familiar sin, &c.

[b] *Lover*—mistress. Shakspere's poem of the *Lover's Complaint* is the lament of a deserted maiden.

To soften Angelo: And that's my pith of business
'Twixt you and your poor brother.
Isab. Doth he so
Seek his life?
Lucio. Hath censur'd[a] him already,
And, as I hear, the provost hath a warrant
For his execution.
Isab. Alas! what poor
Ability 's in me to do him good?
Lucio. Assay the power you have.
Isab. My power!
Alas! I doubt—[b]

[a] *Censur'd*—sentenced.
[b] We follow the metrical arrangement of the old copy. Steevens, in his introduction to this play, tells us, for our consolation, "I shall not attempt much reformation in its metre, which is too rough, redundant, and irregular." He yet has attempted something, of which the following is an example:—

"To soften Angelo: And that's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.
Isab. Doth he so seek his life?
Lucio. Has censur'd him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.
Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?
Lucio. Assay the power you have.
Isab. My power! Alas! I doubt,—
Lucio. Our doubts are traitors.

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.
Isab. I'll see what I can do.
Lucio. But speedily.
Isab. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isab. Good sir, adieu.
[*Exeunt.*

[Scene V.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

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[1] SCENE II.—" Lucio. *I think thou never wast where grace was said.*
2 Gent. *No? a dozen times at least.*
1 Gent. *What? in metre?*"

THERE can be no doubt that *in metre* can have no other reference than to the ancient metrical graces, to be said or sung,—sometimes accompanied by some old monastic chant, such as we still hear in *Non nobis, Domine.* Tieck has, however, a singular crotchet upon this passage. He holds that the explanation thus given is nonsense; and that the allusion is to Johnson's favourite tavern, the *Mitre,* in a poor resemblance between the words *metre* and *mitre.* We have seen a drawing of an ancient *knife,* upon the blade of which a Latin metrical grace is engraved, with the notes to which it was to be sung.

[2] SCENE IV.—"*Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,*
That goes not out to prey."

The passage in the Book of Job, chap. iv. ver. 11, probably suggested this image:—"The old lion perisheth for lack of prey."

[Scene I. 'How now, sir?']

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in* Angelo's *House.*

Enter Angelo, Escalus, *a* Justice, Provost,[a] Officers, *and other* Attendants.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear[b] the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

[a] *The Provost* is here a kind of sheriff—a keeper of prisoners.
[b] *To fear*—to affright.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall,[a] and bruise to death: Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know,
(Whom I believe to be most straight in virtue,)
That, in the working of your own affections,

[a] *Fall.*—The verb is here used actively. We still say *to fall a tree;* and probably Shakspere had this image in his mind.

Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,[a]
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier that him they try: What's open made
To justice, that justice seizes. What know the laws,
That thieves do pass on[b] thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For[c] I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.
[*Exit* Provost.

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of ice, and answer none;[d]
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, Officers, *&c.*

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clo. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have

[a] In the elliptical construction of this sentence we must understand *for* after *censure him.*

[b] *Pass on*—condemn—adjudicate. We have the same expression in a contemporary play: "A jury of brokers, impanelled and deeply sworn to *pass on* all villains."

[c] *For*—because.

[d] We print this passage as in the original. It is usually given *brakes of vice.* Steevens supports the emendation in two ways: first, that a *brake* is an instrument of torture. Holinshed, describing the rack in the Tower known by the name of the Duke of Exeter's daughter, calls it *the brake.* Secondly, *brakes of vice* may mean a thicket of vices. Letourneur translates the passage thus:—"Il on est qui ont tous les vices, et qui ne repondent d'aucun; d'autres sont condamnés pour une faute unique." Those who would preserve the old reading consider that *brakes of ice* are fractures of ice—ice that breaks; and Tieck so translates the passage. The line is certainly full of difficulties. The verb *run* would lead one to believe in the correctness of the old reading; whilst, on the other hand, the employment of *answer* in a peculiar sense—the answer to the question enforced by torture—would lead one to believe that the interpretation of *brakes* as racks is correct. Mr. Dyce holds that "brakes of *vice*" is the proper reading; and, from a note in his edition of Skelton it appears that *brake* was used in the sense of *trap*, as in Cavendish's 'Life of Wolsey'.—"to espy a convenient time and occasion to take the Cardinal in a *brake;*" and in Marmyon's 'Hollands Leaguer,' 1632, there is

"A stale to take this Courtier in a *brake.*"

been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces? [*To* Angelo.

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving your honour's reverence) for stewed prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.[1]

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Clo. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come we to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave: And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a-year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—Was 't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-hallownd eve.

Clo. Why, very well; I hope here be truths: He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'t was in the *Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit: Have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room,[a] and good for winter.

Clo. Why, very well then;—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less: Good morrow to your lordship. [*Exit* Angelo.
Now, sir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clo. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir: what did this gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face:—Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 't is for a good purpose: Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right: Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that she was ever respected, with man, woman, or child.

[a] *Open room.*—This has been explained as a warm room, from the same root as *oven*. But *oven*, if Tooke's interpretation be correct, means a place *heaved*, raised up. We rather think that *open* has here nothing to do with the winter quality of the room, but that it means a *common* room, which is also a warm room.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: What is't your worship's pleasure I should do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [*To* Froth.

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a-year?

Froth. Yes, and't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir? [*To the* Clown.

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clo. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship: For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth: farewell. [*Exit* Froth.]—Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clo. Bum, sir.

Escal. 'Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey: nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: It is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay:[a] If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey: and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipp'd: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipp'd out of his trade. [*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master Constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

[a] *Bay*—a term of building measurement.

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look, you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house: Fare you well. [*Exit.* Elbow.] What 's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there 's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There is no remedy.
Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Provost *and a* Servant.

Serv. He 's hearing of a cause; he will come straight.
I 'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you do. [*Exit* Servant.] I 'll know
His pleasure; may be, he will relent: Alas,
He hath offended but as in a dream![a]
All sects, all ages, smack of this vice; and he
To die for 't—

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what 's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die tomorrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.—
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She 's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted.
[*Exit* Servant.
See you, the fornicatress be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter Lucio *and* Isabella.

Prov. Save your honour! [*Offering to retire.*

Ang. Stay a little while.—[*To* Isab.] You are welcome: What 's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what 's your suit

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemned to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault 's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine[b] the fault whose fine stands in record
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring.*

Lucio. [*To* Isab.] Give 't not o'er so: to him again, intreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.

[a] Mr. Dyce transposes the original "but as offended."
[b] *To fine*—so the original. The ordinary reading is *to find*. To *fine* is to sentence—to bring to an end.

Isab. Must he needs die?
Ang. Maiden, no remedy.
Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not do 't.
Isab. But can you, if you would?
Ang. Look, what I will not that I cannot do.
Isab. But might you do 't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?
Ang. He 's sentenc'd; 't is too late.
Lucio. You are too cold. [*To* Isab.]
Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again: Well believe this,[a]
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipp'd like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.
Ang. Pray you, begone.
Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 't were to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.
Lucio. Ay, touch him; there 's the vein. [*Aside.*
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.
Isab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy: How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.[b]

[a] *Well believe this*—be well assured of this.
[b] This is explained by Malone,—"You will then appear as tender-hearted and merciful as the first man was in his days of innocence, immediately after his creation." Is it not rather with reference to the fine allusion to the redemption which has gone before? think on that, and you will then be as merciful as a man *regenerate*.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him;—he must die to-morrow.
Isab. To-morrow? O, that 's sudden! Spare him, spare him:
He 's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season;[a] shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There 's many have committed it.
Lucio. Ay, well said.
Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first that did the edict infringe[b]
Had answer'd for his deed; now, 't is awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils
(Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,)
Are now to have no successive degrees;
But, ere[c] they live, to end.
Isab. Yet show some pity.
Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.
Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence;
And he, that suffers: O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Lucio. That 's well said.
Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder: nothing but thunder.
Merciful heaven!

[a] *The fowl of season*—when in season.
[b] We print this line as in the original. The ordinary reading is, if the first *man*.
[c] *Ere*—the original has *here*.

Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle: But man, proud man![a]
Dress'd in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he 's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep: who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.[b]

Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent;
He 's coming, I perceive 't.

Prov. Pray heaven, she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints: 't is wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou 'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art advis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top: Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know
That 's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 't is
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.—Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me:—Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I 'll bribe you: Good my lord, turn back.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sunrise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well: come to me
To-morrow.

Lucio. Go to: it is well; away.

[*Aside to* Isab.

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation, [*Aside.*
Where prayers cross.[a]

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour!

[*Exeunt* Lucio, Isab., *and* Provost.

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What 's this? what 's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That lying by the violet, in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils[b] there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream on?

[a] The editor of the second folio reads, *O! but man, proud man.* How much more emphatic is the passage without the *O*, making the pause after *myrtle.*

[b] We understand this passage,—as they are angels, they *weep* at folly; if they had our spleens, they would *laugh*, as mortals.

[a] We believe Tyrwhitt's explanation of this passage is the true one. He quotes the following lines from the Merchant of Venice, Act III., Scene I.:—

"*Sal.* I would it might prove the end of his losses.
Sola. Let me say *Amen* betimes, *lest the Devil cross thy prayer.*"

And he adds, "For the same reason Angelo seems to say Amen to Isabella's prayer."

[b] *Evils* has here a peculiar signification. The desecration which is thus expressed may be understood from a passage in 2 Kings, chapter x., verse 27: "And they brake down the image of Baal, and brake down the house of Baal, and made it a draught house unto this day."

O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art, and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite:—Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in a Prison.*

Enter Duke, *habited like a Friar, and* Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.
Prov. I am the provost: What's your will, good friar?
Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them; and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
Prov. I would do more than that if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flaws[a] of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: She is with child;
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.
Duke. When must he die?
Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—
I have provided for you; stay a while,
And you shall be conducted. [*To* Juliet.
Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?
Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.
Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
Juliet. I'll gladly learn.
Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?
Juliet. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.
Duke. 'T is meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven;
Showing we would not spare heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear,—
Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.—
Grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [*Exit.*
Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious law,[a]
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!
Prov. 'T is pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Angelo's *House.*

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words:
Whilst my invention,[b] hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: The state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot,[c] change for an idle plume,

[a] *Flaws*—so the original. The ordinary reading, that of Warburton, is *flames*, which he adopts to preserve "the integrity of the metaphor." Shakspere, in the superabundance of his thought, makes one metaphor run into another; and thus Juliet may yield to the *flaws*—storms—of her own youth, and so *blister* her reputation. Steevens says, "*Blister* seems to have reference to the *flames* mentioned in the preceding line. A similar use of this word occurs in Hamlet:—

"'———takes the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a *blister* there.'"

The passage which he quotes to defend the reading of *flames* makes against it. The blister succeeds the rose, without any previous burning.

[a] *Law*—in the original, *love*.
[b] *Invention*—imagination.
[c] *Boot*—advantage.

Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case,[a] thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art blood:[b]
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'T is not the devil's crest.[c]

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?
Serv. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.
Ang. Teach her the way. O heavens!
[*Exit* Serv.
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general,[d] subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid?
Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.
Ang. That you might know it would much better please me,
Than to demand what 't is. Your brother cannot live.
Isab. Even so.—Heaven keep your honour!
[*Retiring.*
Ang. Yet may he live a while; and it may be,
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.
Isab. Under your sentence?
Ang. Yea.
Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.
Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 't is all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained means,
To make a false one.
Isab. 'T is set down so in heaven, but not in earth.
Ang. Say you so? then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, That the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
As she that he hath stain'd?
Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.
Ang. I talk not of your soul: Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.
Isab. How say you?
Ang. Nay, I 'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this;—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?
Isab. Please you to do 't,
I 'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.
Ang. Pleas'd you to do it, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.
Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I 'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.[a]
Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that 's not good.
Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, displayed.—But mark me;
To be received plain, I 'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.
Isab. So.

[a] *Case*—outside.
[b] So the original. The ordinary reading is, *Blood, thou still art blood.*
[c] A crest was emblematical of some quality in the wearer, such as his ancestral name. Whatever legend we put on it, the crest is typical of the person. The "devil's horn" is the "devil's crest;" but if we write "good angel" on it, the emblem is overlooked in the "false seeming."
[d] *The general*—the people.

[a] *Your answer*—for you to answer.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.
Isab. True.
Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,) that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding[a] law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?
Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, Were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I've been sick for,[b] ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.
Ang. Then must your brother die
Isab. And 't were the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.
Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?
Isab. Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.
Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.
Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.
Ang. We are all frail.
Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he
Owe, and succeed thy weakness.[c]
Ang. Nay, women are frail too.
Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.
Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold;—
I do arrest your words: Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one, (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,) show it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.
Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.
Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.
Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me
That he shall die for it.
Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.
Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in 't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.
Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.
Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.
Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,

[a] *All-binding*—the original has *all-building*.
[b] The original has "that longing *have* been sick for," changed into the ordinary reading "that longing *I have* been sick for." Mr. White reads *I've*.
[c] This passage is exceedingly difficult; but its obscurity is not lessened by the change which has been adopted by modern editors, "Owe, and succeed *by* weakness." When Angelo says, "We are all frail," he makes a confession of his own frailty, and of that particular frailty of which, from the tenor of what has preceded, Isabella begins to suspect him. She answers, otherwise let my brother die, if we be not all frail—if he be not a feodary,—one holding by the same tenure as the rest of mankind,—and only *he* be found to own and succeed *thy* weakness, which thou hast confessed by implication.

But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs you true. [*Exit.*

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture[a] of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit.*

[a] *Prompture*—suggestion.

RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. II.—"If He, which is the *top* of judgment, should." "If He, which is the *God* of judgment, should."—*Collier.*

The MS. Corrector changes *top* to *God*, which Mr. Collier calls a bold and striking emendation. Mr. Dyce says, in his 'Few Notes on Shakspeare,' "What Mr. Collier calls 'a bold and striking emendation' deserves rather to be characterised as rash and wanton in the extreme." Dante, as Mr. Dyce points out, uses the same expression in reference to the Almighty:—

'Che cima di giudicio."

Which, we may add, Mr. Cary translates, "the sacred height of judgment," quoting, in a note, this passage from Shakspere.

[Scene II. 'Thy sharp and sulphurous bolt.']

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT II.

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[1] Scene I.—"*They are not China dishes, but very good dishes.*"

In the first scene of Massinger's 'Renegado,' the servant of the disguised Venetian gentleman tells his master that his wares

> "Are safe unladen; not a crystal crack'd,
> Or China dish needs soldering."

China dishes were not uncommon things in the days of Elizabeth and James. We captured them on board the Spanish carracks; and we purchased them from Venice. Cromwell imposed a duty on China dishes, so that they had in his time become a regular article of commerce.

[Scene II. Street before the Prison.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter Duke, Claudio, *and* Provost.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death, or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with Life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: [a] a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skiey influences
That dost [a] this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;[1]
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still: Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness: Thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork

[a] *Keep.*—Warburton says, "the sense of the lines in this reading is a direct persuasive to suicide;" and he proposes to read *reck*—care for. *Keep* was anciently used in this very sense. In Wiclif's translation of the Bible, the fortieth verse of the tenth chapter of St. Luke is thus rendered: 'And she stood, and said, Lord, takest thou no *keep* that my sister hath left me alone to serve?" In the authorised version the word *care* is substituted for *keep*.

[a] *Dost*—Hanmer improperly changed the old reading to *do;* conceiving that "skiey influences" was the nominative case. Porson restored what we think the proper reading, although Mr. Dyce asks what Porson was thinking of? He was thinking that Life was the personified entity to be reasoned with. *Thou* art a breath, (servile to all the skiey influences,) that *dost* (properly so in connection with *thou*) this habitation (the body) hourly afflict. The *Thous* throughout the speech are addressed to *Life*—not to Claudio, as might be supposed.

Of a poor worm:[a] Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust: Happy thou art not:
For what thou hast not still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forgett'st: Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee: Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner: Thou hast nor youth, nor age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged,[a] and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld;[b] and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
And seeking death find life: Let it come on.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be conceal'd.[a]

[*Exeunt* DUKE *and* Provost

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good, most good[b] indeed:
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:[c]
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as (you consenting to 't)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

[a] Johnson says, "*Worm* is put for any creeping thing or serpent. Shakspeare supposes falsely, but according to the vulgar notion, that a serpent wounds with his tongue, and that his tongue is forked." It appears to us that the fear here described is that of the *worm of the grave*, and that the next sentence is an enforcement of the same idea. Throughout this speech the antagonist principle of life is kept constantly in view:—

"Merely, thou art death's fool."
"And death unloads thee."
"What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths."

[b] *Eld*—old age, or old people.

[a] The reading of the original folio is,

"Bring them to hear me speak, where I may be conceal'd."

This is clearly an error; for the Duke does not desire that Claudio and his sister should hear him speak, but that being concealed he should hear them. The second folio corrects this manifest error, and at the same time creates another error:—

"Bring them to speak, where I may be conceal'd, yet hear them."

This is the usual reading; yet it is clearly wrong; for the Duke and the Provost go out to the place of concealment, whilst Claudio and his sister remain. The transposition of the pronouns in the original line gives the meaning.

[b] The emphatic repetition of *most good*, which occurs in the original, is sometimes got rid of upon Steevens' principle of allegiance to ten syllables.

[c] *Leiger.*—The commentators appear to have overlooked that the use of the word *leiger* is distinctly associated with the image of an *ambassador* in the preceding line. A leiger ambassador was a resident ambassador—not one sent on a brief and special mission. There is a passage in Lord Bacon which gives us this meaning distinctly: "*Leiger ambassadors*, or agents, were sent to *remain* in or near the courts of those princes or states, to observe their motions, or to hold correspondence with them." The same association of ideas is carried forward in the word *appointment*, which Steevens explains as preparation for death. But the word especially belongs to an ambassador, as we find in Burnet: "He had the *appointments* of an ambassador, but would not take the character."

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.[3]
Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.
Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew,
As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.
Claud. The precise[a] Angelo?
Isab. O, 't is the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In precise guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed?
Claud. O, heavens! it cannot be.
Isab. Yes, he would give 't thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still: This night 's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.
Claud. Thou shalt not do 't.
Isab. O, were it but my life,
I 'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.
Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.
Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.
Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.
Isab. Which is the least?
Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd?—O Isabel!
Isab. What says my brother?
Claud. Death is a fearful thing.
Isab. And shamed life a hateful.
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted[a] spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions[b] of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'t is too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,

[a] *Precise.*—The original folio gives us the meaningless word *prenzie*, not only here, but in the subsequent line,—"*In prenzie guards.*" Warburton proposes to read *priestly;* Steevens and Malone, following the second folio, give us *princely.* It appears to us that, having to choose some word which would have the double merit of agreeing with the sense of the passage and being similar in the number and form of the letters, nothing can be more unfortunate than the correction of *princely.* Warburton's *priestly* is much nearer the meaning intended to be conveyed. Tieck has suggested, as we think very happily, the word *precise.* It will be seen at once that this word has a much closer resemblance to *prenzie* than either of the others:—

prenzie.
precise.
princelie.
priestlie.

Angelo has already been called *precise;* and the term, so familiar to Shakspere's contemporaries, of *precisian,* would make Claudio's epithet perfectly appropriate and intelligible. It appears to us that we must adopt the same change in both instances. *Princely guards*—understanding by guards the trimmings of a robe—certainly does not give us the meaning of the poet: it only says, the worst man may wear a rich robe; *priestly* is here again much better. But *precise guards* distinctly gives us the formal trimmings of the scholastic robe, to which Milton alludes in 'Comus.' But the nearest word to *prenzie* is *phrensy*—spelt *frenzie* in Midsummer Night's Dream. In our Library edition we have ventured to suppose that when Isabella accused the "outward-sainted deputy," Claudio should think she was mad and exclaim, "The phrensy; Angelo?"

[a] *Delighted.*—This epithet has been changed to *dilated;* and it has been proposed to read *benighted,* and *delinquent.* Warburton explains "the delighted spirit" to mean the soul once accustomed to delight. We agree with the learned and agreeable writer of an article on Farmer, published in 'Fraser's Magazine,' that Warburton's interpretation is "rather strained;" but we cannot recommend his own suggestion of *delated.* We are indebted to an anonymous correspondent for an explanation, which, if not quite unexceptionable, has certainly the merit of great ingenuity:—"Does not the word *delighted* (*de-lighted*) mean removed from the regions of light, which is a strictly classic use of the prepositive particle *de,* and very frequent in Shakspere?" Our correspondent gives us a passage from Giles Fletcher in support of this explanation:—

"The sun
Wrapp'd in a sable cloud from mortal eyes,
The hasty stars at noon begin to rise,
And headlong to his early roost the sparrow flies.

But, soon as he again *deshadow'd* is,
Restoring the blind world his blemish'd sight,
As though another day were newly his,
The cozen'd birds busily take their flight,
And wonder at the shortness of the night.
('The Eclipse.')

He adds:—

"The word '*deshadowed*' is here used in a sense precisely antagonistic to '*delighted;*' viz., 'removed from the shade.'"

[b] *Regions.*—The original has *region;* as, in a subsequent line, it has *thought.* We are not quite satisfied with the change; but, in a passage like this, which is familiar to every one, the slightest deviation from the received text produces an unpleasant feeling to the reader.

That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O, you beast!
O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is 't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness[a]
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance;
Die; perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I 'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin 's not accidental, but a trade:
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'T is best that thou diest quickly. [*Going.*

Claud. O hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [*To* Claudio, *aside.*] Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures; she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell.

[*Exit* Claudio.

Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What 's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come you will be gone: Leave me a while with the maid; my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.[a] [*Exit* Provost.

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: Yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only.—Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good. A remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further; I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wracked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural;

[a] *Wilderness*—wildness.

[a] *In good time*—very well—*à la bonne heure.*

with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate[a] husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour; in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience: this being granted in course, now follows all:—we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled.[b] The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up: Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana:[4] At that place call upon me; and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*

[a] *Combinate*—betrothed [b] *Scaled*—to scale is to weigh.

SCENE II.—*The Street before the Prison.*

Enter Duke, *as a Friar; to him* Elbow, Clown, *and* Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O, heavens! what stuff is here?

Clo. 'T was never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm; and furred with fox and lambskins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir:—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father:[a] What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live: Do thou but think
What 't is to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

Clo. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer.
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir.

[a] Shakspere knew something of the primitive meanings of words. *Friar* is a corruption of the French *frère;* and Tyrwhitt shows us how the Duke's joke would read in French:—"Dieu vous bénisse, mon père frère. Et vous aussi, mon frère père."

Clo. I spy comfort; I cry, bail: Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the wheels[a] of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply? Ha? What sayest thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is 't not drowned i' the last rain? Ha? What sayest thou, trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 't is good; it is the right of it: it must be so: Ever your fresh whore, and your powdered bawd: An unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why 't is not amiss, Pompey: Farewell; Go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 't is his right: Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too: bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: Commend me to the prison, Pompey: You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.[b]

Clo. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: Adieu, trusty Pompey. —Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, — nor now. — What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go:

[*Exeunt* Elbow, Clown, *and* Officers.

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none: Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: But where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: But wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to 't.

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after this downright way of creation: Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawned him: —Some, that he was begot between two stockfishes:—But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion generative, that 's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man! Would the duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: He had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'T is not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke: yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward[a] of his: A shy fellow was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

[a] *Wheels.*—We have here a remarkable example how an apparently slight error—the omission or substitution of a letter—creeps into repeated editions of many books, and destroys the force of a passage. We cannot trace where the error began; but we once invariably found *heels* instead of *wheels*, which is the original word, and of the propriety of which there can be no doubt.

[b] This passage supports Dr. Jamieson's etymology of *husband;* who is of opinion that the terminating syllable, *band*, is not from the Anglo-Saxon *Bind-an*, to bind; but from *buand, buende*, the past participle of *bu-an, by-an*, habitare, colere.

[a] *Inward*—intimate.

Lucio. No,—pardon;—'t is a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand,—The greater file of the subject[a] held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed,[b] must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him: If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name.

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more: or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite.[c] But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the duke, we talk of, were returned again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He 's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say, that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue!
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, Bawd, *and* Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit[a] in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time; he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence: —let him be call'd before us.—Away with her to prison: Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt* Bawd *and* Officers.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered, Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the see,
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security[b] enough to make

[a] The greater number of the people.
[b] *Helmed*—steered through.
[c] *Opposite*—adversary.

[a] *Forfeit*—transgress.
[b] *Security*—legal security—surety.

fellowships accursed: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at anything which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner: Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* Escalus *and* Provost.

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself, to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;[a]
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness,[b] made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things:
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despised;
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

[a] *Go.* The *to* which precedes *stand* must be understood here.
[b] *Likeness*—comeliness.

['The moated grange']

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

[1] SCENE I.—*"Merely, thou art death's fool."*

CERIMON, the good physician in Pericles, says that the study and practice of the healing art afford

> 'A more content in course of true delight
> Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
> Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
> To please the fool and death."

In both these passages there is undoubtedly an allusion to certain ancient representations of Death and the Fool. It has been clearly shown that Warburton was mistaken in asserting that these characters occurred in the old Moralities. The idea was probably suggested to Shakspere by some of the celebrated engravings of 'the Dance of Death,' with which he must have been familiar In Stow's 'Survey of London,' 1618, there is an initial letter exhibiting a contest between Death and the Fool, which Mr. Douce says is copied from one of a set of initials used by the Basil printers in the sixteenth century. Of this the above is a fac-simile.

[2] SCENE I.—*"For all thy blessed youth," &c.*

Warburton proposed a singular emendation of this passage:"—

> "For *pall'd*, thy *blazed* youth
> Becomes *assuaged*."

Probably the original idea, or the critic's refinement on it, suggested Byron's exquisite "stanzas for music:"—

> "There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
> When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay:
> 'Tis not on youth's smooth check the blush alone, which fades so fast,
> But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.
>
> Then the few, whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness,
> Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess:
> The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
> The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch again.
>
> Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down;
> It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own;
> That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
> And though the eye may sparkle still, 't is where the ice appears.
>
> Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast,
> Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of rest;
> 'T is but as ivy-leaves around the ruin d turret wreath,
> All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey beneath.
>
> Oh! could I feel as I have felt,—or be what I have been,—
> Or weep, as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanish'd scene;
> As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,
> So, 'midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow to me."

[3] SCENE I.—*"The poor beetle, that we tread upon,*
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies."

These lines, taken apart from the context, would indicate that the bodily pain, such as is attended with death, is felt with equal severity by a giant and a beetle. The physiologists tell us that this is not true; and that the nervous system of a beetle does not allow it to feel pain so acutely as that of a man. We hope this is correct; but we are not sure that Shakspere meant to refine quite so much as the entomologists are desirous to

believe. "It is somewhat amusing," says a writer in the 'Entomological Magazine,' "that his words should, in this case, be entirely wrested from their original purpose. His purpose was to show how little a man feels in dying; that the sense of death is most in apprehension, not in the act; and that even a beetle, which feels so little, feels as much as a giant does. The less, therefore, the beetle is supposed to feel, the more force we give to the sentiment of Shakspere."

SCENE I.—"*At the moated grange resides this dejected Mariana.*"

In a poem by Mr. Tennyson, the idea of loneliness and desolation, suggested by these simple words of Shakspere, is worked out with the most striking effect. We have great pleasure in extracting these beautiful verses, which have been described as exhibiting "the power of creating scenery in keeping with some state of human feeling, so fitted to it as to be the embodied symbol of it, and to summon up the state of feeling itself with a force not to be surpassed by anything but reality." *

"With blackest moss the flower-pots
Were thickly crusted, one and all;
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden-wall.
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange,
Unlifted was the clinking latch,
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, 'My life is dreary—
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'

"Her tears fell with the dews at even,
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried:
She could not look on the sweet heave
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanc'd athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, 'The night is dreary—
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'

"Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow;
The cock sung out an hour ere light:
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the grey-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, 'The day is dreary—
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'

"About a stone-cast from the wall,
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marish mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled bark:
For leagues no other tree did dark
The level waste, the rounding grey.
She only said, 'My life is dreary—
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'

"And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up an' away
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, 'The night is dreary—
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'

"All day within the dreamy house
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
The blue-fly sung i' the pane; the mouse
Behind the mould'ring wainscot shriek'd
Or from the crevice peer'd about.
Old faces glimmer'd through the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices call'd her from without.
She only said, 'My life is dreary—
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'

"The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loath'd the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Down-slop'd was westering in his bower.
Then said she, 'I am very dreary—
He will not come,' she said;
She wept, 'I am aweary, aweary;
O God! that I were dead!'"

* 'London Review' July, 1835.

[Scene III.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Mariana's *House.*

MARIANA *discovered sitting; a* Boy *singing.*

SONG.

Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away;
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—
[*Exit* Boy.

Enter DUKE.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good: though music oft hath such a charm,
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath anybody inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you:—The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd[a] with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched[b] gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise upon the heavy
Middle of the night to call upon him.[c]

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon 't;
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd[d] him, my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'T is well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this:—What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself, that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do; and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will 't please you walk aside?
[*Exeunt* MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests[a]
Upon thy doings! thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome! How agreed?

Re-enter MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

Isab. She 'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
'Remember now my brother.'

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 't is no sin;
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish[b] the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn 's to reap, for yet our tithe 's[c] to sow.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter Provost *and* Clown.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: Can you cut off a man's head?

Clo. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but

a *Circummur'd*—walled round.
b *Planched*—planked—made of boards.
c In the original we find these lines thus printed—

"There I have made my promise upon the
Heavy middle of the night to call upon him."

The metrical alteration in the text appears the most natural way of dealing with a difficulty. It has been proposed to read—

"There have I made my promise to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night."

d *Possess'd*—informed.

a *Quests*—inquisitions.
b *Flourish*—bestow propriety and ornament,—like rich work upon a coarse ground. So in Twelfth Night we have,

"Empty trunks *o'erflourish'd* by the devil."

c *Tithe.*—It has been proposed to read *tilth*, which Farmer says is provincially used for land tilled. To *sow the tilth* would therefore be to sow the land prepared for seed. Johnson defends the old reading by saying that *tithe* is taken, by an easy metonymy, for harvest. Henley defends *tithe's*, by saying that the Duke is speaking in the person of an ecclesiastic. Mr. Dyce and Mr. White adopt Warburton's reading of *tilth*.

if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him: He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? Fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

Clo. Pray, sir, by your good favour, (for, surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Clo. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clo. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief——

Clo. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.[a]

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clo I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare:[a] for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt* Clown *and* Abhorson.

One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'T is now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly[b] in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise? [*Knocking within.*
Heaven give your spirits comfort! [*Exit* Claudio.
By and by:—
I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost! Who called here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel!

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere 't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

[a] We divide this assertion and proof between the two characters, as in the original. The whole of the elaborate argument is given by several editors to Abhorson; but this piece of oratory is not at all characteristic of his sententious gravity. Warburton thinks that something has been omitted but it appears to us that, when the Clown asks for "proof" that "hanging is a mystery," the hangman commences his exposition with an account of the thief's clothes,—the link of fellowship between them; and, proceeding slowly and logically, is interrupted by the lively Clown, explaining his first postulate. They are then both interrupted by the entrance of the Provost.

[a] *Yare*—ready—nimble.

[b] *Starkly*—stiffly.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify[a] in others: were he meal'd[b]
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just.—Now are they come.—
[*Knocking within.*—Provost *goes out.*
This is a gentle provost: Seldom, when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.
How now? What noise? That spirit's possess'd with haste,
That wounds the unsisting[c] postern with these strokes.

Provost *returns, speaking to one at the door.*

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Haply
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege[d] of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.[e]

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit* Messenger.

[a] *Qualify*—moderate.
[b] *Meal'd*—compounded—from *mesler*.
[c] *Unsisting*—This is one of Shakspere's Latinisms, by which he means, never at rest, from *sisto*, to stand still. Blackstone suggested this meaning. Rowe gave us *unresisting*, and Hanmer *unresting*.
[d] *Siege*—seat.
[e] We venture to make an alteration in the person speaking these two lines. In the original the Duke says, "This is his lordship's man;" whereas it is not very likely that the Duke would either know the man, or, in his assumed capacity of a friar, would recognise him. But it is still less likely that the Provost, who has so strongly expressed his opinion that Angelo would be unrelenting, and who subsequently says "I told you," should, upon the very appearance of a messenger, exclaim "and here comes Claudio's pardon."

Duke. This is his pardon purchas'd by such sin, [*Aside.*
For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is born in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.—
Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on:[a] methinks, strangely; for he hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [*Reads.*] "Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril."

What say you to this, sir.

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nursed up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.[b]

Duke. How came it, that the absent duke had not either delivered him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very often awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy:

[a] *Putting on*—incitement.
[b] *Nine years old*—during nine years.

if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him: To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: You know the course is common. If anything fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father: it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke. You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure: where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor: perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed: but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Clown.

Clo. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper[2] and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young master Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve lackey the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and master Forthright the tilter, and brave master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.[a]

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged, master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends, sir; the hangman: You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

[a] Pope reads "now *in* for the Lord's sake." But the meaning is, they are now dependent upon charity—crying to passengers for the Lord's sake, out of a grated window. The words are given in Nashe's 'Apologie for Pierce Pennilesse,' 1593; and we find them also in Davies's epigrams:—

"Good gentle writers, for the Lord's sake, for the Lord's sake,
Like Ludgate prisoner, lo, I, begging make
My moan."

Malone restored the original passage, and cited these illustrations.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clo. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clo. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clo. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you,
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Barnar. Not a word; if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel heart!—
After him, fellows; bring him to the block.
[*Exeunt* Abhorson *and* Clown.

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head,
Just of his colour: What if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclined;
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 't is an accident that heaven provides!
Despatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: See this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon;
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done:—
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To yonder[a] generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despatch,
And send the head to Angelo. [*Exit* Provost.
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions I am bound

[a] *Yonder*—the original is *yond*, in which the printer no doubt followed the contraction of the writer. But in modern editions we have the *under* generation, "which change," Johnson says, "was made by Hanmer with true judgment." Shakspere has, indeed, in Richard II., alluded to the *antipodes* in a poetical figure:—

——— "When the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world."

But what is gained in the passage before us by perplexing the time when the Duke assures the Provost he shall find his safety manifested? The scene takes place before the dawning: Claudio is to be executed by four of the clock; the Duke says—

"As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning."

Subsequently, when the morning is come, Isabella is told "the Duke comes home *to-morrow*." Speaking, then, in the dark prison, before sunrise, nothing can be more explicit than the Duke's statement that before the sun has twice made his daily greeting to *yonder* generation,—that is, to the life without the walls,—the Provost shall be assured of his safety. But at the time when he was speaking it would be evening at the antipodes; and if the Provost waited for his safety till the sun had twice risen upon the *under* generation, he would have to wait till a third day before he received that assurance: and this contradicts what is afterwards said of *to-morrow*.

To enter publicly: him I 'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I 'll carry it myself.
Duke. Convenient is it: make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.
Prov. I 'll make all speed. [*Exit.*
Isab. [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here!
Duke. The tongue of Isabel: – She 's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.
Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world;
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.
Isab. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other:
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.
Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.
Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.
Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot;
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say; which you shall find
By every syllable, a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom[a] on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.
Isab. I am directed by you.
Duke. This letter then to Friar Peter give;
'T is that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,
I 'll perfect him withal: and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combined[b] by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who 's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even!
Friar, where is the provost?
Duke. Not within, sir.
Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient: I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to 't: But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [*Exit* Isabella.
Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.
Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he 's a better woodman than thou takest him for.
Duke. Well, you 'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.
Lucio. Nay, tarry; I 'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.
Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.
Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

[a] *Bosom*—wish—heart's desire. [b] *Combined*—bound.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, had I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I 'll go with thee to the lane's end: If bawdy talk offend you, we 'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Angelo's *House.*

Enter Angelo *and* Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd:
Betimes i' the morn, I 'll call you at your house:
Give notice to such men of sort and suit,
As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.—
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law against it!—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me? Yet reason dares her No:[a]
For my authority bears of a credent bulk,[b]
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Fields without the Town.*

Enter Duke *in his own habit, and* Friar Peter.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me. [*Giving letters.*
The provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.

F. Peter. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit* Friar.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:
Come, we will walk: There 's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Street near the City Gate.*

Enter Isabella *and* Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loth;
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: yet I am advis'd to do it;
He says, to veil full purpose.[a]

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure,
He speak against me on the adverse side,

[a] Reason, which is here personified, dares her with the *no* which forbids her to speak.

[b] This is ordinarily printed bears *off* a credent bulk. We follow the original: *bears* is used in the sense of figures,—is seen.

[a] *To veil full purpose*—to conceal the whole extent of his purpose.

I should not think it strange; for 't is a physic
That 's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Peter—

Isab O, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.

F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you: Twice have the trumpets sounded;
The generous[a] and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is ent'ring; therefore hence, away.

[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Generous* is here used in its Latin sense.

[Fields without the Town. Scene V.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Take, oh take those lips away.*"

THIS charming lyric, as sung to Mariana, would appear perfect in itself, but from two circumstances; first, Mariana says, "Break off thy song," which would lead one to infer that, as we find it in the text, it is not complete: secondly, we have the song, apparently complete, in the tragedy of 'Rollo Duke of Normandy,' ascribed to Fletcher, and printed in Beaumont and Fletcher's works. We give the song as it stands in that play:—

"Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, like break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, tho' seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are yet of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee."

The question then arises, is the song to be attributed to Shakspere, or to Fletcher? Malone justly observes that all the songs introduced in our author's plays appear to have been his own composition. The idea in the line

"Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,"

is found in the 142nd Sonnet:—

——"not from those lips of thine,
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,
And *seal'd false bonds of love*, as oft as mine."

The image is also repeated in the Venus and Adonis. Weber, the editor of Beaumont and Fletcher, is of opinion that the first stanza was Shakspere's, and that Fletcher added the second. There is no evidence, we apprehend, external or internal, by which the question can be settled.

[2] SCENE III.—"*He's in for a commodity of brown paper,*" *&c.*

The old comedies are full of allusions to the practice of the usurer—so notorious as to acquire him the name of the *brown-paper merchant*—of stipulating to make his advance partly in money and partly in goods, which goods were sometimes little more than packages of brown paper. The most minute description of these practices is given in a pamphlet by Nashe, published in 1594:—"He (a usurer) falls acquainted with gentlemen, frequents ordinaries and dining-houses daily, where, when some of them at play have lost all their money, he is very diligent at hand, on their chains and bracelets, or jewels, to lend them *half the value.* Now this is the nature of young gentlemen, that where they have broke the ice, and borrowed once, they will come again the second time; and that these young foxes know as well as the beggar knows his dish. But at the second time of their coming it is doubtful to say whether they shall have money or no. The world grows hard, and we are all mortal; let him make him any assurance before a judge, and they shall have some hundred pounds *per consequence*, in *silks and velvets.* The third time if they come, they shall have *baser commodities:* the fourth time, *lute-strings* and *grey paper.*"

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A public Place near the City Gate.*

MARIANA (*veiled*), ISABELLA, *and* PETER, *at a distance. Enter at opposite sides,* DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords; ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers, *and* Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A forted residence, 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand;
And good supporters are you.

PETER *and* ISABELLA *come forward.*

F. Peter. Now is your time; speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail[a] your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me, justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? By whom? Be brief:
Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice!
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O, worthy duke,

[a] *Vail*—lower.

You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear me, here.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice!

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo 's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo 's a murtherer; is 't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her;—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness; make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 't is not impossible
But one, the wicked'st catiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts,[a] titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he 's nothing; but he 's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
(Such a dependency of thing on thing,)
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O, gracious duke,
Harp not on that: nor do not banish reason
For inequality;[b] but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid;
And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother: One Lucio
As then the messenger;—

Lucio. That 's I, an 't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That 's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant 's for yourself; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That 's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter:—Proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied;
(For this was of much length,) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,

[a] *Characts*—inscriptions—official designations.

[b] *Inequality.*—The MS. Corrector changes *inequality* for *incredulity*; to which Mr. Collier adds, that "*incredulity* is the real word," and that "*inequality* could not be right." We are entirely opposed to such an opinion. The word *inequality* is a word pregnant with Shakspere's wonderful metaphysical subtlety. The meaning of the passage is ruined by the substitution of *incredulity*. Why should Isabella ask the Duke to put aside incredulity? She does not tell the Duke, as Mr. Collier says, to give his own reason fair play—that comes afterwards. But she asks him not to assume that *she* is wanting in reason—not to banish reason for inequality between what he considers an insane idea supported by the "oddest frame of sense." Angelo has said that her wits are not firm: the Duke has said, "she speaks in the infirmity of sense." She conjures him,—

"That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touched with madness; *make not impossible*
That which but seems unlike.

The exclamation,—

"Harp not on that: nor do not banish reason
For inequality,"

is the final appeal which compels the Duke to hearken.

And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Duke. This is most likely!
Isab. O, that it were as like[a] as it is true!
Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st;
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,
In hateful practice:[b] First, his integrity
Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off: Some one hath set you on;
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.
Isab. And is this all?
Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapp'd up
In countenance![c]—Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!
Duke. I know you 'd fain be gone:—An officer!
To prison with her:—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?
Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.
Duke. A ghostly father, belike: Who knows that Lodowick?
Lucio. My lord, I know him; 't is a meddling friar.
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.
Duke. Words against me? This' a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.
Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.
F. Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd: First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute;

[a] *Like* is here used in the sense of *probable.*
[b] *Practice*—craft—subornation.
[c] *Countenance*—false appearance.

Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.
Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick that she speaks of?
F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,[a]
As he 's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.
Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.
F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever: Upon his mere[b] request,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo,) came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he 's convented. First, for this woman;
(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly[c] and personally accus'd,)
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.
Duke. Good friar, let 's hear it.
[Isabella *is carried off, guarded; and* Mariana *comes forward.*
Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—
O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I 'll be impartial;[d] be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face; and, after, speak.
Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face,
Until my husband bid me.
Duke. What, are you married?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. Are you a maid?
Mari. No, my lord.
Duke. A widow then?
Mari. Neither, my lord.
Duke. Why you
Are nothing then:—Neither maid, widow, nor wife?

[a] Lucio had denounced the "ghostly father" as "a meddling friar;" he is here defended as one that does not meddle with passing events.
[b] *Mere*—sole—unmixed—absolute.
[c] *Vulgarly*—publicly.
[d] *Impartial.*—*Im* was frequently used as an augmentative particle; and the meaning therefore is *very partial.* We have the same sense in the early copy of Romeo and Juliet:

"Cruel, unjust, *impartial* destinies."

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not,
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou 'wert so too!

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to 't, my lord:
She, that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I 'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse:—Let 's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask. [*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on:
This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house,
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this woman;
And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition;[a] but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,
He knew me as a wife: As this is true
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now;
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
These poor informal[b] women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on: Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that 's gone! think'st thou, thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That 's seal'd in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 't is deriv'd:
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.— [*Exit* Provost.
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have
Well determin'd upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we 'll do it thoroughly.—[*Exit.* Duke.] Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

[a] *Composition*—agreement. [b] *Informal*—without sense.

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum;* honest in nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him: we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again; [*to an* Attendant.] I would speak with her: Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I 'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly she 'll be ashamed.

Re-enter Officers, *with* Isabella; *the* Duke, *in the* Friar's *habit, and* Provost.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That 's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress: [*to* Isabella] here 's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir: Did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

Duke. 'T is false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne:—
Where is the duke? 't is he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke 's in us; and we will hear you speak:
Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least: But, O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke 's unjust
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!
Is 't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women,
To accuse this worthy man? but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain? and then to glance from him
To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence; to the rack with him:—We 'll touze you
Joint by joint,—but we will know his[a] purpose:
What! unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial: My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'errun the stew: laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'T is he, my lord. Come hither, good man bald-pate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. O did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal:—Away with him to prison:—Where is the provost?—Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more:—Away with those giglots[b] too, and with the other confederate companion.

[*The* Provost *lays hands on the* Duke.

[a] *His.*—So the original copy, but generally printed *this.* Boswell very sensibly says that, after having threatened the supposed friar, "We 'll touze you joint by joint," Escalus addresses the close of the sentence to the bystanders.

[b] *Giglots*—wantons. So in King Henry VI., Part I.:—

———"Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a *giglot* wench."

Duke. Stay, sir; stay awhile.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir: Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will't not off?

[*Pulls off the* Friar's *hood, and discovers the* Duke.

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke.—
First, provost, let me bail these gentle three:—
Sneak not away, sir; [*to* Lucio] for the friar and you
Must have a word anon:—lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.— [*To* Escalus.
We 'll borrow place of him—Sir, by your leave: [*To* Angelo.
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes.[a] Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her, instantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again:—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt* Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Provost.

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel:
Your friar is now your prince: As I was then
Advertising, and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost: O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on
That brain'd my purpose: But, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Provost.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudg'd your brother,
(Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,)
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still *for Measure.*
Then, Angelo, thy fault thus manifested,—
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage:
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste;
Away with him.

Mari. O, my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband!

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband:
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come: for his possessions,

[a] *Passes* has been explained as *devices.* We believe it is used in the same sense as the word *passages.*

Although by confiscation[a] they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.
Mari. O, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.
Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.
Mari. Gentle, my liege,— [*Kneeling.*
Duke. You do but lose your labour;
Away with him to death.—Now, sir, [*to* Lucio] to you.
Mari. O, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.
Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.
Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?
Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.
Isab. Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die: My brother had but justice
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intents but merely thoughts.
Mari. Merely, my lord.
Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault:—
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?
Prov. It was commanded so.
Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?
Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.
Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

[a] *Confiscation.*—This is the reading of the second folio; the original has *confutation.*

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.
Duke. What's he?
Prov. His name is Barnardine.
Duke. I would thou had'st done so by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.
[*Exit* Provost.
Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.
Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'T is my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, *and* Juliet.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?
Prov. This, my lord.
Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd;
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come:—Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's that?
Prov. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
That should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio, as himself.
[*Unmuffles* Claudio.
Duke. If he be like your brother, [*to* Isabella] for his sake
Is he pardon'd; And, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine;
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye:—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits[a] you well
Look that you love your wife; her worth worth yours.—
I find an apt remission in myself:
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon:—
You, sirrah, [*to* Lucio] that knew me for a fool, a coward,

[a] *Quits*—requites.

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick:[a] If you will hang me for it, you may, but I had rather it would please you I might be whipped.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself there's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore! Your highness said even now, I made you a duke; good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits:—Take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo;
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There's more behind that is more gratulate.[a]
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place:—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours and what is yours is mine:
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know. [*Exeunt*

a *According to the trick* is not, as Johnson interprets it, according to the habitual practice of the speaker; but after the fashion of banter and exaggeration, which was thought to be as much an indication of cleverness in Shakspere's time as in ours.

a *More gratulate*—more to be rejoiced in.

['The unfolding Star.']

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

"LOOK, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd." In the midst of the most business-like and familiar directions occur these eight words of the highest poetry. By a touch almost magical Shakspere takes us in an instant out of that dark prison, where we have been surrounded with crime and suffering, to make us see the morning star bright over the hills, and hear the tinkle of the sheep-bell in the folds, and picture the shepherd bidding the flock go forth to pasture, before the sun has lighted up the dewy lawns. In the same way, throughout this very extraordinary drama, in which the whole world is represented as one great prison-house, full of passion, and ignorance, and sorrow, we have glimpses every now and then of something beyond, where there shall be no alternations of mildness and severity, but a condition of equal justice, serene as the valley under "the unfolding star," and about to rejoice in the dayspring.

The little passage which we have quoted is one amongst the numberless poetical gems which are scattered up and down this comedy with a profusion such as only belongs to one poet. It has been said of Shakspere, "He is the text for the moralist and the philosopher. His bright wit is cut out 'into little stars;' his solid masses of knowledge are meted out in morsels and proverbs; and, thus distributed, there is scarcely a corner which he does not illuminate, or a cottage which he does not enrich." * This is by no means his highest praise, and his 'Beauties' give a very imperfect idea of

* 'Retrospective Review, vol. vii., page 381.

his attributes; but certainly no other man ever wrote single sentences that to such an extent have now become mixed up with the habits of thought of millions of human beings. This play appears to us especially glittering with these "little stars." We cannot open a scene in which we do not encounter some passage that has set us thinking at some moment of our lives. Of such distinct passages, which the memory never parts from, the following will be recognised by all as familiar friends:—

> "Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;
> Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
> Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
> As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
> But to fine issues."

> "Reason thus with life:
> If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
> That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
> (Servile to all the skiey influences.)
> That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
> Hourly afflict."

> "Merciful heaven!
> Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
> Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
> Than the soft myrtle: But man, proud man!
> Dress'd in a little brief authority;
> Most ignorant of what he 's most assur'd,
> His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
> As make the angels weep."

> "The sense of death is most in apprehension;
> And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
> In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
> As when a giant dies."

We select these, contrary to our usual practice of not separating the parts from the whole, for the purpose of pointing out that there is something deeper in them than the power of expressing a moral observation strikingly and poetically. They are imbued with the writer's philosophy. They form a part of the system upon which the play is written. But, opposed to passages like these, there are many single sentences scattered through this drama which, so far from dwelling on with pleasure, we hurry past—which we like not to look upon again—which *appear* to be mere grossnesses. They are, nevertheless, an integral portion of the drama—they, also, form part of the system upon which the play is written. What is true of single passages is true of single scenes. Those between Isabella and Angelo, and Isabella and Claudio, are unsurpassed in the Shaksperean drama, for force, and beauty, and the delicate management of a difficult subject. But there are other scenes which appear simply revolting, such as those in which the Clown is conspicuous; and even Barnardine, one of the most extraordinary of Shakspere's creations, will produce little beyond disgust in the casual reader. But these have, nevertheless, not crept into this drama by accident—certainly not from the desire "to make the unskilful laugh." Perhaps the effect of their introduction, coupled with the general subject of the dramatic action, is to render the entire comedy not pleasurable. Coleridge says, "This play, which is Shakspeare's throughout, is to me the most painful—say, rather, the only painful—part of his genuine works." This is a strong opinion; and, upon the whole, a just one. But it requires explanation.

The general outline of the story upon which Measure for Measure is founded is presented to us in such different forms, and with reference to such distinct times and persons, that, whether historically true or not, we can have no doubt of its universal interest. It is told of an officer of Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy; of Oliver *le Diable*, the wicked favourite of Louis XI.; of Colonel Kirke, in our own country; of a captain of the Duke of Ferrara. In all these cases an unhappy woman sacrifices her own honour for the promised safety of one she loves; and in all, with the exception of the case of Colonel Kirke, the abuser of authority is punished with death. Whatever interest may attach to the narrative of such an event, it is manifest that the dramatic conduct of such a story is full of difficulty, especially in a scrupulous age. But the public opinion, which, in this particular, would operate upon a dramatist in our own day, would not affect a writer for the stage in the times of

Elizabeth and James; and, in point of fact, plots far more offensive became the subject of very popular dramas long after the times of Shakspere. It appears to us that, adopting such a subject in its general bearings, he has managed it with uncommon adroitness by his deviations from the accustomed story. By introducing a contrivance by which the heroine is not sacrificed, he preserves our respect for her, which would be involuntarily lost if she fell, even though against her own will; and by this management he is also enabled to spare the great offender without an unbearable violation of our sense of justice. But there was a higher aim in this even than the endeavour to produce a great dramatic effect.

It may be convenient if we first regard this comedy as a work of art, constructed with reference to the production of such dramatic effect. Without referring, then, to the peculiar character of the Duke, and his secret objects in delegating "mercy and mortality" to Angelo, we have to look only at the sudden and severe sentence which the fault of Claudio has called down upon him, and at the circumstances which arise out of the intervention of Isabella to procure a remission of his punishment. This is the simple view of the matter which we find in the novel of Cinthio, in Whetstone's play of 'Promos and Cassandra,' and in the pseudo-historical stories which deal with the same popular legend. It is in this point of view that we may consider the character of Isabella, acting upon one single and direct principle, without reference to the machinery of which she afterwards forms a part for carrying out the complicated management of the Duke. She is a being separated from all the evil influences—criminal, or ignorant, or weak,—by which she is surrounded. In the eyes of the habitual profligate with whom she comes in contact she is

> "a thing ensky'd and sainted."

In the eyes of the tempter her purity is her most fearful charm. To her a more strict restraint than is laid upon the votaries of St. Clare would be a benefit and not an evil. To the subjection of all rebellious thoughts in herself, to the cultivation of the spiritual parts of her nature, is she dedicated. She weeps for her brother; but she shrinks from the thought of going out of her own peculiar region to become his advocate:—

> "Alas! what
> Ability's in me to do him good?"

When she has taken her resolution she is still doubtful of herself

> "I'll see what I can do."

Few and timid are her words to Lucio; shrinking and half ashamed is her first application to Angelo. She is as severe in her abstract view of guilt as the stern deputy himself:—

> "There is a vice that most I do abhor,
> And most desire should meet the blow of justice."

At the first repulse she is abashed and would retire. She is the cloistress, to whom it appears that to plead for guilt has the semblance of excusing it; but she gradually warms into sympathy and earnestness. She recollects that mercy, as well as justice, is amongst the divine attributes. She first ventures upon the enunciation of a general truth:—

> "No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
> Not the king's crown, nor the deputed swo
> The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
> Become them with one half so good a grace
> As mercy does."

But this general truth leads her to the declaration of the *higher* truth which she has most studied:—

> "Alas! alas!
> Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
> And He that might the vantage best have took
> Found out the remedy: How would you be,
> If He, which is the top of judgment, should
> But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
> And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
> Like man new made."

From this moment she is self-possessed; and she stands before the organ of power pouring forth an impassioned eloquence with all the authority of a heavenly messenger. Then she is bold, even to the point of attacking the self-consciousness of the individual judge:—

> "Go to your bosom;
> Knock there: and ask your heart what it doth know
> That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
> A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
> Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
> Against my brother's life."

And at last, when she believes he will relent, she offers him no thanks, she supplicates him with no tears; but she promises him the reward of

> "true prayers,
> That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
> Ere sunrise."

The foundation of Isabella's character is *religion.* In the second scene with Angelo the same spirit breathes in every line. Her humility—

> "Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
> But graciously to know I am no better;"—

her purity, which cannot understand the oblique purposes of the corrupt deputy;—her martyr-like determination when the hateful alternative is proposed to her—

> "Were I under the terms of death,
> The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
> And strip myself to death, as to a bed
> That longing had been sick for, ere I'd yield;"—

her simplicity, that believes for a moment that virtue has only to denounce wickedness to procure its fall;—her confidence in her brother's "mind of honour:"—all these are the results of the same mental discipline. Most fearfully is her endurance tried, when she has to tell Claudio upon what terms his life may be spared. The unhappy man has calmly listened to the philosophical homily of the Duke, in which he finds what is really somewhat difficult to find in such general exhortations to patience and fortitude—

> "To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
> And seeking death find life."

He is to be sorely tempted; and his sister knows that he wants the one sustaining power which can resist temptation:—

> "O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
> Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
> And six or seven winters more respect
> Than a perpetual honour."

In her burst of passion, when her fears become true, and he utters the sophistry—

> "What sin you do to save a brother's life,
> Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
> That it becomes a virtue,"—

is that terrible indignation, "take my defiance," unnatural or unjust in a mind so constituted and so educated? The alternative was not for innocence to welcome death, but for purity to be reconciled to pollution. A lady, whose work Dr. Johnson has recommended as elegantly illustrating Shakspere's departures from the novel of Cinthio, has been pleased to call Isabella "a vixen" and "a prude." It is satisfactory that, if the last age had its Lenox, who understood as little of her own sex as she did of Shakspere, the present has its Jameson. It was truly said by the editors of the first folio, addressing their readers, "if then you do not like, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him." Mrs. Lenox set out upon the principle of depreciating Shakspere,

and she therefore utters absurdities such as these. Mrs. Jameson begins by reverencing him, and she therefore habitually gives us criticism as true and as beautiful as that which we now extract :—

"Nor should we fail to remark the deeper interest which is thrown round Isabella, by one part of her character, which is betrayed, rather than exhibited, in the progress of the action; and for which we are not at first prepared, though it is so perfectly natural. It is the strong under-current of passion and enthusiasm flowing beneath this calm and saintly self-possession; it is the capacity for high feeling, and generous and strong indignation, veiled beneath the sweet austere composure of the religious recluse, which, by the very force of contrast, powerfully impress the imagination. As we see in real life that where, from some external or habitual cause, a strong control is exercised over naturally quick feelings and an impetuous temper, they display themselves with a proportionate vehemence when that restraint is removed; so the very violence with which her passions burst forth, when opposed or under the influence of strong excitement, is admirably characteristic."

The leading idea, then, of the character of Isabella, is that of one who abides the direst temptation which can be presented to a youthful, innocent, unsuspecting, and affectionate woman—the temptation of saving the life of one most dear, by submitting to a shame which the sophistry of self-love might represent as scarcely criminal. It is manifest that all other writers who have treated the subject have conceived that the temptation could not be resisted. Shakspere alone has confidence enough in female virtue to make Isabella never for a moment even doubt of her proper course. But he has based this virtue, most unquestionably, upon the very highest principle upon which any virtue can be built. The character of Angelo is the antagonist to that of Isabella. In a city of licentiousness he is

> "A man of stricture and firm abstinence."

He is

> "Precise;
> Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
> That his blood flows."

He is one who

> "Doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
> With profits of the mind, study and fast."

But he wanted the one sustaining principle by which Isabella was upheld. Ulrici has sketched his character vigorously and truly :—"Angelo, who makes profession of a rigorous moral purity, boasts continually of his virtue, urges chastisement and severity, and inexorably persecutes sin and weakness,—who, in fact, has also the will to be what he seems,—even he falls from his arrogant height, in a far worse manner, into the same crime that, contrary to his pledged word, he would punish with the full severity of the law. Once subdued by human weakness, he becomes the basest hypocrite and deceiver. The vain self-trusting virtue shows itself in him in its thorough weakness and inanity."

After Shakspere had conceived the character of Isabella, and in that conception had made it certain that her virtue must pass unscathed through the fire, he had to contrive a series of incidents by which the catastrophe should proceed onward through all the stages of Angelo's guilt of intention, and terminate in his final exposure. Mr. Hallam says, "There is great skill in the invention of Mariana, and without this the story could not have anything like a satisfactory termination." But there is great skill also in the management of the incident in the Duke's hands, as well as in the invention; and this is produced by the wonderful propriety with which the character of the Duke is drawn. He is described by Hazlitt as a very imposing and mysterious stage character, absorbed in his own plots and gravity. This is said depreciatingly. But it is precisely this sort of character that Shakspere meant to put in action. Chalmers has a random hit, which comes, we think, something near the truth. "The commentators seem not to have remarked that the character of the Duke is a very accurate delineation of that of King James." James was a pedant, and the Duke is a philosopher; but there is the same desire in each to get behind the curtain and pull the strings which move the puppets. We are not sure that Angelo's flattery did not save him, as much as Isabella's intercession :—

"O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes."

As a ruler of men the Duke is weak, and he knows his own weakness :—

"*Fri.* It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in lord Angelo.
Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 't was my fault to give the people scope,
'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do."

And yet he does really strike and gall them through another; but he saves himself the labour and the slander.

And here, then, as it appears to us, we have a key to the purpose of the poet in the introduction of what constitutes the most unpleasant portion of this play,—the exhibition of a very gross general profligacy. There is an atmosphere of impurity hanging like a dense fog over the city of the poet. The philosophical ruler, the saintly votaress, and the sanctimonious deputy, appear to belong to another region to that in which they move. The grossness is not merely described or inferred;—but we see those who minister to the corruptions, and we are brought in contact with the corrupted. This, possibly, was not necessary for the higher dramatic effects of the comedy; but it was necessary for those lessons of political philosophy which we think Shakspere here meant to inculcate, and which he appears to us on many occasions to have kept in view in his later plays. Mr. Hallam has most truly said of Measure for Measure that "the depths and intricacies of being which he (Shakspere) has searched and sounded with intense reflection, perplex and harass him." In this play he manifests, as we apprehend, his philosophical view of a corrupt state of manners fostered by weak government: but the subject is scarcely dramatic, and it struggles with his own proper powers. Here we have an exhibition of crimes of passion, and crimes of ignorance. There stands the Duke, the representative of a benevolent and tolerant executive power which does not meddle with the people,—which subjects them to no harsh restrictions,—which surrounds them with no biting penalties; but which utterly fails in carrying out the essential principle of government when it disregards prevention, and sees no middle course between neglect and punishment. A new system is to be substituted; the *laissez faire* is to be succeeded by the "axe upon the block, very ready;" and then come all the commonplaces by which a reign of terror is to be defended :—

"We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror."
* * * * * *
"The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first that did the edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed; now, 't is awake."

The philosophical poet sweeps these saws away with an indignation which is the more emphatic as coming from the mouth of the only truly moral character of the whole drama :—

"Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder: nothing but thunder."

But he does more—he exhibits to us the every-day working of the hot fit succeeding the cold of legislative and executive power. It works always with injustice. The Duke of the comedy is behind the scenes, and sees how it works. The weak governor resumes his authority, and with it

he must resume his principles, and he therefore pardons all. The mouth-repenting deputy, and the callous ruffian, they each escape. We forget; he does not pardon *all;* the prating coxcomb, who has spoken slander of his own person, is alone punished. Was this accident in the poet? Great crimes may be looked over by weak governments, but the pettiest libeller of power is inevitably punished. The catastrophe of this comedy necessarily leaves upon the mind an unsatisfactory impression. Had Angelo been adequately punished it would have been more unsatisfactory. When the Duke took the management of the affair into his own hands, and averted the consequences of Angelo's evil intentions by a series of deceptions, he threw away the power of punishing those evil intentions. We agree with Coleridge that the pardon and marriage of Angelo "baffle the strong indignant claims of justice;" but we cannot see how it could be otherwise. The poet, as it appears to us, exhibits to the end the inadequacy of human laws to enforce public morals upon a system of punishment. But he has not forgotten to exhibit to us incidentally the most beautiful lessons of tolerance; not using Measure for Measure in the sense of the *jus talionis*, but in a higher spirit—that spirit which moves Isabella to supplicate for mercy towards him who had most wronged her:—

> "Most bounteous sir,
> Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
> As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
> A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
> Till he did look on me; since it is so,
> Let him not die."

WINTERS
TALE.

['I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.' Act IV. Sc. III.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of The Winter's Tale.

We have no edition of the Winter's Tale prior to that of the folio of 1623; nor was it entered upon the registers of the Stationers' Company previous to the entry by the proprietors of the folio. The original text, which is divided into acts and scenes, is remarkably correct; and although the involved construction which is peculiar to Shakspere's later writings, and the freedom of versification which contrasts with the regularity of his earlier works, have occasionally tempted some commentators to try their hands at emendation, the ordinary text is upon the whole pretty accurate. We have endeavoured, as in all other instances, completely to restore the original text, wherever possible.

Chalmers has assigned the Winter's Tale to 1601. The play contains this passage:—

"If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I 'd not do 't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear 't."

"These lines," says Chalmers, "were called forth by the occasion of the conspiracy of Essex." "No," says Malone, "these lines could never have been intended for the ear of her who had deprived the Queen of Scots of her life. To the son of Mary they could not but have been agreeable." Upon this ground he assigned the comedy to 1604. There is a third critic, of much higher acuteness than the greater number of those who have given us speculations on the chronology of Shakspere's plays,—we mean Horace Walpole, whose conjecture is so ingenious and amusing that we copy it without abridgment:—

"The Winter's Tale may be ranked among the historic plays of Shakspere, though not one of his numerous critics and commentators have discovered the drift of it. It was certainly intended (in compliment to Queen Elizabeth) as an indirect apology for her mother, Anne Boleyn. The address of the poet appears nowhere to more advantage. The subject was too delicate to be exhibited on the stage without a veil; and it was too recent, and touched the queen too nearly, for the bard to have ventured so home an allusion on any other ground than compliment The unreasonable jealousy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in consequence, form a true portrait of Henry VIII., who generally made the law the engine of his boisterous passions. Not only the general plan of the story is most applicable, but several passages are so marked that they touch the real history nearer than the fable. Hermione, on her trial, says,

'For honour,
'T is a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for.'

This seems to be taken from the very letter of Anne Boleyn to the king before her execution, where she pleads for the infant princess his daughter. Mamillius, the young prince, an unnecessary character, dies in his infancy; but it confirms the allusion, as Queen Anne, before Elizabeth, bore a still-born son. But the most striking passage, and which had nothing to do in the tragedy but as it pictured Elizabeth, is where Paulina, describing the new-born princess, and her likeness to her father, says, '*She has the very trick of his frown.*' There is one sentence, indeed, so applicable, both to Elizabeth and her father, that I should suspect the poet inserted it after her death. Paulina, speaking of the child, tells the king—

'T is yours,
And might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 't-is the worse.'

The Winter's Tale was therefore in reality a second part of Henry VIII."

Plausible as this may appear, the conjecture falls to the ground when we consider that Shakspere adopted all that part of the plot of this comedy which relates to the "unreasonable jealousy of Leontes" from a novel, of which we have an edition as early as 1588. Robert Greene, the author of 'Pandosto,' could scarcely have intended his story as "a compliment to Queen Elizabeth" and a "true portrait of Henry VIII.," for he makes the jealous king of his novel terminate his career with suicide. In truth, as we have repeatedly inferred, questions such as this are very pretty conundrums, and worthy to be cherished as the amusement of elderly gentlemen who have outlived their relish for early sports, and leave to others who are less careful of their dignity to

"Play at push-pin with the boys.'

Beyond this they are for the most part worthless.

In the absence of any satisfactory internal evidence of the date of this comedy, beyond that furnished by the general character of the language and versification, it was at length pointed out by Malone that an entry in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels in 1623, mentions "an old play called Winter's Tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke and likewise by me." Sir George Bucke first exercised the office of Master of the Revels in 1610. The play, therefore, could not have been earlier than this year; and Mr. Collier has produced conclusive evidence that it was acted in 1611. In our Introductory Notice to Richard II. mention will be found of "a book of plays, and notes thereof, for common policy" kept by Dr. Symon Forman, and discovered some few years ago in the Bodleian Library. Forman saw the Winter's Tale acted on the 15th of May, 1611, at Shakspere's theatre, the Globe. It was most probably then a new play; for he is very minute in his description of the plot.

"Observe there how Leontes, King of Sicilia, was overcome with jealousy of his wife with the King of Bohemia, his friend that came to see him; and how he contrived his death, and would have had his cupbearer to have poisoned him, who gave the King of Bohemia warning thereof, and fled with him to Bohemia.

"Remember, also, how he sent to the oracle of Apollo, and the answer of Apollo that she was guiltless, and that the king was jealous, &c., and how, except the child was found again that was lost, the king should die without issue; for the child was carried into Bohemia, and there laid in a forest, and brought up by a shepherd. And the King of Bohemia's son married that wench, and how they fled into Sicilia to Leontes; and the shepherd having showed the letter of the nobleman whom Leontes sent, it was that child, and by the jewels found about her she was known to be Leontes' daughter, and was then sixteen years old.

"Remember, also, the rogue that came in all tattered, like Coll Pipin, and how he feigned him sick and to have been robbed of all he had, and how he cozened the poor man of all his money, and after came to the sheep-shear with a pedlar's pack, and there cozened them again of all their money. And how be changed apparel with the King of Bohemia's son, and then how he turned courtier, &c.

"Beware of trusting feigned beggars or fawning fellows." *

Supposed Source of the Plot.

The novel of Robert Greene, called 'Pandosto,' and 'The History of Dorastus and Fawnia,' which Shakspere undoubtedly followed, with very few important deviations, in the construction of the plot of his Winter's Tale, is a small book, occupying fifty-nine pages in the reprint, with an Introductory Notice by Mr. Collier.† It was a work of extraordinary popularity, there being fourteen editions known to exist. Of the nature of Shakspere's obligations to this work, Mr. Collier thus justly speaks:—

"Robert Greene was a man who possessed all the advantages of education: he was a graduate of both Universities—he was skilled in ancient learning and in modern languages—he had, besides, a prolific imagination, a lively and elegant fancy, and a grace of expression rarely exceeded; yet, let any person well acquainted with The Winter's Tale read the novel of 'Pandosto,' upon which it was founded, and he will be struck at once with the vast pre-eminence of Shakespeare, and with the admirable manner in which he has converted materials supplied by another to his own use. The bare outline of the story (with the exception of Shakespeare's miraculous conclusion) is nearly the same in both; but this is all they have in common, and Shakespeare may be said to have scarcely adopted a single hint for his descriptions, or a line for his dialogue, while in point of passion and sentiment Greene is cold, formal, and artificial—the very opposite of everything in Shakespeare."

Without wearying the reader with any very extensive comparisons of the novel and the drama, we shall run through the production of Greene, to which our great poet has incidentally imparted a real interest; and in doing so we shall take occasion so to analyse the action and characterisation of the Winter's Tale as to supersede the necessity for a Supplementary Notice.

"In the country of Bohemia," says the novel, "there reigned a king called Pandosto." The Leontes of Shakspere is the Pandosto of Greene. The Polixenes of the play is Egistus in the novel:—

"It so happened that Egistus, King of Sicilia, who in his youth had been brought up with Pandosto, desirous to show that neither tract of time nor distance of place could diminish their former friendship, provided a navy of ships, and sailed into Bohemia to visit his old friend and companion."

Here, then, we have the scene of the action reversed. The jealous king is of Bohemia,—his injured friend of Sicilia. But the visitor *sails* into Bohemia. We have noticed this point under the head Costume, and shall be content to refer the reader to what we have there said. The wife of Pandosto is Bellaria; and they have a young son called Garinter. Pandosto becomes jealous, slowly, and by degrees; and there is at least some want of caution in the queen to justify it:—

"Bellaria noting in Egistus a princely and bountiful mind, adorned with sundry and excellent qualities, and Egistus finding in her a virtuous and courteous disposition, there grew such a secret uniting of their affections, that the one could not well be without the company of the other."

* New Particulars, p. 20. † Shakespeare's Library, Part I.

The great author of Othello would not deal with jealousy after this fashion. He had already produced that immortal portrait

> "Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
> Perplex'd in the extreme."

He had now to exhibit the distractions of a mind to which jealousy was native; to depict the terrible access of passion, uprooting in a moment all deliberation, all reason, all gentleness. The instant the idea enters the mind of Leontes, the passion is at its height:—

> "I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart dances."

Very different is the jealous king of Greene:—

"These and such-like doubtful thoughts, *a long time smothering* in his stomach, began at last to kindle in his mind a secret mistrust, which, increased by suspicion, grew *at last* to a flaming jealousy that so tormented him as he could take no rest."

Coleridge has described the jealousy of Leontes with incomparable truth of analysis:—

"The idea of this delightful drama is a genuine jealousy of disposition, and it should be immediately followed by the perusal of Othello, which is the direct contrast of it in every particular. For jealousy is a vice of the mind, a culpable tendency of the temper having certain well-known and well-defined effects and concomitants, all of which are visible in Leontes, and, I boldly say, not one of which marks its presence in Othello;—such as, first, an excitability by the most inadequate causes, and an eagerness to snatch at proofs; secondly, a grossness of conception, and a disposition to degrade the object of the passion by sensual fancies and images; thirdly, a sense of shame of his own feelings, exhibited in a solitary moodiness of humour, and yet, from the violence of the passion, forced to utter itself, and therefore catching occasions to ease the mind by ambiguities, equivoques, by talking to those who cannot, and who are known not to be able to, understand what is said to them,—in short, by soliloquy in the form of dialogue, and hence a confused, broken, and fragmentary manner; fourthly, a dread of vulgar ridicule, as distinct from a high sense of honour, or of a mistaken sense of duty; and lastly, and immediately consequent on this, a spirit of selfish vindictiveness."*

The action of the novel and that of the drama continue in a pretty equal course. Pandosto tampers with his cupbearer, Franion, to poison Egistus; and the cupbearer, terrified at the fearful commission, reveals the design to the object of his master's hatred. Eventually they escape together:—

"Egistus, fearing that delay might breed danger, and willing that the grass should not be cut from under his feet, taking bag and baggage, by the help of Franion, conveyed himself and his men out at a postern gate of the city, so secretly and speedily, that without any suspicion they got to the sea-shore; where, with many a bitter curse, taking their leave of Bohemia, they went aboard."

Bellaria is committed to prison, where she gives birth to a daughter. The guard

"carried the child to the king, who, quite devoid of pity, commanded that without delay it should be put in the boat, having neither sail nor rudder to guide it, and so to be carried into the midst of the sea, and there left to the wind and wave as the destinies please to appoint."

The queen appeals to the oracle of Apollo; and certain lords are sent to Delphos, where they receive this decree:—

SUSPICION IS NO PROOF: JEALOUSY IS AN UNEQUAL JUDGE: BELLARIA IS CHASTE; EGISTUS BLAMELESS: FRANION A TRUE SUBJECT; PANDOSTO TREACHEROUS: HIS BABE INNOCENT, AND THE KING SHALL LIVE WITHOUT AN HEIR, IF THAT WHICH IS LOST BE NOT FOUND.

On their return, upon an appointed day, the queen was "brought in before the judgment-seat." Shakspere has followed a part of the tragical ending of this scene; but he preserves his injured Hermione, to be reunited to her daughter after years of solitude and suffering.

"Bellaria had no sooner said but the king commanded that one of his dukes should read the contents of the scroll, which, after the commons had heard, they gave a great shout, rejoicing and clapping their hands that the queen was clear of that false accusation. But the king, whose conscience was a witness against him of his witless fury and false suspected jealousy, was so ashamed of his rash folly that he entreated his

* 'Literary Remains,' vol. ii.

nobles to persuade Bellaria to forgive and forget these injuries; promising not only to show himself a loyal and loving husband, but also to reconcile himself to Egistus and Franion: revealing then before them all the cause of their secret flight, and how treacherously he thought to have practised his death, if the good mind of his cupbearer had not prevented his purpose. As thus he was relating the whole matter, there was word brought him that his young son Garinter was suddenly dead, which news so soon as Bellaria heard, surcharged before with extreme joy and now suppressed with heavy sorrow, her vital spirits were so stopped that she fell down presently dead, and could never be revived."

Greene mentions only the existence and the death of the king's son. The dramatic exhibition of Mamillius by Shakspere is amongst the most charming of his sketches. The affection of the father for his boy in the midst of his distraction, and the tenderness of the poor child, to whom his father's ravings are unintelligible—

"I am like you, they say,"—

are touches of nature such as only one man has produced. How must he have studied the inmost character of childhood, to have given us the delicious little scene of the second act:—

"*Her.* What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now,
I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.
Mam. Merry, or sad, shall 't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale 's best for winter:
I have one of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let 's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites: you 're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man,—
Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard;—I will tell it softly;
Yon crickets shall not hear it.
Her. Come on then,
And give 't me in mine ear."

It requires the subsequent charm of a Perdita to put that poor boy out of our thoughts.

The story of the preservation of the deserted infant is prettily told in the novel:—

"It fortuned a poor mercenary shepherd that dwelt in Sicilia, who got his living by other men's flocks, missed one of his sheep, and thinking it had strayed into the covert that was hard by, sought very diligently to find that which he could not see, fearing either that the wolves or eagles had undone him (for he was so poor as a sheep was half his substance), wandered down towards the sea-cliffs to see if perchance the sheep was browsing on the sea-ivy, whereon they greatly do feed; but not finding her there, as he was ready to return to his flock, he heard a child cry, but, knowing there was no house near, he thought he had mistaken the sound, and that it was the bleating of his sheep. Wherefore looking more narrowly, as he cast his eye to the sea he spied a little boat, from whence, as he attentively listened, he might hear the cry to come. Standing a good while in amaze, at last he went to the shore, and, wading to the boat, as he looked in he saw the little babe lying all alone ready to die for hunger and cold, wrapped in a mantle of scarlet richly embroidered with gold, and having a chain about the neck."

Although the circumstances of the child's exposure are different, Shakspere adopts the shepherd's discovery pretty literally. He even makes him about to seek his sheep by the sea-side, "browsing on the sea-ivy." The infant in the novel is taken to the shepherd's home, and is brought up by his wife and himself under the name of Fawnia. In a narrative the lapse of sixteen years may occur without any violation of propriety. The shepherd of Greene, every night at his coming home, would sing to the child and dance it on his knee; then, a few lines onward, the little Fawnia is seven years old; and, very shortly,

"when she came to the age of sixteen years, she so increased with exquisite perfection both of body and mind, as her natural disposition did bewray that she was born of some high parentage."

These changes, we see, are gradual. But in a drama, whose action depends upon a manifest lapse of time, there must be a sudden transition. Shakspere is perfectly aware of the difficulty; and he diminishes it by the introduction of Time as a Chorus:—

"Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom."

Lyly, without such an apology, gives us a lapse of forty years in his 'Endymion.' Dryden and Pope depreciated the Winter's Tale; and no doubt this violation of the unity of time was one of the causes which blinded them to its exquisite beauties. But Dr. Johnson, without any special notice of the case before us, has made a triumphant defence, against the French critics, of Shakspere's general disregard of the unities of time and place:—

"By supposition, as place is introduced, time may be extended; the time required by the fable elapses for the most part between the acts; for, of so much of the action as is represented, the real and poetical duration is the same. If, in the first act, preparations for war against Mithridates are represented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without absurdity, be represented in the catastrophe as happening in Pontus. We know that there is neither war nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus,—that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus are before us. The drama exhibits successive imitations of successive actions, and why may not the second imitation represent an action that happened years after the first, if it be so connected with it that nothing but time can be supposed to intervene? Time is, of all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination; a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation we easily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only see their imitation."*

Shakspere has exhibited his consummate art in opening the fourth act with Polixenes and Camillo, of whom we have lost sight since the end of the first. Had it been otherwise,—had he brought Autolycus, and Florizel, and Perdita, at once upon the scene,—the continuity of action would have been destroyed; and the commencement of the fourth act would have appeared as the commencement of a new play. Shakspere made the difficulties of his plot bend to his art; instead of wanting art, as Ben Jonson says. Autolycus and the Clown prepare us for Perdita; and when the third scene opens, what a beautiful vision lights upon this earth! There perhaps never was such a union of perfect simplicity and perfect grace as in the character of Perdita. What an exquisite idea of her mere personal appearance is presented in Florizel's rapturous exclamation,—

"When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that!"

Greene, in describing the beauties of his shepherdess, deals only in generalities:—

"It happened not long after this that there was a meeting of all the farmers' daughters in Sicilia, whither Fawnia was also bidden as the mistress of the feast, who, having attired herself in her best garments, went among the rest of her companions to the merry meeting, there spending the day in such homely pastimes as shepherds use. As the evening grew on and their sports ceased, each taking their leave at other, Fawnia, desiring one of her companions to bear her company, went home by the flock to see if they were well folded; and, as they returned, it fortuned that Dorastus (who all that day had been hawking, and killed store of game) encountered by the way these two maids, and, casting his eye suddenly on Fawnia, he was half afraid, fearing that with Acteon he had seen Diana, for he thought such exquisite perfection could not be found in any mortal creature. As thus he stood in amaze, one of his pages told him that the maid with the garland on her head was Fawnia, the fair shepherd whose beauty was so much talked of in the court. Dorastus, desirous to see if nature had adorned her mind with any inward qualities, as she had decked her body with outward shape, began to question with her whose daughter she was, of what age, and how she had been trained up? who answered him with such modest reverence and sharpness of wit, that Dorastus thought her outward beauty was but a counterfeit to darken her inward qualities, wondering how so courtly behaviour could be found in so simple a cottage, and cursing fortune that had shadowed wit and beauty with such hard fortune."

But Greene was unequal to conceive the grace of mind which distinguishes Perdita:—

* Preface to his edition of 1765.

"Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid
Most goddess-like prank'd up."

Contrast this with Greene:—

"Fawnia, poor soul, was no less joyful that, being a shepherd, fortune had favoured her so as to reward her with the love of a prince, *hoping in time to be advanced* from the daughter of a poor farmer to be the wife of a rich king."

Here we see a vulgar ambition, rather than a deep affection. Fawnia, in the hour of discovery and danger, was quite incapable of exhibiting the feminine dignity of Perdita:—

"I was not much afeard: for once, or twice,
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will 't please you, sir, be gone?
[*to* FLORIZEL.
I told you what would come of this: 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I 'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep."

This is something higher than the sentiment of a "queen of curds and cream."

In the novel we have no trace of the interruption by the father of the princely lover, in the disguise of a guest at the shepherd's cottage. Dorastus and Fawnia flee from the country without the knowledge of the king. The ship in which they embark is thrown by a storm upon the coast of Bohemia. Messengers are despatched in search of the lovers; and they arrive in Bohemia with the request of Egistus that the companions in the flight of Dorastus shall be put to death. The secret of Fawnia's birth is discovered by the shepherd; and her father recognises her. But the previous circumstances exhibit as much grossness of conception on the part of the novelist, as the different management of the catastrophe shows the matchless skill and taste of the dramatist We forgive Leontes for his early folly and wickedness; for during sixteen years has his remorse been bitter and his affection constant. The pathos of the following passage is truly Shaksperian:—

"*Leon.* Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.
Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.
Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom."

The appropriateness of the title of The Winter's Tale has been prettily illustrated by Ulrici:—

"From the point of view taken in this drama, life appears like a singular and serene, even while shuddering, winter's tale, related by the flickering light of the fire in a rough boisterous night, in still and homelike trustiness, by an old grandmother to a listening circle of children and grandchildren, while the warm, secure, and happy feeling of the assembly mixes itself with a sense of the fear and the dread of the related adventures and the cold wretched night without. But this arises only through the secret veil which lies over the power of chance, and which is here spread over the whole. It appears serene, because

everywhere glimmers through this veil the bright joyful light of a futurity leading all to good; because we continually feel that the unhealthy darkness of the present will be again thrown off even through as obscure an inward necessity."

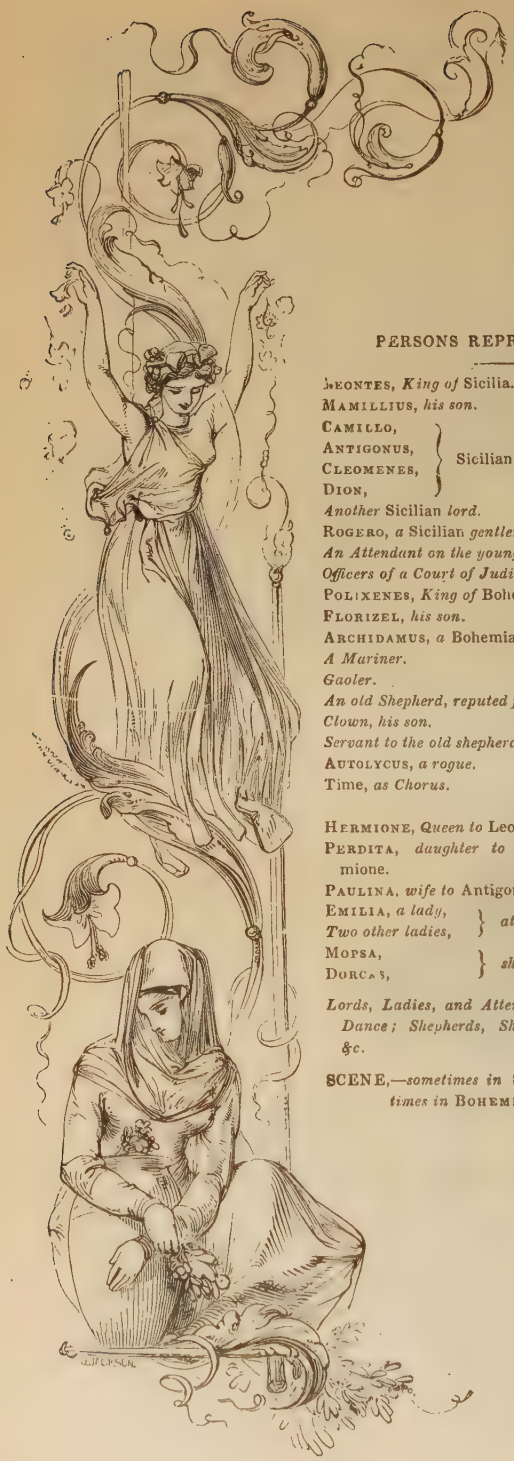
['Now, in age,
Is she become the suitor?' Act v. Sc. III.]

Costume.

This comedy is so thoroughly taken out of the region of the literal, that it would be worse than idle to talk of its costume. When the stage-manager shall be able to reconcile the contradictions, chronological and geographical, with which it abounds, he may decide whether the characters should wear the dress of the ancient or the modern world, and whether the architectural scenes should partake most of the Grecian style of the times of the Delphic oracle, or of the Italian in the more familiar days of Julio Romano. We cannot assist him in this difficulty. It may be sufficient for the *reader* of this delicious play to know that he is purposely taken out of the empire of the real;—to wander in some poetical sphere where Bohemia is but a name for a wild country upon the sea, and the oracular voices of the pagan world are heard amidst the merriment of "Whitsun pastorals" and the solemnities of "Christian burial;" where the "Emperor of Russia" represents some dim conception of a mighty monarch of far-off lands; and "that rare Italian master, Julio Romano," stands as the abstract personification of excellence in art. It is quite impossible to imagine that he who, when it was necessary to be precise, as in the Roman plays, has painted manners with a truth and exactness which have left at an immeasurable distance such *imitations* of ancient manners as

the learned Ben Jonson has produced,—that he should have perplexed this play with such anomalies through ignorance or even carelessness. There can be no doubt that the most accomplished scholars amongst our early dramatists, when dealing with the legendary and the romantic, purposely committed these anachronisms. Greene, as we have shown, of whose scholarship his friends boasted, makes a ship sail from Bohemia in the way that Shakspere makes a ship wrecked upon a Bohemian coast. When Jonson, therefore, in his celebrated conversation with Drummond of Hawthornden, said "Shakspere wanted art, and sometimes sense, for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by a hundred miles," he committed the unfairness of imputing to Shakspere the fault, if fault it be, which he knew to be the common property of the romantic drama. Gifford, in a note upon this passage in his 'Life of Jonson,' says, "No one ever read the play without noticing the 'absurdity,' as Dr. Johnson calls it; yet for this simple truism, for this casual remark in the freedom of conversation, Jonson is held up to the indignation of the world, as if the *blunder* was invisible to all but himself." We take no part in the stupid attempt of Shakspere's commentators to show that Jonson treated his great contemporary with a paltry jealousy; but we object to Jonson, in the instance before us, talking of Shakspere wanting sense," as we object to Gifford speaking of the anachronism as a "blunder." It is absurd to imagine that Shakspere did not know better. Mr. Collier has quoted a passage from Taylor, the water-poet, who published his journey to Prague, in which the honest waterman laughs at an alderman who "catches me by the goll, demanding if Bohemia be a great town, whether there be any meat in it, and whether the last fleet of ships be arrived there." Mr. Collier infers that Taylor "ridicules a vulgar error of the kind" committed by Shakspere. We rather think that he meant to ridicule very gross ignorance generally; and we leave our readers to take their choice of placing Greene and Shakspere in the same class with Taylor's "Gregory Gandergoose, an Alderman of Gotham," or of believing that a confusion of time and place was considered (whether justly is not here the question) a proper characteristic of the legendary drama—such as A Winter's *Tale*.

[Pedlar.]



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEONTES, *King of* Sicilia.
MAMILLIUS, *his son.*
CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS,
CLEOMENES,
DION, } Sicilian *lords.*
Another Sicilian *lord.*
ROGERO, *a* Sicilian *gentleman.*
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
POLIXENES, *King of* Bohemia.
FLORIZEL, *his son.*
ARCHIDAMUS, *a* Bohemian *lord.*
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
An old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.
Clown, his son.
Servant to the old shepherd.
AUTOLYCUS, *a rogue.*
Time, *as Chorus.*

HERMIONE, *Queen to* Leontes.
PERDITA, *daughter to* Leontes and Hermione.
PAULINA, *wife to* Antigonus.
EMILIA, *a lady,*
Two other ladies, } *attending the Queen.*
MOPSA,
DORCAS, } *shepherdesses.*

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a Dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE,—*sometimes in* SICILIA, *sometimes in* BOHEMIA

['We were as twinn'd lambs.']

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *An Antechamber in* Leontes' *Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO *and* ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

Cam. 'Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence —in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what 's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have

seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast;[a] and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh; they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and* Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cipher
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that 's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence: That may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
'This is put forth too truly!'[b] Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between 's then: and in that
I 'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now
Were there necessity in your request, although
'T were needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia 's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
He 's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We 'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet of your royal presence [*to* POLIXENES] I 'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I 'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month,[a] behind the gest[b]
Prefix'd for 's parting: yet, good deed,[c] Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock[d] behind
What lady she her lord.—You 'll stay?

Pol No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows: But I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, 'Sir, no going.' Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,

[a] *Vast.* So the folio of 1623. That of 1632 reads *vast sea.* In Pericles we have the line,

"Thou God of this great *vast*, rebuke the surges."

In the text *vast* probably has the meaning of great space.

[b] The construction of this passage is somewhat involved; but the meaning is, O that no sneaping (ruffling) winds at home may blow, to make us say my presages were too true.

[a] *To let* is to hinder: and it is probably here used as a reflective verb—to stay himself.

[b] *Gest* is literally a lodging; and the houses or towns where a prince had assigned to stop in his progress, and of which a list was prepared with dates, was so called. We have the expression in Webster sufficiently clear:—

"Like the *gesse* in the progress,
You know where you shall find me."

[c] *Good deed*—indeed.

[d] *Jar of the clock*—the ticking of the pendulum.

Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I 'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: What we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, 'Not guilty;' the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us: for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do we 'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He 'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request, he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when was 't before?
I prithee, tell me: Cram us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things: One good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: You may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;—
My last good deed was to entreat his stay;
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?
Nay, let me hav 't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love;[a] then didst thou utter,
'I am yours for ever.'

Her. It is Grace, indeed.—
Why, lo you now I have spoke to the purpose twice;
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other, for some while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to* Polixenes.

Leon. Too hot, too hot: [*Aside.*
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart dances;
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty's fertile bosom,[b]
And well become the agent: it may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 't were
The mort o' the deer;[c] O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I' fecks?
Why, that 's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?—
They say it 's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,

a This was part of the troth-plight. So in King John:—
"It likes us well; young princes, close your hands."
And in Henry V.:—
"And so, *clap hands*, and a bargain."

b *Bounty's fertile bosom.*—Hanmer's correction of the original, *bounty, fertile bosom.*

c *The mort o' the deer*—the prolonged note of the hunter's horn at the death of the deer.

Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling
[*Observing* Polixenes *and* Hermione.
Upon his palm?[1]—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?
Mam. Yes, if you will my lord.
Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash,[a] and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me:—yet, they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say anything: But were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks,[b] as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye:[c] Sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—may 't be?
Affection! thy intention[d] stabs the centre:
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams;—(How can this be?)—
With what 's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: Then, 't is very credent,
Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou dost;
(And that beyond commission; and I find it,)
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.
Pol. What means Sicilia?
Her. He something seems unsettled.
Pol. Ho![e] my lord!
Leon. What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?[f]
Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord?

a *Pash.* In the midland counties the tuft of hair between the horns of a bull is called the *pash.* The correct application of the local word is evident when we observe that Leontes has just said "Art thou my *calf?*"

b *O'er-dyed blacks*—cloths dyed black a second time, or cloths originally of another colour dyed black; and so, false, because impaired in quality.

c *Welkin eye*—blue eye.

d *Affection* is imagination; *intention*, eagerness of attention.

e *How!* in folio; *Ho!* according to Mr. Dyce.

f We restore this line to Leontes, according to the original. On the authority of Hanmer and Steevens, the passage has been printed as follows:—

"*Pol.* How, my lord?
What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?"

It is impossible, we think, for any alteration to be more tasteless than this, and more destructive of the spirit of the author. Leontes, even in his moody reverie, has his eye fixed upon his queen and Polixenes; and when he is addressed by the latter with "Ho! my lord!" he replies, with a forced gaiety,

"What cheer? how is 't with *you?*"

The addition of "best brother" is, we apprehend, meant to be uttered in a tone of bitter irony. All this is destroyed by making the line merely a prolongation of the inquiry of Polixenes

Leon. No, in good earnest.—
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts,[a] I did recoil
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This quash, this gentleman:—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?[2]
Mam. No, my lord, I 'll fight.
Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole![b]—My brother,
And you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?
Pol. If at home, sir,
He 's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.
Leon. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he 's
Apparent to my heart.[3]
Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: Shall 's attend you there?
Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you 'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky:—I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
[*Aside. Observing* Polixenes *and* Hermione.
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband! Gone already;
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one. [*Exeunt* Polixenes, Hermione, *and* Attendants.
Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—There have been,

a *Methoughts*—a form found in old writers—Cambridge edition.

b A proverbial expression; meaning, may his lot (dole) be happy.

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in his absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there 's comfort in 't,
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will: Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there 's none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 't is predominant; and 't is powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many thousand of us
Have the disease, and feel 't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that 's some comfort.—
What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.— [*Exit* Mamillius.
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?—
They 're here with me already; whispering, rounding,[a]
'Sicilia is a—so-forth:' 'T is far gone,
When I shall gust it last.—How came 't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be 't: good, should be pertinent:
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is 't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes[a]
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha!

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy
The entreaties of your mistress?——satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon 't;—Thou art not honest: or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes[a] honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd: Or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent: or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometimes puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 't was a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me: let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'T is none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo

[a] *Rounding*—telling secretly.

[a] *Hoxes.* To *hox* is to hamstring—to *hough*.

(But that's past doubt—you have; or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,[a])
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
My wife's a hobbyhorse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind
With the pin and web,[b] but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in 't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 't is most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be; 't is true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
That running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why he, that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: Who—if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou,
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship; who may'st see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—might'st bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this: and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,——

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot![a]
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine;
Without ripe moving to 't?—Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir;
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't:
Provided, that when he 's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first;
Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I 'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,

[a] We print this as in the original. Theobald defends his well-known line of

"None but himself can be his parallel,"

by this example; and Pope—perhaps to rob Theobald of his authority—reads,

"for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think *it*."

Malone justly shows that the addition of *it* is unnecessary; that this is not an abstract proposition; and that the words "my wife is slippery," though disjoined from "think" by the parenthesis, are evidently to be received in construction with that verb.

[b] The *pin and web* was the cataract in the eye.

[a] Disregarding Camillo's "I have lov'd thee," Leontes is enraged at his making a question of the alleged dishonour of his "dread mistress."

And with your queen: I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do 't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do 't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. [*Exit.*

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I 'd not do 't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear 't. I must
Forsake the court: to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i' the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not? Do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me.[a] 'T is thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

[a] We point this as in the original. The general reading is,

"Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me?"

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success[a] we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my counsel;
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry 'lost,' and so good night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murther you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence, he swears,
As he had seen 't or been an instrument
To vice you to 't,—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best![b]
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril

[a] *Success*—succession.
[b] We print *Best* with a capital as in the folio. The allusion is to Judas. The sentence against excommunicated persons contains a clause that they should have part with that betrayer.

Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st in-
That e'er was heard, or read! [fection
Cam. Swear his thought over[a]
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabric of his folly; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.
Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, 't is safer to
Avoid what 's grown than question how 't is born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business:
And will, by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city: For myself, I 'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which, if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.
Pol. I do believe thee;
I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places[a] shall
Still neighbour mine: My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she 's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person 's mighty,
Must it be violent: and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father; if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away.
[*Exeunt.*

[a] Over-swear his thought.

[a] *Places*—honours.

["Still virginalling."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

[1] SCENE II.— *"Still virginalling*
Upon his palm?"

NARES, in his 'Glossary,' rightly explains the verb to *virginal*, here used, as "to play with the fingers as on a virginal;" but he adds, "apparently intended as a word coined in contempt or indignation." It appears to us that Shakspere meant simply to convey the notion of a rapid movement with the fingers; just in the same way that Cowper, describing his tame hare, says, "He would invite me to the garden by *drumming* upon my knee." The virginal was a sort of rectangular spinnet, with one wire to each note; and Nares suggests that the name was derived from their "being used by young girls." The idea which Shakspere has conveyed in the passage before us is elaborated in the Hundred and Twenty-eighth Sonnet:—

"How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips, to kiss."

[2] SCENE II.—*"Will you take eggs for money?"*

The answer of Mamillius shows that this quaint proverbial expression was familiar enough even to a boy:—

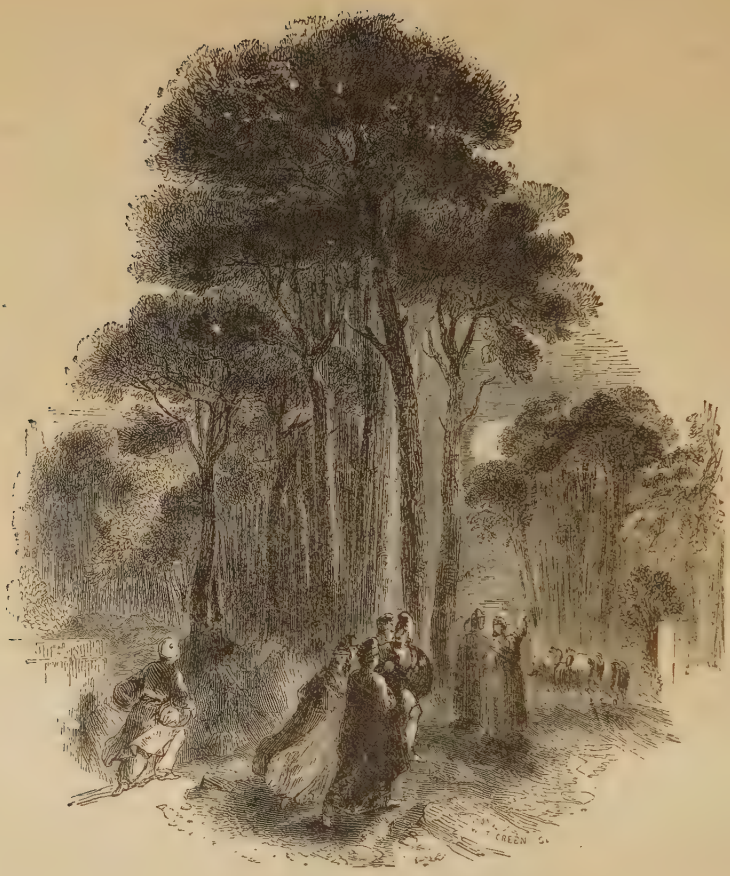
"No, my lord, I 'll fight."

[3] SCENE II.—*"Apparent to my heart."*

We have been favoured with the following note by Mr. Richardson, the author of 'A New Dictionary of the English Language':—"Johnson thinks 'apparent to my heart' means 'heir *apparent*.' But why is he 'whose right of inheritance is indefeasible provided he outlives his ancestor' (Blackstone) called heir *apparent*? Surely because he is something more than *apparently* heir. The heir presumptive is that. The heir *apparent* is evidently so *near* the ancestor that no one can at any time intervene or become *nearer*. And in Cotgrave we find not only *apparent* (appearing), but *apparenté*, m., *eé*. f. of kin, or *near* kinsman unto.' In Richardson's Dictionary the old word *paravaunt*, used several times by Spenser, and adopted from the F. *paravant*, is explained by—'*Advance*, in the *van* or front, before; before in succession, next in succession, as heir *paraunt*, i. e. *apparent*.' And this latter interpretation is supported by a quotation from Fabian:—'By auctoryte of the same Parliament, Syr Roger Mortymer, Erle of, &c. was proclaymed heyer *paraunt* vnto the crowne of Englonde:' anno 1386. In Lacomte and Roquefort *pararant* is explained—'Devant, *auparavant*.' The contraction of *auparavant* into *auparant*, *apparant*, and thence, by ignorance, into *apparente*, is intelligible enough. '*Apparent* to my heart,' then, is 'Next to my heart.'"

[4] SCENE II.—*"Lower messes."*

A *mess* was a company of four persons, dining together with an apportioned provision, such as we see in this day in the halls of the Inns of Court. The *lower messes* are therefore the inferior servants, or retainers; those who sat below the salt. The setting out of the provisions apportioned to each mess was a great duty in the old establishments of the nobility. In the 'Northumberland Household Book' we find that the clerks of the kitchen are to be with the cooks at the "striking out of the messes;" and in the same curious picture of ancient manners there are the most minute directions for serving delicacies to my lord's own mess; but bacon and other *pièces de résistance* to the Lord Chamberlain's and Steward's *messes*.



['Behind the tuft of pines I met them.']

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia—The Palace.*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me
'Tis past enduring.
1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord.
Shall I be your play-fellow?
Mam. No, I 'll none of you.
1 *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?
Mam. You 'll kiss me hard; and speak to me as if
I were a baby still.—I love you better.
2 *Lady.* And why so, my lord?[a]
Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semi-circle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.
2 *Lady.* Who taught you this?
Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now
What colour are your eye-brows?
1 *Lady.* Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that 's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.
2 *Lady.* Hark ye:
The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,

[a] The general reading is, *my good lord.* Some thirty lines lower down we find "let's have that, *good* sir." In this passage *good* is left out in the modern editions. The reason which Steevens gives for thus corrupting the text is singularly amusing:—"The epithet *good*, which is wanting in the old copies, is transplanted (*for the sake of metre*) from a redundant speech in the following page."

One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.
1 *Lady.* She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: Good time encounter her!
Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.
Mam. Merry, or sad, shall 't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale 's best for winter:
I have one of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let 's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites: you 're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man,—
Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it softly;
Yon crickets shall not hear it.
Her. Come on then,
And giv 't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, *and others.*

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?
1 *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.
Leon. How bless'd am I
In my just censure!—in my true opinion!—
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—How accurs'd
In being so bless'd!—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd,[a] and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present [known
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides.
With violent hefts:[b]—I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing;[c] yea, a very trick
For them to play at will:—How came the posterns
So easily open?
1 *Lord.* By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.
Leon. I know 't too well.—
Give me the boy; I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.
Her. What is this? sport?
Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her;
Away with him:—and let her sport herself
With that she 's big with; for 't is Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.
Her. But I 'd say, he had not,
And, I 'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.
Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say 'she is a goodly lady,' and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
''T is pity she 's not honest, honourable:'
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands
That calumny doth use:—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will sear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said she 's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she 's honest: But be 't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She 's an adultress.
Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.
Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,

[a] There was a popular notion that spiders were poisonous. One of the witnesses against the Countess of Somerset, in the affair of Sir Thomas Overbury, says,—"The Countess wished me to get the strongest poison I could, &c. Accordingly I bought seven great spiders and cantharides."
[b] *Hefts*—heavings.
[c] *A pinch'd thing.* Heath explains this as "A mere child's baby, a thing pinch'd out of clouts." This is surely a forced interpretation; although *pinch'd* may convey the meaning of one made petty and contemptible, shrunk up, pinched, as we say, by poverty or hunger.

She 's an adultress; I have said, with whom:
More, she 's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary[a] with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that she 's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st[b] titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No,[c] by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No, if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A schoolboy's top.—Away with her to prison:
He who shall speak for her is afar off[d] guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. There 's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look [lords,
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard?
[*To the* Guards.

Her. Who is 't that goes with me?—'Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action I now go on
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord;
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.
[*Exeunt* Queen *and* Ladies.

1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your justice
Prove violence: in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 *Lord.* For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do 't sir,
Please you t' accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She 's otherwise, I 'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I 'll go in couples with her;
Than[a] when I feel and see her, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

1 *Lord.* Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for 't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn[b] him: Be she honour-flaw'd—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;[c]
If this prove true, they 'll pay for 't: by mine honour,
I 'll geld them all: fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't,[d] and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.[e]

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There 's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

a *Federary*—confederate; the same as feodary.
b *Bold'st.* Steevens has minced this into *bold.*
c *No.* The emphatic *no*, with a pause such as a judicious actor would supply, is turned in all modern editions into *no, no.*
d *Afar off*—in a remote degree.

a *Than* was formerly spelt *then*; and we have to choose in this passage between *than* and *then.* Malone prefers *then*: but we think the sentence is comparative: I will trust her no farther *than* I see her.
b *Land-damn.* We are unable to explain this; and it is scarcely necessary to trouble our readers with the notes of the commentators, some of which are not of the most delicate nature. Farmer's conjecture, that it meant *laudanum him*—poison him with laudanum—is, we suppose, intended for a joke.
c The word *nine* refers to the second, and *some five* to the third.
d *But I do see 't.* This is frittered down by Steevens to *I see 't.*
e Some action must accompany this passage, as that of Leontes seizing hold of the arm of Antigonus.

1 *Lord.* I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for 't how you might.
Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which—if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill,) cannot, or will not,
Relish a truth[a] like us; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours.
Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.
Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity, [ture,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjec-
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,[b]
But only seeing,[c] all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 't were
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?
1 *Lord.* Well done, my lord.
Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.
Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

a *A truth*—so the original. Rowe changed it to *as* truth.
b *Approbation*—proof. c *Seeing*—used as a noun.

SCENE II.—*The same. The outer Room of a Prison.*

Enter Paulina *and* Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;
[*Exit an* Attendant.
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, *with the* Keeper.

You know me, do you not?
Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.
Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.
Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have express commandment.
Paul. Here 's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors!—Is 't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?
Keep. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.
Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves.[a] [*Exeunt* Attend.
Keep. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.
Paul. Well, be it so, prithee. [*Exit* Keeper.
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, *with* Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?
Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together: on her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't: says, 'My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you.'
Paul. I dare be sworn:—
These dangerous unsafe lunes o' the king! beshrew them!
He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I 'll take 't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;

a In these speeches we follow the metrical arrangement of the original, which is certainly not improved by the botching which we find in some editions.

And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I 'll show 't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest: We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue; there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand: Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I 'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I 'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I 'll to the queen: Please you, come something nearer.

Keep. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
This child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, *and other* Attendants.

Leon. Nor night nor day, no rest: It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being;—part o' the cause,
She, the adultress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who 's there?

1 *Atten.* My lord? [*Advancing*

Leon. How does the boy?

1 *Atten.* He took good rest to-night;
'T is hop'd his sickness is discharg'd.

Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely:—go,
See how he fares. [*Exit* Attend.]—Fie, fie! no thought of him;
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty:
And in his parties, his alliance,—Let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter Paulina, *with a Child.*

1 *Lord.* You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul;
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That 's enough.

1 *Attend.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir:
I come to bring him sleep. 'T is such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true;
Honest as either; to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What[a] noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How?—
Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me;
I knew she would.

[a] *What.*—The original reads *who*, evidently a misprint.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Leon. What, can'st not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.
Ant. La you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she 'll not stumble.
Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares
Less appear so, in comforting[a] your evils,
Than such as most seem yours,—I say, I come
From your good queen.
Leon. Good queen!
Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say, good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.
Leon. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord, I 'll off;
But, first, I 'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 't is; commends it to your blessing.
[*Laying down the Child.*
Leon. Out!
A mankind[b] witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I 'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard—
Thou dotard, [*to* Antigonus] thou art woman-tired,[c] unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard;
Take 't up, Isay; give 't to thy crone.

a *Comforting*—encouraging. We have still "comforting and abetting," in legal language.
b *Mankind*—masculine. Jonson has an example of this use of the word:—

"Pallas, now thee I call on, *mankind*-maid."

c *Woman-tired*. This is equivalent to our *hen-pecked*. To tire is to tear, as a bird of prey does his meat:—

——"And like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son."
(Henry VI., Part III.)

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon 't!
Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did; then 't were past all doubt
You 'd call your children yours.
Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that 's here; and that 's himself: for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't,) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.
Leon. A callat,
Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.
Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 't is the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in 't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!
Leon. A gross hag!—
And, lozel,[a] thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.
Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.
Leon. Once more, take her hence.

a *Lozel*. Verstegan explains this as "one that hath *lost*, neglected, or cast off, his own good and welfare, and so is become lewd and careless of credit and honesty."

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
Leon. I 'll have thee burn'd.
Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I 'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.
Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I 'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better-guiding spirit! — What need these hands?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so:—Farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*
Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child! away with 't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 't is done,
(And by good testimony,) or I 'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.
Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.
1 *Lord.* We can, my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leon. You are liars all.
1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit;
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech
So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg,
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.
Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither; [*to* Antigonus.
You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life: for 't is a bastard,
So sure as this beard 's grey,[a]—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?
Ant. Anything, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much,—
I 'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent: anything possible.
Leon. It shall be possible: Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
Ant. I will, my lord.
Leon. Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?) for the fail
Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up
Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss![b]
[*Exit, with the Child.*

[a] Leontes here probably points to the beard of Antigonus.
[b] *Loss.* We have the word repeated in the third act:—

"Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To *loss*, and what may follow!"

This passage shows that *loss* does not here mean destruction,—a final calamity; for something *may follow.* It probably means *exposure.*

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

1 *Atten.* Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

1 *Lord* So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 't is good speed; foretels
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

[Scene III. 'What have we here?']

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. A Street.*

Enter CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate: the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks I so should term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!
Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.
Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be 't so!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.
Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.
Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh horses;—
And gracious be the issue!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Court of Justice.*

Leontes, Lords, *and* Officers, *appear properly seated.*

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even[a] to the guilt, or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

Hermione *is brought in, guarded;* Paulina *and* Ladies, *attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. 'Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence[b] thereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.'

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say, 'Not guilty;' mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. — You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so,) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take spectators: For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it,
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'T is a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd,[a] to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour; or, in act or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry Fie! upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That 's true enough;
Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know

a *Even*—equal—indifferent. b *Pretence*—design.

a The metaphor appears to be taken from an *encounter* of chivalry, in which one swerving from the accustomed course would be *uncurrent*.

What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I 'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it:—As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth:
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murther: Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion:—Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not.—No—life,
I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake; I tell you
'T is rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

1 Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain* Officers.

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, *with* Cleomenes *and* Dion.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [*Reads.*] 'Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.'

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Prais'd!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, *hastily.*

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed,[a] is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [Hermione *faints.*] How now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look down,
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—

a Your dreams afford the *level*, the aim, of this accusation; and my life therefore stands within the range of the attack you direct against it

a Of how the queen may *speed*—of the issue of this charge.

'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon
[*Exeunt* Paulina *and* Ladies, *with* Herm.
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard[a]
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour:—How he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!
1 *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?
Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling,
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere done't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,
When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.
1 *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!
Paul. I say, she's dead: I'll swear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.
Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.
1 *Lord.* Say no more;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.
Paul. I am sorry for't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool, again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.
Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto

[a] *Certain*—in the second folio.

Our shame perpetual: Once a day I 'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation: So long as Nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrows.[a] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Bohemia. *A desert Country near the Sea.*

Enter Antigonus, *with the Child; and a* Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect[b] then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?
Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.
Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark; I 'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.
Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i' the land: 't is like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon 't.
Ant. Go thou away:
I 'll follow instantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*
Ant. Come, poor babe:—
I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits of the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: 'Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call 't: for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more:'—and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys;
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!
[*Laying down the Child.*
There lie; and there thy character:[a] there these
[*Laying down a bundle*
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine.—The storm begins:—Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more—thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!—

[a] We follow the metrical arrangement of the original. In all the modern editions the lines are distorted as follows:—

"Shall be my recreation: so long as
Nature will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows."

We claim no merit for first pointing out these abominable corruptions of the text; but we do most earnestly exhort those who reprint Shakspere—and the very act of reprinting is in some sort a tribute to him—not to continue to present him in this mangled shape. If the freedom and variety of his versification were offensive to those who had been trained in the school of Pope, let it be remembered that we have now come back to the proper estimation of a nobler rhythm; and that Shakspere, of all the great dramatists, appears to have held the true mean, between a syllabic monotony on the one hand, and a licence running into prose on the other.—(Note to the first Pictorial edition.)

[b] *Perfect*—assured.

[a] *Character*—description—the writing which describes thee.

Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a Bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there was no age between ten and three-and-twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now! —Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find than the master; if anywhere I have them, 't is by the sea-side, browzing of ivy. Good luck, an 't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the Child.*] Mercy on's, a barne;[a] a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child,[b] I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I 'll take it up for pity: yet I 'll tarry till my son come; he hollaed but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou 'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that 's not to the point! O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you 'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragoned it:[a]—but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he 's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou mett'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here 's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth[b] for a squire's child! look thee here! take up, take up, boy; open 't. So let 's see. It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies; this is some changeling:[c]—open 't: What 's within, boy?

Clo. You 're a made[d] old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you 're well to live Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy, and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I 'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentle-

a *Barne*—the Scotch *bairn;* a child *baren*, or *born*. The word pervades all the northern languages, and the Rev. J. Boucher derives it from the Hebrew *bar*—a son or child.

b *A child.* Steevens says that he is told "that in some of our inland counties, *a female infant*, in contradistinction to a *male one*, is still termed among the peasantry—*a child.*' This use of the word was clearly the meaning of Shakspere. We are informed by a correspondent, who dates from Wiveliscombe, Somersetshire, that "the word *child* (or *chiel*, as they pronounce it,) is still used by the peasantry of this part of Somerset, and the adjoining part of Devon, to denote a female infant." Nares observes upon the passage before us, that the expression *child* "may perhaps be rather referred to the simplicity of the shepherd, reversing the common practice, than taken as an authority for it

a *Flap-dragoned it.* In Love's Labour's Lost we have,—"Thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon." This was some inflammable substance floating on a goblet, to be gulped down in the wildness of the toper's revels. Falstaff says of Prince Henry that he "drinks off candle-ends for flap-dragons." The practice, however, was not always safe, if we may judge from the assertion of the captain in Rowley's 'Match at Midnight,' who says that his "corporal was lately choked at Delf by swallowing a flap-dragon."

b *Bearing-cloth.* Percy explains this as "the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered when it is carried to the church to be baptized."

c *Changeling*—a child changed. The allusion is here to the superstition that children were sometimes changed by fairies. So in A Midsummer Night's Dream,—

"A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a *changeling.*"

d *Made*—in the original *mad.* The correction is by Theobald.

man, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst,[a] but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: If thou may'st discern, by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Curst*—mischievous.

[Scene III. 'I am gone for ever.']

[Time, as Chorus.]

ACT IV.

Enter Time, *as Chorus.*

Time. I, that please some, try all,—both joy and terror
Of good and bad,—that make, and unfold error,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received: I witness to
The times that brought them in: so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mention'd a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: What of her ensues
I list not prophecy; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of time: Of this allow,[a]
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

[a] *Allow*—approve.

SCENE I.—*Bohemia. A Room in the Palace of* Polixenes.

Enter POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 't is a sickness denying thee anything; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country. Though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be are to me unknown: but I have, missingly,[a] noted he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness, from whom I have this intelligence: That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That 's likewise part of my intelligence. But I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Road near the* Shepherd's *Cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.[a]

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging[b] tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark that tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh! with hey! the thrush and the jay:
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile;[d] but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin bowget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen.[e] My father named me Autolycus; who, being as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat: Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the

[a] *Missingly.* Steevens explains this,—"I have observed him *at intervals.*" But is it not rather—missing him, I have noted he is of late much retired from court?

[a] *The winter's pale.* Farmer explains this,—"the red, the *spring* blood, now *reigns o'er* the parts lately under the *dominion of winter.*" Daffodils, as Perdita tells us, "come before the swallow dares." The spring which Autolycus describes is the early spring, when winter still holds a partial reign, and the pale—boundary—which divides it from spring is not yet broken up.

[b] *Pugging.* This appears a flash word which the commentators cannot explain. A *puggard* is a thief.

[c] The second folio introduces "*with hey!*" The first has only "*with heigh!*"

[d] *Three-pile*—rich velvet.

[e] Autolycus has his eye upon the "white sheets." The kites may take the smaller linen for their nests.

highway: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether—tods;[1] every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [*Aside.*

Clo. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice——What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man song-men all,[2] and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases:[3] but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes.[4] I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies;[a] mace,—dates,—none; that's out of my note: nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger; but that I may beg;—four pounds of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Aut. O, that ever I was born! [*Groveling on the ground.*

Clo. I' the name of me,——

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him.*

Aut. O! good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

[a] *Warden pies.* Warden was the name of a pear.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [*picks his pocket*] good sir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or anything I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames:[5] I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer;[6] then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son,[7] and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit* Clown.] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled,[a] and my name put in the book of virtue!

[a] Mr. Staunton says *unrolled* is, struck off the roll of vagabonds.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,[8]
And merrily hent[a] the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter Florizel *and* Perdita.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on 't.
Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up:[b] But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attir'd; sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.
Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.
Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me, the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?
Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now: Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.
Per. O but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 't is
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o' the king;
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak; that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.
Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with anything
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We too have sworn shall come.
Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Enter Shepherd, *with* Polixenes *and* Camillo *disguised;* Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, *and others.*

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let 's be red with mirth.
Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all: serv'd all:
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip: You are retired
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome: for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.
Per. Sir, welcome![a] [*To* Pol.

Hent—take hold of.
b *Prank'd up*—dressed splendidly—decorated.

a The modern reading is, *Welcome, sir.*

It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day:—You're welcome, sir! [*To* Camillo.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly'vors,[a]
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly'vors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 't were well; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: You are very welcome.

[a] *Gilly'vors.* We print this word as it is twice printed in the original. Some of the old authors write *gillyflower*, some *gillofre*. Gilly'vor is perhaps a contraction of gilly-flower.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fairest friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O, Proserpina,[9]
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O! these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What! like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers:
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do,
In Whitsun' pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that: move still, still so,
And own no other function: Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to 't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.
Per. I 'll swear for 'em.
Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green sward: nothing she does or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.
Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out:[a] Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.
Clo. Come on, strike up.
Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with.
Mop. Now, in good time!
Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners.—
Come, strike up. [*Music.*

Here a dance of Shepherds *and* Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding:[b] but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth:[c] He says, he loves my daughter;
I think so too: for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he 'll stand, and read,
As 't were, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.
Pol. She dances featly.
Shep. So she does anything; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

[a] *Look out.* The original has look *on't.* We are not quite sure that Theobald's correction is necessary. The idea reminds one of the fine lines in Donne:—

"Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her veins, and such expression wrought,
You might have almost said her body thought."

[b] *Feeding*—pasture.

[c] *Sooth*—truth.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall come in; I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of 'dildos and fadings:'[10] 'jump her and thump her;' and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man;' puts him off, slights him, with 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man.'

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns; why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel: he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on 't.

Clo. Prithee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in 'em than you 'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, *singing.*

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,[11]
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come, come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry: Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being en-

thralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle of[a] these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'T is well they are whispering: Clamour your tongues,[b] and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.[12]

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir: for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to 't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one: and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man:' there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 't is in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 't is in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on 't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 't is my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.
D. Whither?
M. O, whither?
D. Whither?
M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:
D. Me too, let me go thither.
M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:
D. If to either, thou dost ill.
A. Neither.
D. What, neither?
A. Neither.
D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both:—Pedlar, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Aside.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a
Come to the pedlar;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[*Exeunt* Clown, Autolycus, Dorcas, *and* Mopsa.

[a] *Whistle of*—so the original. The modern editions read whistle *off*.

[b] *Clamour your tongues.* Gifford maintains that this is a misprint for *charm* your tongues. We have in Henry VI., Part III.,

"Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue."

But the word *charm* in the text before us was not likely to be mistaken for *clamour*. Mr. Staunton quotes from Mr. Joseph Hunter a line from Taylor the Water Poet,—

"*Clamour* the promulgation of your tongues;"

as proving it to have been a familiar phrase.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neatherds, three swineherds, that have made themselves all men of hair;[12] they call themselves saltiers: and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry[a] of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on 't; here has been too much homely foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danc'd before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.[b]

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant, *with Twelve Rustics, habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—[c]
Is it not too far gone?—'T is time to part them.—
He's simple and tells much. [*Aside.*]—How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him: If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That 's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?—
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before!—I have put you out:—
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge,
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, 'beseech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table: Pray you, once more;

a *Gallimaufry*—a confused heap of things.
b *Squire*—foot-rule.
c During the dance Polixenes and the Shepherd have been conversing apart, and this line is a continuation of their supposed dialogue.

Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father, (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity,) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know 't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prithee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:—
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheephook!—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can
But shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know
The royal food thou cop'st with;—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I 'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt never see[a] this knack, (as never
I mean thou shalt,) we 'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off.—Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to 't. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard: for once, or twice,
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will 't please you, sir, be gone? [*to* Florizel.
I told you what would come of this: 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I 'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father!
Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,
[*to* Florizel.
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels-in dust.—O cursed wretch! [*to* Perdita.
That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly

[a] The double negative is corrected in some editions by the omission of *never*.

Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 't would be thus?
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 't were known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith: And then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advised.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy:[a] if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow,
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: Let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver,—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our[b] need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.—[*takes her aside.*]
I 'll hear you by and by. [*to* Camillo.

Cam. He 's irremoveable,
Resolv'd for flight: now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour
I 'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,
There 's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forfend! your ruin:) marry her;
And (with my best endeavours in your absence,)
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you 'il go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me;
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight,—make for Sicilia;
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes;
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 't were i' the father's person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him

[a] *Fancy*—love.
[b] *Our.*—The original has *her.*

'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undreamed shores; most certain,
To miseries enough: no hope to help you:
But, as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be: Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' the rear of our birth.[a]

Cam. I cannot say, 't is pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this:
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita!— But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our house!—how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word. [*They talk aside.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander,[14] brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting; they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown, (who wants but something to be a reasonable man,) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 't was nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoobub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAM., FLO., *and* PER. *come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?— [*Seeing* AUTOLYCUS
We'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,—— why, hanging. [*Aside.*

[a] The original reads—
"She is i' th' reere 'our birth."
The apostrophes indicate the sense; but Steevens, sacrificing everything to uniformity of metre, has simply *'i th' rear of birth*, omitting *she is* and substituting *of* for *our*.

Cam. How now, good fellow? why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here 's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here 's nobody will steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must think there 's a necessity in 't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there 's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir:—I know ye well enough. [*Aside.*

Cam. Nay, prithee, despatch: the gentleman is half flay'd already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick on 't.— [*Aside.*

Flo. Despatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[Flo. *and* Autol. *exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o 'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you[a]) to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have
No hat:—Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*

Cam. What I do next shall be, to tell the king [*Aside.*
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail
To force him after; in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

[a] *You*, which was wanting in the original, was added by Rowe.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

[*Exeunt* Florizel, Perdita, *and* Camillo

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cutpurse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot! what a boot is here, with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do anything *extempore.* The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do 't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it: and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown *and* Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies! [*Aside.*

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement.—[*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there; what; with whom

the condition of that fardel; the place of your dwelling; your names; your ages; of what having,[a] breeding; and anything that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.[b]

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am a courtier cap-a-piè; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an 't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a present;[c] say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on 's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 't is said, sir, about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, do you hear, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three-quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men,) what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, stoned and flayed alive!

Shep. An 't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this business?

a *Having*—estate.
b As they are paid for lying they do not *give* us the lie.
c *Present.* In the original *pheasant.* The change was suggested by Kenrick.

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: we must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know, 't is none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

Shep. Let 's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt* Shepherd *and* Clown.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to 't: To him will I present them; there may be matter in it.

[*Exit.*

[Scene III. 'Come buy of me, come.']

[Trol-my-dames.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

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[1] SCENE II.—"*Every 'leven wether—tods.*"

SHAKSPERE has here brought his agricultural knowledge to bear. We have every reason to believe that he was a practical farmer; for, after he had bought his estate in Stratford Fields, in 1602, we find him suing one Philip Rogers for a debt of 35 shillings and 10 pence, for corn delivered; and in 1605 he purchased a moiety of the tithes of Stratford, which he probably had to collect in kind. These circumstances will be shown in his Life, by existing documents. When he puts this speech, therefore, in the mouth of the Clown, we may reasonably conclude that he knew, of his own experience, that the average produce of eleven wethers was a tod of wool; and that the value of a tod was a "pound and odd shilling." Ritson says, "It appears from Stafford's 'Breefe Conceipte of English Pollicye,' 1581, that the price of a tod of wool was at that period twenty or two-and-twenty shillings; so that the medium price was exactly 'pound and odd shilling.'"

[2] SCENE II.—"*Three-man song-men all.*"

Singers of three-part songs, *i.e.* songs for three voices. And in some old plays we find the term *three men's songs.* In 'The Turnament of Tottenham,' an ancient ballad (See 'Percy's Reliques,' ii. 15) ascribed to Gilbert Pilkington, and supposed to have been written before the time of Edward III., a *six-men's song* is thus mentioned:—

"In every corner of the house
Was melody delicious,
For to hear precious,
Of six-men's song."

[3] SCENE II.—"*Means and bases.*"

Means are tenors—intermediate voices, between the treble and bass.

[4] SCENE II.—"*Sings psalms to hornpipes.*"

In the early days of psalmody it was not unusual to adapt the popular secular tunes to versions of the psalms, the rage for which originated in France. (See Warton's 'History of Poetry,' sec. xlv.)

[5] SCENE II.—"*Trol-my-dames.*"

Farmer quotes an old treatise on Buxton baths, in which, describing the amusements of the place, the writer says, "The ladies, gentlewomen, wives, maids, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the end of a bench eleven holes made, into the which to troule pummits, either violent or soft, after their own discretion: the pastime *troule in madame* is termed." This is evidently the same game as our bagatelle, with the only difference that there are eleven holes instead of nine. In the bagatelle-board the balls are sometimes driven through the arches of a bridge which crosses it; and for this reason the game was anciently called *Pigeon-holes,* as well as *Trou madame.* In Rowley's 'New Wonder' we have—

"I am sure you cannot but hear what quicksands he finds out; as dice, cards, pigeon-holes."

[6] SCENE II.—"*An ape-bearer.*"

This personage was always a favourite with the English. We have representations of him in manuscripts as old as the thirteenth century; and in Shakspere's time he had lost none of his popularity. Jonson, in his Induction to 'Bartholomew Fair,' says, "He has ne'er a sword-and-buckler man in his fair; nor a juggler with a well-educated ape to come over the chain for the king of England, and back again for the prince."

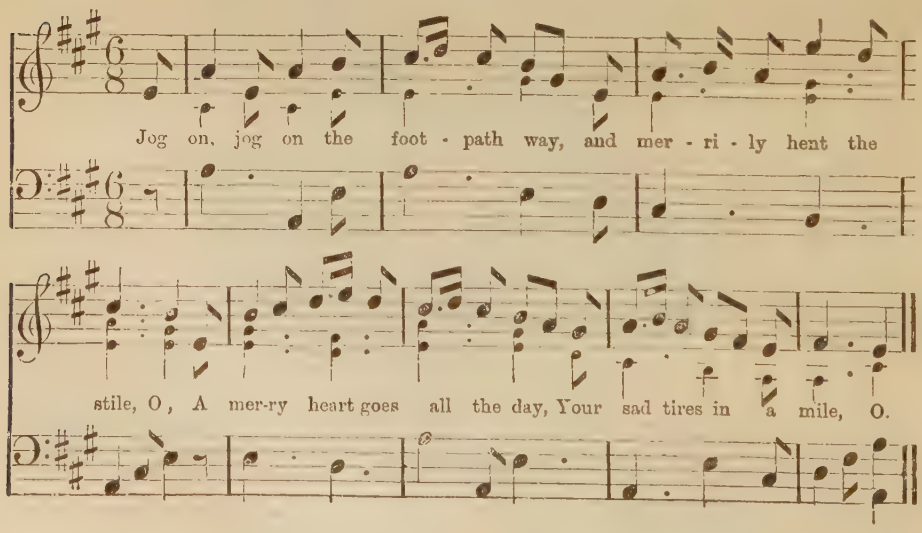
[7] SCENE II.—"*A motion of the prodigal son.*"

The puppet-show was anciently called a *motion;* and the subjects which were usually chosen for these exhibitions were mostly scriptural. In Jonson's humorous play which we have just quoted, the puppet-show professor says, "O the *motions* that I, Lanthorn Leatherhead, have given light to, in my time since my master Pod died! Jerusalem was a stately thing, and so was Nineveh, and the City of Norwich." The Spectator, No. 14, speaking of Powell the puppet-show man, says, "there cannot be too great encouragement given to his skill in *motions,* provided he is under proper restrictions." Even in the days of Anne, these successors of the old Mysteries still presented scriptural subjects. Strutt, in his 'Sports and Pastimes,' has printed a Bartholomew Fair bill of that time, from which the following is an extract:—

"At Crawley's booth, over against the Crown tavern in Smithfield, during the time of Bartholomew Fair, will be presented a little opera, called 'The Old Creation of the World,' yet newly revived; with the addition of Noah's Flood; also several fountains playing water during the time of the play.—The last scene does present Noah and his family coming out of the ark, with all the beasts two and two, and all the fowls of the air seen in a prospect sitting upon trees; likewise over the ark is seen the sun rising in a most glorious manner: moreover, a multitude of angels will be seen in a double rank, which presents a double prospect, one for the sun, the other for a palace, where will be seen six angels ringing of bells."

[8] SCENE II.—"*Jog on, jog on, the footpath-way.*"

This is the first of three stanzas of a song which we do not meet with in print till 1661, when it appeared in 'The Antidote against Melancholy,' a collection of ballads, &c. We are told that it was set as a round for three voices by John Hilton, and so published in the *first* edition of his 'Catch that catch can,' an edition so rare that we have never been able to obtain a sight of it. The melody, however, is given in 'The Dancing Master' of 1650, under the title of 'Jog on, my honey,' and is as follows, a base and accompaniment being now added to it, and the measure changed from six-crotchet time to six-quaver:—



[9] SCENE III.—"*O, Proserpina.*"

The passage in the Fifth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses is thus translated by Golding, 1587:—

"While in this garden Proserpine was taking her pastime,
In gathering either violets blue, or lilies white as lime;
Dis spied her, lov'd her, caught her up, and all at once well near.—
The lady with a wailing voice affright did often call
Her mother——
And as she from the upper part her garment would have rent,
By chance she let her lap slip down, and out her flowers went."

[10] SCENE III.—"*Fadings.*"

The *fadings* was a dance. Malone quotes a song from 'Sportive Wit,' 1666, which implies that it was a rustic dance:—

"The courtiers scorn us country clowns,
We country clowns do scorn the court;
We can be as merry upon the downs
As you at midnight with all your sport,
With a *fading*, with a *fading*."

It would appear also, from a letter appended to Boswell's edition of Malone, that it was an Irish dance, and that it was practised upon rejoicing occasions as recently as 1803, the date of the letter.

"The dance is called Rinca Fada, and means, literally, 'the long dance.' Though *faed* is a reed, the name of the dance is not borrowed from it; '*fada* is the adjective, long, and *rinca* the substantive, dance.' In Irish the adjective follows the substantive, differing from the English construction; hence *rinca fada; faeden* is the diminutive, and means little reed; *faeden* is the first person of the verb to whistle, either with the lips or with a reed; *i. e.* I whistle.

"This dance is still practised on rejoicing occasions in many parts of Ireland; a king and queen are chosen from amongst the young persons who are the best dancers; the queen carries a garland composed of two hoops placed at right angles, and fastened to a handle; the hoops are covered with flowers and ribbons; you have seen it, I dare say, with the May-maids. Frequently in the course of the dance the king and queen lift up their joined hands as high as they can, she still holding the garland in the other. The most remote couple from the king and queen first pass under; all the rest of the line linked together follow in succession: when the last has passed, the king and queen suddenly face about and front their companions; this is often repeated during the dance, and the various undulations are pretty enough, resembling the movements of a serpent. The dancers on the first of May visit such newly wedded pairs of a certain rank as have been married since last May-day in the neighbourhood, who commonly bestow on them a stuffed ball richly decked with gold and silver lace, (this I never heard of before,) and accompanied with a present in money, to regale themselves after the dance. This dance is practised when the bonfires are lighted up, the queen hailing the return of summer in a popular Irish song, beginning,—

'Thuga mair sein lu souré ving.'
'We lead on summer—see! she follows in our train.'"

[11] SCENE III.—"*Poking-sticks of steel.*"

Stow tells us that "about the sixteenth year of the queen (Elizabeth) began the making of steel *poking-sticks*, and until that time all laundresses used setting-sticks made of wood or bone." The ruff itself, in the setting of which the poking-stick was used, (that of steel having the advantage of being heated,) is thus described by Stubbes, with his accustomed bitterness against the luxuries of his time:—

"The women use great ruffs, and neckerchers of holland, lawn, cambric, and such cloth as the greatest thread shall not be so big as the least hair that is; and lest they should fall down, they are smeared and starched in the devil's liquor, I mean starch; after that dried with great diligence, streaked, patted, and rubbed very nicely, and so applied to their goodly necks, and, withal, underpropped, with supporters (as I told you before), the stately arches of pride; beyond all this, they have a further fetch, nothing inferior to the rest, as namely, three or four degrees of minor ruffs, placed *gradatim*, one beneath another, and all under the master devil-ruff: the skirts then of these great ruffs are long and side every way plaited, and crested full curiously, God wot. Then, last of all, they are either clogged with gold, silver, or silk lace of stately price, wrought all over with needlework, speckled and sparkled here and there with the sun, the moon, the stars, and many other antiques, strange to behold. Some are wrought with open work down to the midst of the ruff and further; some with close work, some with purled lace so clogged, and other gewgaws so pestered, as the ruff is the least part of itself. Sometimes they are pinned up to their ears, sometimes they are suffered to hang over their shoulders, like windmill-sails fluttering in the wind, and thus every one pleaseth herself in her own foolish devices."

[12] SCENE III.—"*A pair of sweet gloves.*"

Autolycus has offered for sale

"Gloves as sweet as damask roses."

Howes, who continues Stow's Chronicle, thus describes the introduction of perfumed gloves in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth:—

"Milliners or haberdashers had not then any gloves embroidered, or trimmed with gold or silk, neither gold nor embroidered girdles and hangers; neither could they make any costly wash or perfume until, about the fourteenth or fifteenth year of the queen, the right honourable Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bags, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant things; and that year the queen had a pair of perfumed gloves trimmed only with four tufts or roses of coloured silk. The queen took such pleasure in those gloves, that she was pictured with those gloves upon her hands, and for many years after it was called the Earl of Oxford's perfume."

[13] SCENE III.—"*Made themselves all men of hair.*"

The original stage direction sufficiently explains this: "Here a dance of twelve satyrs." We find, from a book of songs composed by Thomas Ravenscroft and others, in the time of Shakspere, that in this popular entertainment the satyrs had an appropriate roundel:—

"Round a round, a rounda, keep your ring;
To the glorious sun we sing:
Ho, ho!

He that wears the flaming rays,
And the imperial crown of bays,
Him, with him, with shouts and songs we praise;
Ho, ho!

That in his bounty would vouchsafe to grace
The humble sylvans and their shaggy race."

The satyrs' dance was not confined to England; and it has been rendered memorable by the fearful accident with which it was accompanied at the court of France in 1392. The description by Froissart of this calamity is so graphic that we are sure our readers will not regret the space which it occupies. We give it from Lord Berners' fine old translation:—

"It fortuned that, soon after the retaining of the foresaid knight, a marriage was made in the king's house between a young knight of Vermandois and one of the queen's gentlewomen; and because they were both of the king's house, the king's uncles and other lords, ladies, and damoiselles, made great triumph: there was the Dukes of Orléans, Berry, and Bourgogne, and their wives, dancing and making great joy. The king made a great supper to the lords and ladies, and the queen kept her estate, desiring every man to be merry: and there was a squire of Normandy, called Hogreymen Gensay, he advised to make some pastime. The day of the marriage, which was on a Tuesday before Candlemas, he provided for a mummery against night: he devised six coats made of linen cloth, covered with pitch, and thereon flax like hair, and had them ready in a chamber. The king put on one of them, and the Earl of Jouy, a young lusty knight, another, and Sir Charles of Poitiers the third, who was son to the Earl of Valentenois, and Sir Juan of Foix another, and the son of the Lord Nanthorillet had on the fifth, and the squire himself had on the sixth; and when they were thus arrayed in these sad coats, and sewed fast in them, they seemed like wild woodhouses,* full of hair from the top of the head to the sole of the foot. This device pleased well the French king, and was well content with the squire for it. They were apparelled in these coats secretly in a chamber that no man knew thereof but such as helped them. When Sir Juan of Foix had well devised these coats, he said to the king,—'Sir, command straightly that no man approach near us with any torch or fire, for if the fire fasten in any of these coats, we shall all be burnt without remedy.' The king answered and said,—'Juan, ye speak well and wisely; it shall be done as ye have devised;' and incontinent sent for an usher of his chamber, commanding him to go into the chamber where the ladies danced, and to command all the varlets holding torches to stand up by the walls, and none of them to approach near to the woodhouses, that should come thither to dance. The usher did the king's commandment, which was fulfilled. Soon after the Duke of Orléans entered into the hall, accompanied with four knights and six torches, and knew nothing of the king's commandment for the torches, nor of the mummery that was coming thither, but thought to behold the dancing, and began himself to dance. Therewith the king with the five other came in; they were so disguised in flax that no man knew them: five of them were fastened one to another; the king was loose, and went before and led the device.

"When they entered into the hall every man took so great heed to them that they forgot the torches: the king departed from his company and went to the ladies to sport with them, as youth required, and so passed by the queen and came to the Duchess of Berry, who took and held him by the arm to know what he was, but the king would not show his name. Then the duchess said, Ye shall not escape me till I know your name. In this mean season great mischief fell on the other, and by reason of the Duke of Orléans; howbeit, it was by ignorance, and against his will, for if he had considered before the mischief that fell, he would not have done as he did for all the good in the world; but he was so desirous to know what personages the five were that danced, he put one of the torches that his servant held so near, that the heat of the fire entered into the flax (wherein if fire take there is no remedy), and suddenly was on a bright flame, and so each of them set fire on other: the pitch was so fastened to the linen cloth, and their shirts so dry and fine, and so joining to their flesh, that they began to burn, and to cry for help: none durst come near them; they that did burnt their hands by reason of the heat of the pitch: one of them called Nanthorillet advised him how the botry was thereby; he fled thither, and cast himself into a vessel full of water, wherein they rinsed pots, which saved him, or else he had been dead as the other were; yet he was sore hurt with the fire. When the queen heard the cry that they made, she doubted her of the king, for she knew well that he should be one of the six; therewith she fell into a swoon, and knights and ladies came and comforted her. A piteous noise there was in the hall. The Duchess of Berry delivered the king from that peril, for she did cast over him the train of her gown, and covered him from the fire. The king would have gone from her. Whither will ye go? quoth she; ye see well how your company burns. What are ye? I am the king, quoth he. Haste ye, quoth she, and get you into other apparel, and come to the queen. And the Duchess of Berry had somewhat comforted her, and had showed her how she should see the king shortly.

* Savages.

Therewith the king came to the queen, and as soon as she saw him, for joy she embraced him and fell in a swoon; then she was borne to her chamber, and the king went with her. And the bastard of Foix, who was all on a fire, cried ever with a loud voice, Save the king, save the king! Thus was the king saved. It was happy for him that he went from his company, for else he had been dead without remedy. This great mischief fell thus about midnight in the hall of Saint Powle in Paris, where there was two burnt to death in the place, and other two, the bastard of Foix, and the Earl of Jouy, borne to their lodgings, and died within two days after in great misery and pain."

The illuminated Froissart in the British Museum supplies us with a representation of this tragical event. It would appear from a passage in Melvil's 'Memoirs' that the French brought this species of mummery to the court of Mary Queen of Scots:—

"During their abode (that of the ambassadors who assembled to congratulate Mary Queen of Scots on the birth of her son) at Stirling, there was daily banqueting, dancing, and triumph. And at the principal banquet there fell out a great

grudge among the Englishmen; for a Frenchman, called Bastian, devised a number of men formed like satyrs, with long tails, and whips in their hands, running before the meat, which was brought through the great hall upon a machine or engine, marching as appeared alone, with musicians clothed like maids, singing, and playing upon all sorts of instruments. But the satyrs were not content only to make way or room, but put their hands behind them to their tails, which they wagged with their hands in such sort as the Englishmen supposed it had been devised and done in derision of them, weakly apprehending that which they should not have appeared to understand. For Mr. Hatton, Mr. Lignish, and the most part of the gentlemen desired to sup before the queen and great banquet, that they might see the better the order and ceremonies of the triumph: but so soon as they perceived the satyrs wagging their tails, they all sat down upon the bare floor behind the back of the table, that they might not see themselves derided, as they thought. Mr. Hatton said unto me, if it were not in the queen's presence, he would put a dagger to the heart of that French knave Bastian, who, he alleged, had done it out of despite that the queen made more of them than of the Frenchmen."

1 Scene III.—"*Pomander.*"

We have a passage in Cavendish's 'Life of Wolsey' in which the great cardinal is described coming after mass into his privy chamber, "holding in his hand a very fair orange, whereof the meat or substance within was taken out, and filled up again with the part of a sponge, wherein was vinegar and other confections against the pestilent airs; the which he most commonly smelt unto, passing among the press, or else when he was pestered with many suitors." This was a pomander. It appears from a passage in Mr. Burgon's valuable 'Life of Sir Thomas Gresham' that the supposed orange held in the hand in several ancient portraits, amongst others in those of Lord Berners and Gresham, was in truth a pomander.

['O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty.' Scene III.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of* Leontes.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, *and others.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass: At the last
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cle. Not at all, good lady;

You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.
Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.
Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign dame; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?[a]
What holier than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to 't?
Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that 's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is 't not the tenor of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'T is your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;
[*To* Leontes.
The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.
Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,——
Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.
Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse; and, on this stage,
(Where we offenders now,) appear,[a] soul-vexed,
And begin, 'Why to me?'
Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.[b]
Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murther her I married.
Paul. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I 'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in 't
You chose her: then I 'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, 'Remember mine!'
Leon. Stars, stars,[c]
And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no wife,
I 'll have no wife, Paulina.
Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?
Leon. Never, Paulina: so be bless'd my spirit!
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath,—
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye;—[d]
Cleo. Good madam, I have done.
Paul. Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will,
No remedy but you will; give me the office
To choose you a queen; she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.
Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us.
Paul. That

[a] In Antony and Cleopatra we have an explanation of the text:—

"We use to say, *the dead are well.*"

[a] The original reads—

(Where we offendors now appear.)

We have shifted the place of the parenthesis, making "her sainted spirit" the nominative case to "appear." By this arrangement, "where we offenders now" *are* must be understood. By any other construction we lose the force of the word "appear," as applied to "sainted spirit." Malone proposed to read,—

"Again possess her corpse, (and on this stage
Where we offenders now appear soul-vexed)
And begin, Why to me?"

[b] *Just cause.* In the original *just such cause.* In modern editions *such* is omitted, following the authority of the third folio.

[c] *Stars, stars.* So the original, but diluted by Hanmer into *stars, very stars.*

[d] The vehemence of Paulina overbears the interruption of Cleomenes, and he says, "I have done." Mr. Dyce and other editors give "I have done" to Paulina; to us it appears that she is going on, perfectly regardless of any opposition.

Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.
Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'T is not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?
Gent. But few,
And those but mean.
Leon. His princess, say you, with him?
Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,) 'She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd;'—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 't is shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.
Gent. Pardon, madam;
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon,)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,[a]
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.
Paul. How? not women?
Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman,
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.
Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 't is strange,
[*Exeunt* CLEOMENES, Lords, *and* Gentleman.
He thus should steal upon us.

[a] So the original. Some would read "*such* a creature.

Paul. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.
Leon. Prithee, no more; cease;[a] thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

Re-enter CLEOMENES, *with* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and* Attendants.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost
(All mine own folly,) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.
Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia: and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times,) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me say so,) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.
Leon. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle,) of the dreadful Neptune,

[a] *Cease* is omitted by Steevens, for the sake of metre.

To greet a man not worth her pains; much less
The adventure of her person?
Flo. Good, my lord,
She came from Libya.
Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?
Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly,) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismissed;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.
Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd,
(As he from heaven merits it,) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me:
Desires you to attach his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off,)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.
Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.
Lord. Here in your[a] city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.
Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.
Lord. Lay 't so to his charge;
He's with the king your father.
Leon. Who? Camillo?
Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.
Per. O, my poor father!—
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.
Leon. You are married?
Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—
The odds for high and low's alike.
Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?
Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.
Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.
Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.
Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in 't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.
Leon. I thought of her,

[a] *Your*—this is changed to *the*, in some editions, without explanation.

Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
[*To* Florizel.
Is yet unanswer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter Autolycus *and a* Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel; heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business:—But the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: A notable passion of wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance[a] were joy or sorrow: but in the extremity of the one it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: The news, Rogero?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance; that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione:—her jewel about the neck of it:—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character:—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection o' nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit[1] of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3. *Gent.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wracked, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

[a] *Importance*—import.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish), was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confessed, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an 'alas!' I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour: some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt* Gentlemen.

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince: told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 't is all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd *and* Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 't were hard luck; being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, that thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in* Paulina's *House.*

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!
Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit;
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.
Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.
Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart: But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 't is well. [Paulina *undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.*
I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?
Leon. Her natural posture!—
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing
So aged, as this seems.
Pol. O, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.
Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her!
I am asham'd: Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece,
There 's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!
Per. And give me leave;
And do not say 't is superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.
Paul. O, patience:
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.
Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.
Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much of grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.
Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is mine),
I 'd not have show'd it.
Leon. Do not draw the curtain.
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on 't; lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.
Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already[a]—
What was he that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mock'd with art.
Paul. I 'll draw the curtain;
My lord 's almost so far transported that
He 'll think anon it lives.
Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.
Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but

[a] It is scarcely necessary to conjecture how Leontes would have closed the sentence: for the abrupt breaking off is one of those touches of nature with which Shakspere knew how to give passion an eloquence beyond words. Mr. Collier's Corrector supplies an additional line:—
"I am but dead, stone looking upon stone."
Twenty-five lines earlier Leontes has previously expressed a similar idea:—
"Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?"

I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;[2]
You 'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I 'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you 'll think,
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What can you make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 't is as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still:
On:[a] Those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music; awake her: strike.—
[*Music.*
'T is time; descend; be stone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I 'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive she stirs;
[Hermione *comes down from the pedestal.*
Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor?

Leon. O, she 's warm!
[*Embracing her.*
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make 't manifest where she has liv'd,
Or, how stol'n from the dead?

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.
[*Presenting* Per., *who kneels to* Her.

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.

Paul. There 's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that 's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina;
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave: I 'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
An honourable husband:—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty,
Is richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let 's from this place.—
What?—Look upon my brother:—both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: Hastily lead away.
[*Exeunt.*

[a] *On.* We understand this as, let us go on. The king immediately adds "proceed." This emphatic *on* has been changed into *or*:—
"*Or* those that think it is unlawful business."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

[1] SCENE II.—*Weather-bitten conduit.*"

THE old stone conduits were in Shakspere's time very numerous in London, and allusions to them are frequent in the dramatists. We give a representation of the "Little Conduit" in Westcheap, built in 1442.

[2] SCENE III.—"*The ruddiness upon her lip is wet.*"

We have shown in a note to the Two Gentlemen of Verona that the words *statue* and *picture* were often used without distinction. In the passage before us we have the mention of "oily painting;" and the clown talks of going to see "the queen's picture." But it is clear from other passages that a statue, in the modern sense of the word, was intended. Leontes says,

> "Does not the stone rebuke me
> For being more stone than it?"

It is clear, therefore, from all the context, that the statue must have been painted. Sir Henry Wotton calls this practice an English barbarism; but it is well known that the ancients had painted statues. The mention of Julio Romano is generally designated as "a strange absurdity." We have touched upon this in the Introductory Notice.

[Julio Romano.]

TEMPEST.

['On the bat's back.']

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of The Tempest.

This comedy stands the first in the folio collection of 1623, in which edition it was originally printed. In the entry upon the Stationers' registers of November the 8th, 1623, claiming for Blount and Jaggard such plays of Shakspere as were not formerly entered to other men, it also is the first in order. The original text is printed with singular correctness; and if, with the exception of one or two obvious typographical errors, it had continued to be reprinted without any change, the world would have possessed a copy with the mint-mark of the poet upon it, instead of the clipped and scoured impression that bears the name of Steevens. Fortunately, however, in consequence of this remarkable correctness of the original, the commentators have been unable to do much in the way of what they call emendation; but what they have done is done as badly as possible.

Until within the last year or so the general opinion of the readers of Shakspere had settled into the belief that The Tempest was the last of his works. We are inclined to think that this belief was rather a matter of feeling than of judgment. Mr. Campbell has put the feeling very elegantly: —"The Tempest has a sort of sacredness as the last work of a mighty workman. Shakspeare, as if conscious that it would be his last, and as if inspired to typify himself, has made his hero a natural, a dignified, and benevolent magician, who could conjure up spirits from the vasty deep, and command supernatural agency by the most seemingly natural and simple means. And this final play of our poet has magic indeed; for, what can be simpler in language than the courtship of Ferdinand and Miranda, and yet what can be more magical than the sympathy with which it

subdues us? Here Shakspere himself is Prospero, or rather the superior genius who commands both Prospero and Ariel. But the time was approaching when the potent sorcerer was to break his staff, and to bury it fathoms in the ocean,

Deeper than did ever plummet sound.'

That staff has never been, and never will be, recovered." But this feeling, pretty and fanciful as it is, is certainly somewhat deceptive. It is not borne out by the internal evidence of the play itself. Shakspere never could have contemplated, in health and intellectual vigour, any abandonment of that occupation which constituted his happiness and glory. We have no doubt that he wrote on till the hour of his last illness. His later plays are unquestionably those in which the mighty intellect is more tasked than the unbounded fancy. His later plays, as we believe, present the philosophical and historical aspect of human affairs rather than the passionate and the imaginative. The Roman historical plays are, as it appears to us, at the end of his career, as the English historical plays are at the beginning. Nothing can be more different than the principle of art upon which the Henry VI. and the Antony and Cleopatra are constructed. The Roman plays denote, we think, the growth of an intellect during five-and-twenty years. The Tempest does not present the characteristics of the latest plays. It has the playfulness and beauty of the comedies, mingled with the higher notes of passionate and solemn thought which distinguish the great tragedies. It is essentially, too, written wholly with reference to the stage, at a period when an Ariel could be presented to an imaginative audience without the prosaic encumbrance of wings. The later plays, such as Troilus and Cressida, and the three Roman subjects, are certainly written without any very strong regard to dramatic effect. They are noble acting plays, especially Julius Cæsar and Coriolanus; but even in these the poet appears to have poured himself forth with a philosophical mastery of the great principles by which men are held in the social state, without being very solicitous as to the favourable reception of his opinions by the mixed audiences of the days of James I. The Antony and Cleopatra is still more remarkable for its surpassing historical truth—not the mere truth of chronological exactness, but that truth which is evolved out of the power of making the past present and real, through the marvellous felicity of knowing and representing how individuals and masses of men must have acted under circumstances which are only assimilated to the circumstances of modern times by the fact that all the great principles and motives of human action are essentially the same in every age and in every condition of civilization. The plays that we have mentioned must have been the result of very profound thought and very accurate investigation. The characters of the Troilus and Cressida are purposely Gothicised. An episode of "the tale of Troy divine" is seized upon, to be divested of its romantic attributes, and to be presented with all the bold colouring of a master regardless of minute proprieties of costume, but producing the most powerful and harmonious effect through the universal truth of his delineations. On the contrary, the Roman plays are perfect in costume. We do not believe that there are any productions of the human mind in existence, ancient or modern, which can give us so complete a notion of what Roman life was under its great general aspects. This was the effect, not only of his instinctive wisdom, but of that leisure for profound inquiry and extensive investigation which Shakspere possessed in the latter years of his life. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that The Tempest belonged to this very late period. Ulrici has said "The Tempest is the completing companion-piece of the Winter's Tale and A Midsummer Night's Dream." The Midsummer Night's Dream was printed in 1600;—it was probably written some five or six years previous. The Winter's Tale, we know, was acted in 1611, and it is conjectured that it was then first acted. Of this, however, we have no evidence. Comparing the style and rhythm of The Tempest with the Winter's Tale, we have little difficulty in believing that the Winter's Tale is the later play. But, on the other hand, we are not disposed to separate them by any very wide interval; more especially we cannot agree with Mr. Hunter, who has brought his great stores of learning to an investigation of all the points connected with The Tempest. that this play, "instead of being the latest work of this great master, is in reality one of the earliest, nearly the first in time, as the first in place, of the dramas which are wholly his." The difficulty of settling the chronology of some of Shakspere's plays by internal evidence is very much increased by the circumstance that some of them must be regarded as early performances, that have come down to us with the large additions and corrections of maturer years. For example: Pericles was, it is believed by Mr. Collier, produced as a novelty in

1608. There are portions of that play which we think no one could have written but the mature Shakspere; mixed up with other portions which indicate not so much immature powers as the treatment of a story in the spirit of the oldest dramas. So it is with Cymbeline; and, to a certain extent, with the Winter's Tale. The probability is that these plays were produced in their present form soon after the period of Shakspere's quitting the stage about 1602 and 1603, and before the production of Macbeth, Troilus and Cressida, Henry VIII., and the Roman plays. Coleridge assigns (in his classification of 1819) The Tempest, As You Like It, Merchant of Venice, and Twelfth Night, to the fourth epoch of Shakspere, when he exhibited "all the graces and facilities of a genius in full possession and exercise of power." The fifth was the concluding epoch, "when the energies of genius in the cycle of intellect were, in a rich and more potentiated form, becoming predominant over passion and creative self manifestation."*

The Tempest is *not* included by name in the list of plays ascribed to Shakspere by Francis Meres in 1599. Mr. Hunter says that it *was* included, under the name of *Love's Labour Won.* We have endeavoured to show, in the Introductory Notice to All's Well that Ends Well, not only that the comedy bearing that name had the highest pretension to the title of Love's Labour Won, but that The Tempest had no such pretension. The Love Labours of The Tempest, according to Mr. Hunter, are the labours of Ferdinand under the harsh commands of Prospero, and the title given to The Tempest by Meres is derived from this incident. To this argument we have answered, —"We venture to say that our belief in the significancy of Shakspere's titles would be at an end, if even a main incident were to suggest a name, instead of the general course of the thought or action. In this case there are really no Love Labours at all. The lady is *not* won by the piling of the logs; the audience know that both Ferdinand and Miranda are under the influence of Prospero's spells, and the magician has explained to them why he enforces these harsh labours." We do not agree that the comedy called The Tempest, when it was first printed, bore the title, either as a leading or secondary title, when Meres published his list in 1599, of 'Love Labour's Won.' We believe that it was always called The Tempest; and that, looking at its striking fable, and its beauty of characterization and language, it would undoubtedly have been mentioned by Meres if it had existed in 1599.

The 'Bartholomew Fair' of Ben Jonson was produced at the Hope Theatre in 1614; and it was performed by "the Lady Elizabeth's servants." It is stated by Malone that "it appears from MSS. of Mr. Vertue that The Tempest was acted by John Heminge and the rest of the King's company, before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, in the beginning of the year 1613." This circumstance gives some warrant to the belief of the commentators that a passage in the Induction to 'Bartholomew Fair' is a sarcasm upon Shakspere: — "If there be never a *servant-monster* in the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of antiques? He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget *tales, tempests,* and such-like drolleries." Gifford has contended, arguing against the disposition of the commentators to charge Jonson with malignity, that the expressions *servant-monster,* and *tales, tempests,* and such-like *drolleries,* had reference to the popular puppet-shows which were especially called drolleries. The passage, however, still looks to us like a sly, though not ill-natured, allusion to Shakspere's Caliban, and his Winter's Tale, and Tempest, which were then popular acting plays. Mr. Hunter believes that in this passage Jonson does pointedly direct his satire against The Tempest; but he also maintains that Jonson does, in the same way, satirize The Tempest in 1596, in the Prologue to 'Every Man in his Humour:'—

> "He rather prays you will be pleas'd to see
> One such to-day, as other plays should be;
> Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,
> Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please;
> Nor nimble squib is seen to make afeard
> The gentlewomen; nor roll'd bullet heard,
> To say, it thunders: nor tempestuous drum
> Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come.

It is scarcely probable, if Jonson had meant to allude to The Tempest, either in the Prologue of

* 'Literary Remains,' vol. ii. p. 89.

the Induction, that he would have been so wanting in materials for his dislike of the romantic drama in general as to select the same play for attack in works separated by an interval of eighteen years. The "creaking throne" is, according to Mr. Hunter, the throne of Juno as she descends, in the mask; the "nimble squib" is the lightning, and the "tempestuous drum" the thunder, of the first scene. Mr. Hunter adds that the last line of the Prologue,—

> "You that have so grac'd monsters may like men,"—

must allude to Caliban. Surely the term *monsters*, as opposed to *men*, must be a general designation of what Jonson believed to be unnatural in the romantic drama, as contrasted with the "image of the times" in comedy. But, if we must have real monsters, there were plenty to be found in the older plays. Gosson, in 1581, thus writes:—"Sometimes you shall see nothing but the adventures of an amorous knight, passing from country to country for the love of his lady, encountering many a terrible *monster*, made of brown paper, and at his return is so wonderfully changed that he cannot be known but by some posy in his tablet, or by a broken ring, or a handkerchief, or a piece of a cockle-shell." Sir Philip Sydney ridicules the appearance of "a *hideous monster* with fire and smoke." Much older theatres than the Globe were furnished with their thunder and lightning. In 1572 John Izarde, according to an entry in the accounts of the revels at court, was paid for a device for "counterfeiting thunder and lightning."* It is as likely that thrones descended in other plays besides The Tempest, as it is certain that in The Tempest Juno descended with a classical fitness of which Jonson has given us many similar examples in his own masks. We can see nothing in these circumstances to connect the date of The Tempest with that of Ben Jonson's 'Every Man in his Humour.'

The third point upon which Mr. Hunter relies for fixing the date of The Tempest as of 1596 is deduced from the passage in the third act where Gonzalo laughs at the stories of "men whose heads stood in their breasts." Raleigh told this story, in his account of his voyage to Guiana, in 1595. We have already noticed this circumstance at some length in our Illustrations of Othello, Act I. To mention the matter here very briefly, Shakspere makes Othello, not in a boasting or lying spirit, but with the confiding belief that belonged to his own high nature, tell Desdemona of

> "The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders."

Would Mr. Hunter contend that this second notice of "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders" fixes the date of *Othello*, as well as that of The Tempest, in 1596? Such circumstances are, as we have always contended, of the very slightest value. The argument may be put ingeniously and learnedly, as Mr. Hunter puts it; or it may be rendered ludicrous, as Chalmers renders it. What, for example, can be more absurd than Chalmers' attempt to make us believe that, because the King of Naples is inconsolable for the supposed loss of Ferdinand, there is an allusion to the death of Prince Henry in 1612; that the line

> "Like poison given to work a great time after'

plainly refers to the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury in the same year; and that a great storm which happened in January 1613 "gave the appropriate name to this admirable drama?"

In the Illustrations of Act II. the reader will find an extract from the 'Essays' of Montaigne, as translated by Florio, which establishes beyond all possible doubt that the lines of Gonzalo,—

> "I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
> Execute all things," &c.—

were founded upon this passage in Montaigne, and upon Florio's translation. That translation was not published before 1603. But portions of it had been seen in manuscript, says Mr. Hunter. Sir William Cornwallis mentions in his 'Essays' that "divers of his pieces I have seen translated," and he describes Florio as the translator. The 'Essays' of Cornwallis were not printed till 1600;

* Collier, 'Annals of the Stage,' vol. iii., p. 370.

but they, also, had been seen in manuscript; and so Cornwallis might have written about "divers parts" of Florio's 'Montaigne' before 1596; and Shakspere might have read this identical part of Florio's 'Montaigne' before 1596; and thus the dates both of Cornwallis' and Florio's books go for nothing in this inquiry. Is this *evidence?*

The date of Shakspere's Tempest has been a fertile subject for the exercise of critical conjecture. Malone writes a pamphlet of 60 pages upon it; Chalmers another pamphlet somewhat longer. The first has been reprinted in Boswell's edition; the other costs as much as a manuscript in the days before printing. It is worth the money, however, for a quiet laugh. The two critics differ very slightly in their opinions as to the date of the comedy; but their proofs are essentially different. Malone contends for 1611, holding that "the storm by which Sir George Sommers was shipwrecked on the island of Bermuda, in 1609, unquestionably gave rise to Shakspeare's Tempest, and suggested to him the title, as well as some incidents." The whole relation is contained in the additions to Stow's 'Annals' by Howes:—

"In the year 1609 the adventurers and Company of Virginia sent from London a fleet of eight ships, with people to supply and make strong the colony in Virginia; Sir Thomas Gates being general, in a ship of 300 tons: in this ship was also Sir George Sommers, who was admiral, and Captain Newport, vice-admiral, and with them about 160 persons. This ship was 'Admiral,' and kept company with the rest of the fleet to the height of 30 degrees; and being then assembled to consult touching divers matters, they were surprised with a most extreme violent storm, which scattered the whole fleet, yet all the rest of the fleet bent their course for Virginia, where, by God's special favour, they arrived safely; but this great ship, though new, and far stronger than any of the rest, fell into a great leak, so as mariners and passengers were forced, for three days' space, to do their utmost to save themselves from sudden sinking: but notwithstanding their incessant pumping, and casting out of water by buckets and all other means, yet the water covered all the goods within the hold, and all men were utterly tired, and spent in strength, and overcome with labour; and hopeless of any succour, most of them were gone to sleep, yielding themselves to the mercy of the sea, being all very desirous to die upon any shore wheresoever. Sir George Sommers, sitting at the stern, seeing the ship desperate of relief, looking every minute when the ship would sink, he espied land, which, according to his and Captain Newport's opinion, they judged it should be that dreadful coast of the Bermudas, which islands were, of all nations, said and supposed to be enchanted, and inhabited with witches and devils, which grew by reason of accustomed monstrous thunder-storm and tempest near unto those islands; also for that the whole coast is so wondrous dangerous of rocks that few can approach them but with unspeakable hazard of shipwreck. Sir George Sommers, Sir Thomas Gates, Captain Newport, and the rest, suddenly agreed of two evils to choose the least, and so, in a kind of desperate resolution, directed the ship mainly for these islands, which, by God's divine providence, at a high water ran right between two strong rocks, where it stuck fast without breaking, which gave leisure and good opportunity for them to hoist out their boat, and to land all their people, as well sailors as soldiers and others, in good safety; and being come ashore they were soon refreshed and cheered, the soil and air being most sweet and delicate."

Here we have a storm, a wreck, the Bermudas, and an enchanted island; and, in other descriptions of the same event, we have mention of a sea-monster. "Nothing can be more conclusive then," says Malone, "that the date of the play is fixed, with uncommon precision, between the end of the year 1610 and the autumn of 1611." No, says Chalmers, the shipwreck of Sir George Sommers did suggest the incidents; but Malone himself had admitted that there was a great tempest at home in 1612;—"the author availed himself of a circumstance then fresh in the minds of his audience, by affixing a title to it which was more likely to excite curiosity than any other that he could have chosen, while, at the same time, it was sufficiently justified by the subject of the drama." "Now this tempest," says Chalmers, "happened at Christmas 1612; and so the play could not have been written in the summer of 1612." Surely all this is admirable fooling. In such minute inquiries, all assuming that poetry is to be dealt with by the same laws as chronology, or geography, or any other exact branch of knowledge, there can be nothing but perpetual mistake, and contradiction, and false inference. Chalmers, in some respects acute enough, has, through the indulgence of these propensities for making poetry literal, falling into the mistake of imagining that Bermuda was the scene of The Tempest. Mr. Hunter says, "no editor of Shakspeare has ever gone so far as to represent the island of Bermuda as actually the scene of this play;" but he adds, "Chalmers has given some encouragement to this very prevalent mistake." Encouragement? He says, in his

Apology,' and repeats the passage in his rare tract,* "our *maker* showed great judgment in causing, by enchantment, *the king's ship to be wrecked on the still-vex'd Bermoothes.*" Again, "Stephano became king of the still-vex'd Bermoothes." Lastly, in the 'Another Account,'—"If it be asked what circumstance it was which induced our dramatist to think of Bermudas, in 1613, *as the scene of his comedy*, the answer must be that the Bermudas, which had been considered, ever since the publication, in 1596, of Sir Walter Raleigh's description of Guiana, as a 'hellish sea for thunder, lightning, and storms,' was first planted, in 1612, by a ship called the Plough, from the Thames, which carried out a colony of a hundred and sixty persons." The nonsense of this notion is self-evident. If the Bermudas were *the scene*, Ariel must have outdone himself to convey "the rest of the fleet" over the Atlantic, to place them "upon the Mediterranean flote;" and, on the contrary, he would have been a mere human carrier if he had been called up from one "deep nook" of the island "to fetch dew" from some other part. This will not quite fit. And so we must resort to another geographical system. Mr Hunter has discovered "another island," which he thus introduces:—"I must do the old critics the justice to say that, till this discovery (such I may call it), no island, as far as I know, had a better claim to be regarded as the island of Prospero than Bermuda." That island is Lampedusa. "Did we not know," he continues, "how much still remains to be done in the *criticism* of these plays, it would be scarcely credible that no one seems to have thought of *tracing the line of Alonzo's track*, or of speculating, *with the map before him*, on the island on which Prospero and Miranda may be supposed to have been cast." Lampedusa is the island: "It lies midway between Malta and the African coast;"—"in its dimensions Lampedusa is what we may imagine Prospero's island to have been; in circuit thirteen miles and a half;"—it is "situated in a stormy sea;"—it is "a deserted island;" it has the reputation of "being enchanted." Can any thing be more decisive? "What I contend for is the absolute claim of Lampedusa to have been the island in the poet's mind when he drew the scenes of this drama." The matter, according to Mr. Hunter, is beyond all doubt. "In the rocks of Lampedusa there are hollows;"—Caliban is styed in the "hard rock:" in Lampedusa there was a Hermit's cell—"this cell is surely the origin of the cell of Prospero:" Caliban's employment was collecting firewood;—"Malta is supplied with firewood from Lampedusa." Mr. Hunter asks his friend "whether you would think me presumptuous in *requiring* that in future editions of these plays there should be, in the accustomed place, at the foot of the dramatis personæ, the words

'SCENE, LAMPEDUSA.'"

We have not so determined the scene. We believe that the poet had no locality whatever in his mind, just as he had no notion of any particular storm. Tempests and enchanted islands are of the oldest materials of poetry. Mr. Hunter says Shakspere had Ariosto's description of a storm in his mind. Who, we may ask, suggested to Ariosto his description? Has any one fixed the *date* of Ariosto's storm? Has not the poet described the poet's office?

> "The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
> And, as imagination bodies forth
> *The forms of things unknown*, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name."

Franz Horn asks whether Prospero left Caliban to govern the island? *We* believe the island sunk into the sea, and was no more seen, after Prospero broke his staff and drowned his book.

* 'Another Account of the Incidents,' &c., 1815.

Supposed Source of the Plot.

There is a very curious story told by Warton, of poor Collins informing him, during his mental aberration, that he had seen a romance which contained the story of The Tempest.

"I was informed by the late Mr. Collins, of Chichester, that Shakspeare's Tempest, for which no origin is yet assigned, was founded on a romance called 'Amelia and Isabella,' printed in Italian, Spanish, French, and English, in 1588. But though this information has not proved true on examination, a useful conclusion may be drawn from it, that Shakspeare's story is somewhere to be found in an Italian novel; at least, that the story preceded Shakspeare. Mr. Collins had searched this subject with no less fidelity than judgment and industry; but his memory failing in his last calamitous indisposition, he probably gave me the name of one novel for another. I remember he added a circumstance which may lead to a discovery, that the principal character of the romance answering to Shakspeare's Prospero was a chemical necromancer, who had bound a spirit like Ariel to obey his call and perform his services."

Mr. Thoms, in a very interesting paper on the 'Early English and German Dramas,'* has given, from Tieck, an account of certain early productions of English dramatists which were translated into German about the year 1600. We cannot here enter into the very curious question whether an English company performed English plays in Germany at that period; but it is quite certain that some of our earliest dramas were either translated or adapted for the German stage at this early period. Jacob Ayrer, a notary of Nuremberg, was the author of thirty dramas, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Some are clearly derived from English models; and Mr. Thoms thinks that an old play, on which Shakspere founded The Tempest, is translated in Ayrer's works, published in 1618.

"'The origin of the plot of The Tempest is for the present a Shakspearian mystery,' are the words of our friend Mr. Hunter, in his learned and interesting dissertation upon that play. That mystery, however, I consider as solved,—Tieck appears to entertain no doubt upon the subject,—and I hope to bring the matter before you in such a manner as will satisfy you of the correctness of Tieck's views in this respect. But to the point. Shakspere unquestionably derived his idea of The Tempest from an earlier drama, now not known to exist, but of which a German version is preserved in Ayrer's play, entitled 'Die Schöne Sidea' (the beautiful Sidea); and the proof of this fact is to be found in the points of resemblance between the two plays, which are far too striking and peculiar to be the result of accident.

"It is true that the scene in which Ayrer's play is laid, and the names of the personages, differ from those of The Tempest; but the main incidents of the two plays are all but identically the same. For instance, in the German drama, Prince Ludolph and Prince Leudegast supply the places of Prospero and Alonzo. Ludolph, like Prospero, is a magician, and like him has an only daughter, Sidea—the Miranda of The Tempest—and an attendant spirit, Runcifal, who, though not strictly resembling either Ariel or Caliban, may well be considered as the primary type which suggested to the nimble fancy of our great dramatist those strongly yet admirably contrasted beings. Shortly after the commencement of the play, Ludolph having been vanquished by his rival, and with his daughter Sidea driven into a forest, rebukes her for complaining of their change of fortune, and then summons his spirit Runcifal to learn from him their future destiny, and prospects of revenge. Runcifal, who is, like Ariel, somewhat 'moody,' announces to Ludolph that the son of his enemy will shortly become his prisoner. After a comic episode, most probably introduced by the German, we see Prince Leudegast, with his son Engelbrecht—the Ferdinand of The Tempest—and the councillors, hunting in the same forest; when Engelbrecht and his companion Famulus, having separated from their associates, are sud-

* New Monthly Magazine, January 1, 1841

denly encountered by Ludolph and his daughter. He commands them to yield themselves prisoners—they refuse, and try to draw their swords, when, as Prospero tells Ferdinand,

> 'I can here disarm thee with this stick,
> And make thy weapon drop,'

so Ludolph, with his wand, keeps their swords in their scabbards, paralyses Engelbrecht, and makes him confess his

> 'Nerves are in their infancy again,
> And have no vigour in them,'

and when he has done so, gives him over as a slave to Sidea, to carry logs for her.

"The resemblance between this scene and the parallel scene in The Tempest is rendered still more striking in a late part of the play, when Sidea, moved by pity for the labours of Engelbrecht, in carrying logs, declares to him,

> 'I am your wife,-if you will marry me,'

an event which, in the end, is happily brought about, and leads to the reconciliation of their parents, the rival princes."

This is a subject so curious in itself that we shall have to investigate it fully on some future occasion. In the mean time it appears not the least extraordinary circumstance in this extraordinary question of literary history, that Ayrer did not *translate* some of Shakspere's own works, particularly those which existed in printed copies. Shakspere, according to Eschenburg, was not known in Germany, as far as can be collected from any mention in books, till nearly the close of the 17th century.

"The first German author who has given a thought to Shakspere is perhaps Morhof, whose 'Instructions in the German Language' was first printed in 1682. Towards the end of the fourth chapter, 'On the Poetry of the English,' he is merely named, and Morhof acknowledges that he had himself seen nothing of his, or of Beaumont and Fletcher's. Not very long afterwards, Benthem, our poet, mentions him in his 'State of the English Schools and Churches,' in chap. xix., among the leading literary characters of England. But all he says of him, and that perhaps only for the first time, in the second edition, is the following, which is droll enough: 'William Shakspeare was born at Stratford in Warwickshire; his learning was very little, and therefore it is the more a matter of wonder that he should be a very excellent poet. He had an ingenious and witty head, full of fun; and was so successful both in tragedy and comedy, that he could move a Heraclitus to laughter, and a Democritus to tears.'" *

* John Joachim Eschenburg, über W. Shakspeare, new edit., Zurich, 1806, p 497.

TEMPEST.

Costume.

The action of this play gives us no hint as to a period in which it may be imagined to have occurred. The King of Naples and a tributary Duke of Milan are returning from Tunis, whither they have been to celebrate a marriage between "the (Neapolitan) king's fair daughter Claribel" and the *King* of Tunis. They are wrecked at the command of Prospero, by the agency of Ariel, who, however, informs his master that there is "on their sustaining garments not a blemish, but fresher than before." By this ingenious contrivance the usual stage absurdity of persons who have been immersed in either salt or fresh water appearing with their garments as bright and dry as if just out of a tailor's shop is avoided, and the remark of Gonzalo, that their "garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses; being rather new dyed than stained with salt water," is rationally accounted for. That these garments should also be magnificent state dresses is pointed out by the next speech of Gonzalo, who therein describes them as having been *first put on* "In Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter" aforesaid. With these hints we leave the artist to select any Italian costume he may consider most picturesque previous to the commencement of the 17th century: but we should recommend a glance at that given in our notice prefixed to The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

['The still vex'd Bermoothes.']

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALONSO, *King of* Naples.
SEBASTIAN, *his brother.*
PROSPERO, *the rightful Duke of* Milan.
ANTONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of* Milan
FERDINAND, *son to the King of* Naples.
GONZALO, *an honest old counsellor of* Naples.
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, } *lords.*
CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed slave.*
TRINCULO, *a jester.*
STEPHANO, *a drunken butler.*
Master of a ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

MIRANDA, *daughter to* Prospero.

ARIEL, *an airy spirit.*
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, *Nymphs, Reapers,* } *spirits.*

Other spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE,—*The sea, with a ship; afterwards an*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On a Ship at Sea. A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter a Ship-master *and a* Boatswain.

Master. Boatswain,—[1]

Boats. Here, master: What cheer?

Master. Good: Speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely,[a] or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the topsail: Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind,[a] if room enough!

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, *and others.*

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.[b]

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boson?[c]

[a] *Yarely*, the adverb of *yare*, quick, ready. Yare is used several times by Shakspere as a sea-term (which it was), but not exclusively so.

[a] Steevens would read, "Blow till thou burst *thee*, wind."

[b] Behave like men. So in our translation of the Bible, 2 Sam. x. 12, "Let us play the men for our people."

[c] In the first edition (1623) Antonio here uses the sailor's word *boson*, instead of the more correct "boatswain," which is put in the mouth of the King of Naples. Some modern editors have made no distinction; although the language of the king, throughout the play, is grave and dignified, and that of the usurping duke, for the most part, flippant and familiar. The variation in the first edition could scarcely be accidental.

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: Keep your cabins: You do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence; trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast;[2] yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our[a] office.

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, *and* Gonzalo.

Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox 'o your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for[b] drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold: set her two courses;[c] off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners, *wet.*

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely[a] cheated of our lives by drunkards.—
This wide-chopp'd rascal; — 'Would, thou mightst lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet;
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut[b] him.
[*A confused noise within.*]—Mercy on us! We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children! Farewell, brother! We split, we split, we split!—[c]

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze,[d] anything: The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Island: before the Cell of* Prospero.

Enter Prospero *and* Miranda.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creature[e] in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock

[a] *Or our.*—Steevens changes this into *to your.* He would make the boatswain say *to your office*, as if this were nautical language. *Our office* is here used in the sense of our business, which was essentially noisy.

[b] *For.* Steevens reads *from. For drowning* is on account of drowning.

[c] We follow the punctuation of Lord Mulgrave. Steevens has, *set her two courses off.* Captain Glascock also objects to this ordinary punctuation; and explains "that the ship's head is to be put leeward, and that the vessel is to be drawn off the land under that canvass nautically denominated the two courses."

[a] *Merely*—absolutely.

[b] To *glut*—to swallow.

[c] These various exclamations, which are given to Gonzalo should be considered, according to Johnson, to be spoken, by no determinate characters. They form part of the "confused noise within."

[d] Hanmer reads, "ling, heath, broom, furze." So in Harrison's 'Description of Britain,' prefixed to Holinshed, we find, "Brome, heth, firze, brakes, whinnes, ling,"—all characteristics of "barren ground." But "long heath" and "brown furze" are quite intelligible, and are much more natural than an enumeration of many various wild plants.

[e] *Creature.* So the original; but Theobald reads *creatures*, which is generally followed. Miranda means to say that, in addition to those she saw suffer,—the "poor souls" that perished,—the common sailors,—there was no doubt some superior person on board,—some *noble creature.*

Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er[a]
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting[b] souls within her.
Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.
Mira. O, woe the day!
Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.
Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.
Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So;
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.
Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, 'Stay, not yet.'—
Pro. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.[c]
Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.
Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of anything the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?
Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou may'st.
Mira. But that I do not.
Pro. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year[a] since,
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.
Mira. Sir, are not you my father?
Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
And princess no worse issued.[b]
Mira. O, the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was 't we did?
Pro. Both, both, my girl;
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly holp hither.
Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen[c] that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.
Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,[d]—
I pray thee mark me that a brother should
Be so perfidious;[e]—he whom, next thyself,

a *Or e'er*—before—sooner than. So in Ecclesiastes, "*Or ever* the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken."
b *Fraughting*—constituting the fraught, or freight. The common reading is *freighting*.
c *Quite three years old.*

a *Twelve year*—the reading of the folio; not twelve years.
b The ordinary reading is,—
"Thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess; no worse issued."
Without changing the original from *and* to *a*, our punctuation gives the meaning with sufficient clearness. The semicolon, which is in the original, has produced the ambiguity.
c *Teen*—sorrow.
d *Antonio.* Mr. Hunter in his 'Disquisition on the Tempest' says, "This is another instance of a slight deterioration of Shakespeare's exquisite melody by a useless alteration. A nice ear will be sensible at once that something is lost.
'My brother, and thy uncle, call'd *Anthonio*.'"
Something is certainly lost—the *h* is lost. Throughout the play we have the spelling of *Anthonio*; but are we to understand that, in an age when the Italian language was as familiar as French is now, Shakspere meant the *h* to be pronounced? In Anthony and Cleopatra, indeed, the Latin name is Anglicised; and it may be reasonably questioned whether the rhythm is not injured by the invariable modern use of *Antony*: but nevertheless are we to pronounce the *h* in the following line of the original edition,—
"Is Cæsar with *Anthonius* priz'd so slight?"
e This is ordinarily pointed,
"I pray thee mark me—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!"
The reader will observe with what admirable skill such

Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state, as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel:[a] those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To trash[b] for overtopping; new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd them,
Or else new form'd them; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state[c]
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on 't.—Thou attend'st not.

Mira. O good sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated[d]
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retired,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,[a]—he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition
Growing,—Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd,
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan: Me, poor man! my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.[b]

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu[c] o' the premises
Of homage,[d] and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

interjectional expressions as "Dost though attend me?"—"Thou attend'st not,"—"I pray thee, mark me,"—are subsequently introduced, to break the long continuity of Prospero's narrative. But here, in the very beginning of his story, for Prospero to use a similar interruption quite unnecessarily is not an evidence of the same dramatic skill. He simply means here to say, and the original punctuation warrants us in believing so,—I pray thee note how a brother could be so perfidious.

[a] The easy conversational flow of this narrative is amongst the finest things in the play. One idea grows out of the other without any very strict logical arrangement; for Prospero speaks out of the fulness of his heart. We follow the punctuation of the original. Mr. Hunter would regulate the passage as follows:—

"As, at that time,
Though [of] all the seignories it was the first;
And Prospero the prime duke; (being so reputed
In dignity;) and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel."

Though is the reading of the second folio.

[b] "A *trash* is a term still in use among hunters, to denote a piece of leather, couples, or any other weight fastened round the neck of a doz, when his speed is superior to the rest of the pack; *i.e.*, when he overtops them, when he hunts too quick." This is a note, having the initial C., in Boswell's edition. Mr. Hunter gives us the same information.

[c] *I' th' state.* Steevens omits these words of the original, being "redundant in regard to metre;" and he asks, with a most knowing flippancy, "what hearts except such as were in the state could Antonio incline to his purpose?"

[d] *Dedicated.* So the original; a common reading is *dedicate.*

[a] This is an involved sentence; but the meaning is perfectly clear—who having made such a sinner unto truth of his memory as to credit his own lie by telling of it.

[b] Mr. Hunter says "*most* is an unauthorized substitution for *much*, the reading of the old copies." This is a mistake. *Most* is the reading of the first folio; *much* of the second.

[c] *In lieu*—in consideration of—in exchange for.

[d] *The premises of homage*, &c.—the circumstances of homage *premised*. *Premises*, in its common sense, as applied to houses, &c. means the property which has been previously described at length in a legal document.

PROSPERO AND MIRANDA.

Prospero. "Some food we had and some fresh water, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries."

The Tempest. Act i., sc. 2.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to 't.
Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now 's upon us; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.
Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not;
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcase of a butt,[a] not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!
Pro. O! a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd[b] the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burthen groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.
Mira. How came we ashore?
Pro. By Providence divine,[c]
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity (who being then appointed
Master of this design) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From mine own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mira. 'Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pro. Now I arise:—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princes[a] can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
Mira. Heavens thank you for 't! And now, I pray you, sir,
(For still 't is beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pro. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady,[b] hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 't is a good dulness,
And give it way;—I know thou canst not choose. [Miranda *sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his quality.
Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometime I 'd divide
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary

a *Butt* is the reading of the first and second folios, the word being printed with a capital *B*. In retaining this reading, the Editor has had to bear the ridicule of some who adopt *boat* from Rowe. We are not in the least convinced that we are wrong, on the authority of Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector. We do not assume that Shakspere meant that Prospero literally went to sea in a wine-butt. But there is the familiar nautical phrase, "a rotten old *tub*;" and if *tub*, why not *butt?*

b *Deck'd.* In the glossary of the Craven dialect we find that to *deg* is to sprinkle. Ray, in his catalogue of north-country words, refers us from *deg* to *leck*, which is interpreted "pour on."

c To Miranda's question of "how came we ashore?" editors in general make Prospero answer "by Providence divine;" but his entire narrative is the answer.

a *Princes.*—The original has *princess.* Mr. White has adopted *princes*, showing that, in Shakspere's time, a woman as well as a man of royal or ducal birth was called *prince.*

b *Now my dear lady.* The antecedent is Fortune, now Prospero's bountiful lady.

And sight-outrunning were not. The fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem[a] to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.
Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All but mariners
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring, (then like reeds, not hair,)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.'
Pro. Why, that 's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Ari. Close by, my master.
Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.
Pro. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet.
Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she 's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrack'd,
And his great person perish.
Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there 's more work:
What is the time o' the day?
Ari. Past the mid season.

[a] *Seem.* So the original—in some editions *seem'd*. Mr. Hunter observes that Shakspere's intention to realize the scene, by making the past present, is thus defeated by the intermeddling of injudicious editors.

Pro. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now? moody?
What is 't thou canst demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more.[a]
Ari. I prithee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee[b] no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.
Ari. I do not, sir.
Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, sir.
Pro. Thou hast: Where was she born? speak; tell me.
Ari. Sir, in Argier.
Pro. O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did
They would not take her life: Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, sir.
Pro. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,

[a] *No more.* We understand this,—say no more.
[b] *Thee* is omitted by Steevens.

Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years, within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike: Then was this island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That 's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea;[a]
Be subject to no sight but thine and mine;[b] invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in 't: go, hence, with diligence.
[*Exit* Ariel.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on;
We 'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'T is a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 't is,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] There 's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there 's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when![a]

Re-enter Ariel, *like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er.

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night[b] that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island 's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile;
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,

a The second folio reads "*to* a nymph of the sea."
b Steevens omits *thine and.*

a *When*—an expression of great impatience.
b *Vast of night.* In Hamlet we have
"In the dead *waste* and middle of the night."
The quarto edition of Hamlet, 1603, reads *dead vast.*

Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho!—'would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave;
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches;[a] make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such power, [*Aside.*
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence!
[*Exit* Caliban.

Re-enter Ariel *invisible, playing and singing;* Ferdinand *following him.*

Ariel's Song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;[a]
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Bur. Hark, hark! Bowgh, wo
The watch-dogs bark:
Bowgh, wowgh. [*dispersedly.*

Ari. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.[a]

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air, or the earth?
It sounds no more:—and sure it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wrack,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 't is gone.
No, it begins again.

Ariel *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
[*Burden,* ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.[b]

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father:—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.

Mira. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—But 't is a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such: This gallant, which thou seest,

[a] We follow the punctuation of the original; and this is one of the instances of a poetical idea being destroyed by false punctuation. In modern editions the passage stands thus:—

"Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist)
Foot it featly here and there."

Steevens explains the line in parenthesis as the wild waves *being* silent. "Courtseying and kissing," says Mr. Dyce, "were formerly observed at the commencement of certain dances, and the poet had an eye to these ceremonies." Exactly so. But his "sweet sprites" could do more than copy the court gallantry. When you have courtsied to the wild waves, and kissed them into silence,

"Foot it featly here and there."

[a] We print the burden, also, as in the original. Some modern editors, contrary to this, give the first "Hark hark," to Ariel; and there make his song terminate: whereas the three last lines give us again the voice of the delicate spirit.

[b] We have again an absurd corruption of the text. When Ariel sings

"Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,"

the burden comes in "ding-dong;" and then Ariel again sings

"Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell."

Some modern editors transpose the lines, and make the burden a mere chorus to Ariel's song.

Was in the wrack; and but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.
Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pro. It goes on, I see. [*Aside.*
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid[a] or no?
Mira. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly a maid.
Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 't is spoken.
Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wrack'd.
Mira. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,
And his brave son, being twain.
Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control thee,
If now 't were fit to do 't:—At the first sight [*Aside.*
They have chang'd eyes:—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.
Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

[a] *Maid.* The fourth folio substituted *made*, which too often kept its place in many editions, amidst endless controversy. We follow the reading of the original.

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.
Pro. Soft, sir; one word more.—
They are both in either's powers; but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*Aside.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.
Pro. Follow me.— [*To* Ferd.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:[4]
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.
Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*[a]
Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle,[b] and not fearful.
Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor! Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Beseech you, father!
Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.
Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.
Pro. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.
What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,

[a] This is the original stage-direction.
[b] Smollett suggested that *gentle* has here the sense of high-born, noble; and therefore courageous.

Having seen but him and Caliban: Foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
Mira. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Pro. Come on; obey: [*To* FERD.
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
Pro. It works:—Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
[*To* FERD. *and* MIR.
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [*To* ARIEL.
Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To the syllable.
Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him.
Exeunt

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Boatswain,*" *&c.*

UPON this scene Dr. Johnson has the following remark:—"In this naval dialogue, perhaps the first example of sailors' language exhibited on the stage, there are, as I have been told by a skilful navigator, some inaccuracies and contradictory orders." Malone, in reply to this, very properly pointed out that the orders should be considered as given not at once, but successively, as the emergency required. In Boswell's edition we have a highly valuable communication from the second Lord Mulgrave, showing most conclusively that Shakspere's technical knowledge of seamanship must have been the result of the most accurate personal observation, or, what is perhaps more difficult, of the power of combining and applying the information derived from others. Lord Mulgrave supposes Shakspere must have acquired this technical knowledge "by conversation with some of the most skilful seamen of that time." He adds, "no books had then been published on the subject." Lord Mulgrave then exhibits the ship in five positions, showing how strictly the words of the dialogue represent these. We transcribe the general observations by which these technical illustrations are introduced:—

"The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described; the expedients adopted are the most proper that could have been devised for a chance of safety; and it is neither to the want of skill of the seamen nor the bad qualities of the ship, but solely to the power of Prospero, that the shipwreck is to be attributed.

"The words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail. Shakspeare's ship was too well manned to make it necessary to tell the seamen how they were to do it, as well as what they were to do.

"He has shown a knowledge of the new improvements, as well as the doubtful points of seamanship: one of the latter he has introduced under the only circumstances in which it was indisputable."

Mr. Campbell gives the testimony of Captain Glascock, R.N., to the correctness of Shakspere in nautical matters:—"The Boatswain in The Tempest delivers himself in the true vernacular style of the forecastle."

[2] SCENE I.—"*Down with the topmast.*"

Lord Mulgrave has the following note on this direction:—"The striking the topmasts was a new invention in Shakspere's time, which he here very properly introduces. Sir Henry Manwaring says, 'It is not yet agreed amongst all seamen whether it is better for a ship to hull with her topmast up or down.' In the Postscript to the Dictionary he afterwards gives his own opinion:—'If you have sea-room it is never good to strike the topmast.' Shakspere has placed his ship in the situation in which it was indisputably right to strike the topmast—where he had not sea-room."

SCENE II.—"*Fill all thy bones with aches.*"

John Kemble had good authority for pronouncing the plural substantive as he did, as two syllables, besides the structure of the present line In Swift's 'City Shower,' we have

"Old *aches* throb, your hollow teeth will rage."

But should the pronunciation be soft or hard? Beatrice, in Much Ado about Nothing, signifies *ache* by the letter H. We believe it was pronounced *aitch.*

[4] SCENE II.—"*I'll manacle thy neck and feet together.*"

We subjoin an engraving which explains this threat better than any description.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISO, *and others.*

Gon. 'Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: Our hint of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant,[a] and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;
By and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One:—Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer than you purposed.

[a] *Merchant* is here used for merchant-vessel—merchantman. Dryden employs it in a similar way: "As convoy ships either accompany or should accompany their *merchants.*" The "masters of some merchant" signifies, therefore, the owners of some trading vessel; but in the second instance the "merchant" must mean the trader, whose goods are ventured in the merchantman.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I prithee spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of[a] he, or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: the wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So, you 're paid.[b]

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,

Adr. Yet—

Ant. He could not miss it.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there 's none, or little.

Gon. How lush[c] and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in 't.[d]

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almost beyond credit)—

Seb. As many vouched rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dyed than stained with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel, to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'T was a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he, will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against
The stomach of my sense: 'Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee!

Fran. Sir, he may live;
I saw him beat the surges under him.

a The ordinary reading is *which of them*. The present form is quaint, but intelligible.

b These words, we think, belong to Sebastian. The wager is a laughter. Antonio bets that "the cockrel" will crow first. Adrian, the young man, does crow; upon which Sebastian laughs loudly, exclaiming "so *you are* paid." Capell proposes to read "*you've* paid," giving the words to Antonio, as in the original. We leave the text as we find it.

c *Lush* is affirmed by Henley to mean rank; by Malone, juicy. We have still the low word *lushy*, as applied to a drunkard.

d *Eye of green*—tinge—shade.

And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him; I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.

Alon. So is the dearest of the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow 't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king of it, What would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known: riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:[a]
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty:—[1]

Seb. Yet he would be king on 't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foizon,[a] all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir?—

Alon. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'T was you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel *invisible, playing solemn music.*

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

[a] We have given in an illustration a passage from Florio's 'Montaigne,' which Shakspere unquestionably had before him when he wrote these lines. Malone and Steevens tell us the metre is here defective; and by a most ridiculous editorial licence Steevens sets about mending it upon the following principle:—"The words quoted from Florios translation instruct us to regulate our author's metre as it is exhibited in *my* text." And this is the exhibition!—

"Letters should not be known; no use of service,
Of riches or of poverty; no contracts,
Succession, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none.

[a] *Foison*—plenty. In Ceres' song, in Act iv. Sc. i. we have *foison plenty*, which has been explained to mean excessive abundance.

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.
[*All sleep but* Alon., Seb., *and* Ant.
Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclin'd to do so.
Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.
Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.
Alon. Thank you: wondrous heavy.
[Alonso *sleeps. Exit* Ariel.
Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!
Ant. It is the quality of the climate.
Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.
Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian? — O, what might? — No more:—
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What, art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me speak?
Seb. I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou lett'st thy fortune sleep, die rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.
Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.
Seb. Well, I am standing water.
Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do so: to ebb,
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or sloth.
Seb. Prithee say on:
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd,) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,[a]) the king his son's alive,—
'T is as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he that sleeps here, swims.
Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is queen of Tunis: she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon's to slow,) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that from whom
We were all sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;
And by that destiny to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.
Seb. What stuff is this?—How say you?
'T is true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis:
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.
Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples?'—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death

[a] Steevens, without any compunction, omits "*professes to persuade.*"

That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are: There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
Seb. Methinks, I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conscience—
Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if 't were a kybe,
'T would put me to my slipper: But I feel not
This deity in my bosom; twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.
Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou gott'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.
Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

[a] *Friend.*—This is the reading of the original. "These his friends," is found in some modern editions.
[b] *Verity.*—The original has *verily.* The change was made by Pope.

Seb. O, but one word.
[*They converse apart.*

Music. Re-enter Ariel, *invisible.*

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend,[a] are in; and sends me forth,
(For else his project dies,) to keep them living.
[*Sings in* Gonzalo's *ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed Conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! Awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.
Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!
[*They awake.*
Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Gon. What's the matter?
Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 't was a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake! sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity:[b] 'T is best we stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.
Alon. Lead away.
Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done: [*Aside.*
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter Caliban, *with a burthen of wood.*

A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound[a] with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither brush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bumbard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now,[2] (as once I was,) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore;—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, 'Go hang:'
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: But here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth: here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

[a] *Wound*—twisted round.

Trin I should know that voice: It should be —But he is drowned; and these are devils: O! defend me!—

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo; —be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke:—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee;
My mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afeard of him! a very weak monster:—The man i' the moon!—a most poor credulous monster: Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;
And I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —but that the poor monster's in drink; An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster! to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I prithee let me bring thee where crabs grow,
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels[a] from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

[a] *Scamels.* T. is the word of the original; and we leave it as we find it. The word has been changed into *sea-mells*, which the commentators tell us is a species of gull. Mr. Hunter very judiciously observes that the rhythm is destroyed by substituting for *scamels* a word whose first syllable is long.

Cal. Farewell, master: farewell, farewell.

[*Sings drunkenly.*

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering,[a] nor wash dish;
Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,
Has a new master: Get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

[a] So in folio; commonly printed *trencher.*

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

[1] SCENE I.—" *No kind of traffic,*" *&c.*

OUR readers are aware that there is in the British Museum a copy of the 'Essays of Montaigne' translated by Florio, having the autograph WILLM SHAKSPERE. We subjoin a passage from that volume which shows how familiar Shakspere was with its contents. It is an extract from the thirtieth chapter of the first book, describing an imaginary nation of cannibals :—

"Me seemeth that what in those nations we see by experience doth not only exceed all the pictures wherewith licentious poesy hath proudly embellished the golden age, and all her quaint inventions to fain a happy condition of man, but also the conception and desire of philosophy. They could not imagine a genuitie so pure and simple as we see it by experience; nor ever believe our society might be maintained with so little art and human combination. It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kind of traffic, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politic superiority; no use of service, of riches, or of poverty; no contracts, no successions, no dividences; no occupation, but idle; no respect of kindred, but common; no apparel, but natural; no manuring of lands; no use of wine, corn, or metal. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulation, covetousness, envy, detraction, and pardon, were never heard amongst them. How dissonant would he find his imaginary commonwealth from this perfection!"

[2] SCENE II.—" *Were I in England now,*" *&c.*

It was usual for the Master of the Revels to license all public shows; and in 1632 there is an entry in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, "to James Seale to show *a strange fish* for half a year." The engraving below represents a show of the same period.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before* Prospero's *Cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

Fer. There be some sports are painful; and[a] their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious; but[b]
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says such baseness
Had ne'er like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;
Most busy least[a] when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA, *and* PROSPERO *at a distance.*

Mira. Alas, now! pray you,
Work not so hard; I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'T will weep for having wearied you: My father
Is hard at study; pray now rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

[a] *And.* So the original, the common reading is *but.*
[b] This is the metrical arrangement of the original. Steevens changes it by the insertion of *'tis.*

[a] *Busy-less* is the reading of Theobald. (See Recent New Reading.)

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.
Mira. If you'll sit down
I'll bear your logs the while: Pray give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.
Fer. No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.[a]
Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shows it.
Mira. You look wearily.
Fer. No, noble mistress; 't is fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night I do beseech you,
(Chiefly, that I may set it in my prayers,)
What is your name?
Mira. Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!
Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration;[b] worth
What 's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil: But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.
Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Beside yourself, to like of: But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.[a]
Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul speak:—
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.
Mira. Do you love me?
Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.
Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.
Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!
Fer. Wherefore weep you?
Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not I 'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I 'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.
Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.
Mira. My husband then?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here 's my hand.
Mira. And mine, with my heart in 't: And now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.
Fer. A thousand! thousand!
[*Exeunt* Fer. *and* Mir.
Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I 'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

[a] Steevens destroys the force of this passage by the omission of *it is*: "They would have rendered the hemistich too long to join with its successor in making a regular verse."

[b] We follow the punctuation of the original, which appears to us to render the passage much more elegant than it appears in some modern editions:—

"Admir'd Miranda
Indeed, the top of admiration."

[a] So the original. The passage is sometimes frittered down to *therein forget.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter Stephano *and* Trinculo; Caliban *following with a bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em: Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island! They say there 's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on. By this light,[a] thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he 's no standard.

Ste. We 'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you 'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe:
I 'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to justle a constable: why, thou debosched fish thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?[b]

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—
The poor monster 's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd
To hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel, *invisible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant,
A sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me
Of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou;
I would my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—[*To* Caliban.] Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not.

Ste. That 's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I 'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I 'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny 's this! Thou scurvy patch!—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that 's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I 'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I 'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stockfish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I 'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*]
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie:—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?——A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers?

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Prithee stand further off.

[a] We here follow the punctuation of the original. The modern reading is *off and on, by this light.*

[b] The reader will observe that Caliban always speaks metrically. Some of his lines in this scene are usually printed as prose; but they very readily shape themselves into free blank verse. Steevens receives them as metre but he lops them after his own finger-counting fashion

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I 'll beat him too.
Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.
Cal. Why, as I told thee, 't is a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He 's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,)
Which, when he has a house, he 'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I ne'er saw woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As greatest does least.
Ste. Is it so brave a lass?
Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.
Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys:—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?
Trin. Excellent.
Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.
Cal. Within this half-hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?
Ste. Ay, on mine honour.
Ari. This will I tell my master.
Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?
Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.
[*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and cout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That 's not the tune.
[Ariel *plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*
Ste. What is this same?
Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.[1]
Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.
Trin. O, forgive me my sins!
Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee:—Mercy upon us!
Cal. Art thou afeard?
Ste. No, monster, not I.
Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that when I wak'd
I cried to dream again.
Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.
Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.
Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.
Trin. The sound is going away: let 's follow it, and after, do our work.
Ste. Lead, monster; we 'll follow.—I would I could see this taborer: he lays it on.
Trin. Wilt come? I 'll follow Stephano.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, *and others.*

Gon. By 'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here 's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders![2] by your patience,
I needs must rest me.
Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land: Well, let him go.
Ant. I am right glad that he 's so out of hope.
[*Aside to* Sebastian.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.
Seb. The next advantage
Will we take throughly.
Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.
Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange music; and PROSPERO *above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c., to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous sweet music!
Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?
Seb. A living drollery: Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 't is true: Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.
Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such islanders,
(For certes, these are people of the island,)
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
Pro. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present,
Are worse than devils. [*Aside.*
Alon. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
Pro. Praise in departing. [*Aside.*
Fran. They vanish'd strangely.
Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will 't please you taste of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear: When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls,[3] whose throats had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,
Each putter-out of five for one[a] will bring us
Good warrant of.
Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past:—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL *like a harpy;*[4] *claps his wings upon the table, and with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in 't,) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up you, and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
[*Seeing* ALON., SEB., *&c., draw their swords.*
And even with such-like valour, men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle[b]. that 's in my plume; my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted: But, remember,
(For that 's my business to you,) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once,) shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

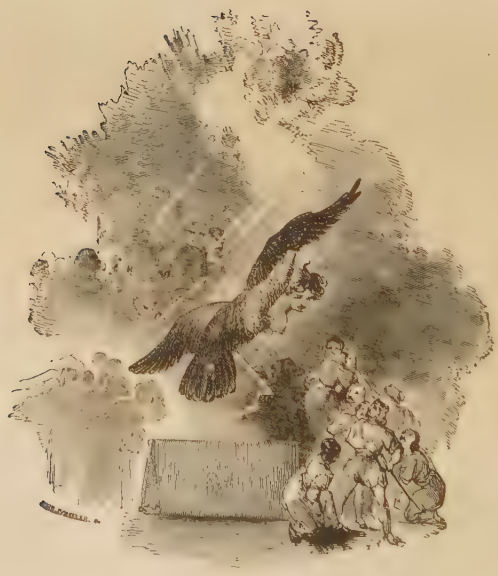
He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes, and carry out the table.

[a] This is the reading of the original—*of five for one.* Malone reads, *of one to five;* Steevens, *on five to one.* If any change were necessary, *at* for *of* would remove the ambiguity. During Elizabeth's reign, and later, travellers were numerous, though foreign journeys were affairs of some hazard. A singular species of gambling thence arose, which speaks much for the risk. The *putter-out* is one who, being about to encounter the dangers of travel, deposited a sum of money to receive a larger sum if he returned in safety. *Five for one* appears to have been the rate for a very distant voyage: four for one, and three for one, are mentioned by contemporary authors.

[b] *Dowle*—a feather—a particle of down.

Pro. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,[a]
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done: my high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd,)
And his and my loved darling.
[*Exit* Prospero *from above.*
Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?
Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*
Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.
Ant. I'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt* Seb. *and* Ant
Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits:—I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstacy
May now provoke them to.
Adr. Follow, I pray you.
[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Good life*—alacrity—energy—spirit.



ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

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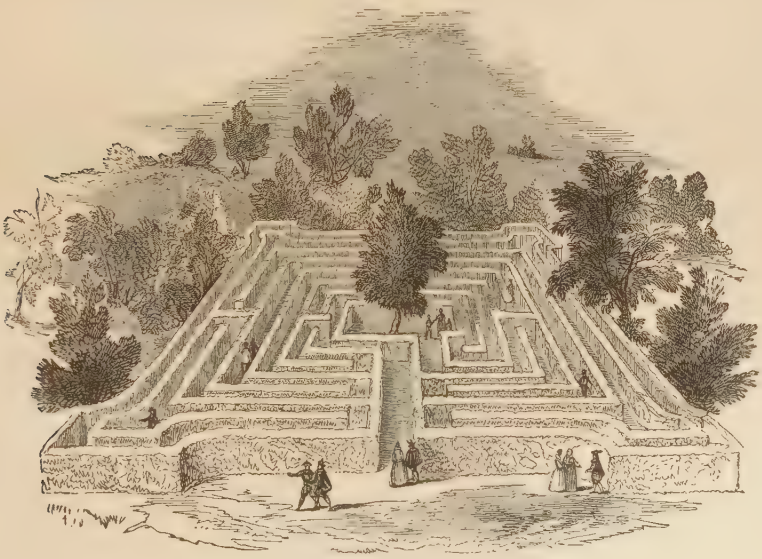
[1] SCENE II.—*"The picture of Nobody."*

NOBODY was a gentleman who figured on ancient signs; and, in the anony nous comedy of 'Nobody and Somebody,' printed before 1600, he is represented as above.

[2] SCENE III.— *"Here's a maze trod, indeed,*
Through forth-rights and meanders!"

Mr. Hunter says that *forth-rights* here evidently means no more than *straight lines.* The passage is explained by the fact of the allusion being to an artificial maze, sometimes constructed of straight lines (forth-rights), sometimes of circles (meanders). The engraving exhibits a maze of forth-rights.



[3] SCENE III.— "*Mountaineers*
Dew-lapp'd like bulls."

The engraving above exhibits a sketch recently made from a Tyrolese peasant. It is not strange that such an extraordinary appearance of the *goître* should in Shakspere's time be considered as a marvel to be reckoned with the phœnix and the unicorn, and with "men whose heads stood in their breasts."

[4] SCENE III.—"*Enter Ariel like a harpy.*"

This circumstance is of course taken from the Æneid of Virgil. Those who maintain that Shakspere could not read the original send him to Phaer's translation :—

"Fast to meate we fall.
But sodenly from down the hills with grisly fall to syght,
The harpies come, and beating wings with great noys out thei shright,
And at our meate they snatch, and with their clawes," &c.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before* Prospero's *Cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

Pro. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread[a] of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

[a] *Thread.* This is spelt *third* in the original edition; in which manner *thrid*, in the meaning of *thread*, was sometimes spelt. Hawkins states that in the comedy of 'Mucedorus,' 1619, the word is spelt *third* in the following passage:
"Long may'st thou live, and when the sisters shall decree
To cut in twain the twisted *third* of life,
Then let him die."
The edition of 1668 is before us, and there we find that *third* has become *thred.*

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.
Pro. Then, as my gift,[a] and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion[b] shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.
Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,

[a] *Gift.* This stands *guest* in the original, and was corrected by Rowe to *gift.* It is easy to see that *guest* is a mere typographical error. Five lines above, *gift* is spelt *guift;* and *ft* and *st* in ancient writing and printing were scarcely to be distinguished.
[b] *Aspersion*—sprinkling. This is one of the many examples of the use of Latin words by Shakspere in their original sense.

With such love as 't is now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke:
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.
What, Ariel; my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, Come, and Go,
And breathe twice; and cry, So, so;
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mowe:
Do you love me, master? no.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pro. Look, thou be true: do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir.
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel: bring a corollary,[a]
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly.—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [*Soft music.*

A Masque. Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,[a]
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipp'd vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: The queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain:[b]
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth: Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

[a] *Corollary*—a surplus number.

[a] *Pioned and twilled.* This is the reading of the original; and a consideration of the whole passage must, we think, determine its adoption, in preference to the ordinary reading of

"Thy banks with *peonied* and *lilied* brims."

These are banks clothed with peonies and lilies.

Milton, in the 'Arcades,' has the line—

"By sandy Ladon's lilied banks;"

and Warton observes that "here is an authority for reading *lilied* instead of *twilled*, in a very controverted verse of the Tempest." He adds, "lilied seems to have been no uncommon epithet for the banks of a river." Henley was the first to ask, as we think very sensibly, whether the banks of a river were meant at all, whether peonies grow on river-banks, and whether peonies and lilies come before April? To this Steevens answers that Shakspere was no naturalist,—an assertion utterly without foundation. It is manifest that the banks of a river are not meant. The address is to Ceres. Her rich leas, her turfy mountains, her flat meads, precede the mention of her banks. The *banks* are the artificial mounds by which the flat meads and the rich leas are divided; or they are the natural ridges in grove and grass-plot, which Shakspere has himself described as the home of the wild thyme and the violet. Spongy April betrims these banks at the command of Ceres; not with peonies and lilies,—not with the flowers of the garden and the flowers of the valley, mingled together without regard to season or character,—but with her own pretty hedge-flowers. The poet himself has described what flowers April scatters:—

"When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight."

What banks does April betrim at the hest of Ceres? *pioned* banks, that is banks *dug*, thrown up. A pioneer, or *pioner*, is a digger. The *brim* of the bank is thus especially *pioned*. Henley says, "*Twilled* is obviously formed from the participle of the French verb *touiller*, which Cotgrave interprets 'filthily to mix or mingle; confound or shuffle together, bedirt; begrime; besmear.'" Any one who has seen the operation of banking and ditching in the early spring, so essential to the proper drainage of land, must recognise the propriety of Shakspere's epithets. He was a practical farmer; he saw the poetry even of the humblest works of husbandry.

[b] We have here the stage-direction in the original, "*Juno descends.*"

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.
Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.
Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.
Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes: I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.
Cer. Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold
To think these spirits?
Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines called to enact
My present fancies.
Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise,
Makes this place Paradise.
[Juno *and* Ceres *whisper, and send* Iris *on employment.*
Pro. Sweet now, silence;
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.
Iris. You nymphs call'd Naiads, of the wind-'ring[a] brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons: Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pro. [*aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*To the Spirits.*] Well done; —avoid;—no more.
Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.
Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.
Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack[b] behind: We are such stuff

[a] *Windering.* This reading of the original has been turned into *wandering.* The epithet, of course, has the meaning of *winding.*

[b] *Rack.* So the original. This word is now by most received as the true text. The *rack*, as explained by Bacon, means the highest clouds: "The winds, which wave the clouds above, which we call the *rack*, and are not perceived below, pass without noise." Mr. Hunter has expressed his belief that the word *rack* is never used with the indefinite article, and suggests *wrack* (wreck), which Mr. Dyce adopts. But a correspondent in 1846 informed us that, on the Scottish Border, *rack* is sometimes applied to clouds, and is used in reference to those rugged masses, the *ruins* as it were of a rain-cloud, which, having previously overspread the hemisphere, has been broken up and driven along by a gale of wind.

As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.[a]—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*

Pro. Come with a thought:—I thank thee, Ariel: come.[b]

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander; when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking:
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird;
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost:
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,

Re-enter Ariel, *loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*

Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.[a]

Prospero *and* Ariel *remain invisible. Enter* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you; look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly,
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet: See'st thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery:—O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand,
I'll have that gown.

[a] *Rounded* is still used in the sense of *encompassed.* The "insubstantial pageant" had been presented; its actors had "melted into thin air," it was an unreality. In the same way, life itself is but a dream. It is *surrounded* with the sleep which is the parent of dreams. Here we have the shadowing out of the doctrine of Berkeley; and we may believe that Shakspere, to whom all philosophical speculation was familiar, may have entertained the theory that our senses are impressed by the Creator with the *images* of things, which form our material world,—a world of ideas,—of dream-like unrealities.

[b] Mr. White properly follows the original punctuation. Prospero's thanks are addressed to Ariel for his services in the Masque, and not to Ferdinand and Miranda for their good wishes.

PROSPERO AND CALIBAN

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone,[a]
And do the murther first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: We steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest: here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: Steal by line and level, is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

[a] *Let's alone.* So the original. The ordinary reading is *let it alone.* Steevens has suggested that *let's alone* may mean—"Let you and I only go to commit the murder, leaving Trinculo, who is so solicitous about the *trash* of dress, behind us." Theobald suggested *let's along,* which Mr. Dyce adopts.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of hounds, and hunt them about. PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

Pro. Hey, *Mountain,* hey!

Ari. *Silver!* there it goes, *Silver!*

Pro. *Fury, Fury!* there, *Tyrant,* there! hark, hark!

[CAL., STE., *and* TRIN. *are driven out.*

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air of freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt*

RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. I. p. 429.—"*Spring* come to you, at the farthest."
"*Rain* come to you, at the farthest."—*Collier.*

Mr. Collier says:—"It may be asked, why Juno should wish *spring* to be so long deferred? On the other hand, *rain* before 'the very end of harvest' would be a misfortune, and the singer is deprecating such disasters." But in fact the singer is invoking blessings, and not deprecating disasters. Ceres is the singer, and not Juno. It is one of the blunders of the Corrector to make the whole song belong to Juno, instead of its being dramatically divided, so as to suit the attributes of each goddess; and Ceres appropriately wishes full barns, loaded vines, and bending fruit-trees—and, at the very end of harvest, another *spring* to come with no intervening winter. Shakspere, who, in many cases, shows his perfect familiarity with his Bible, was using the very images of the Old Testament. The following passages have been kindly pointed out to us by Mr. Richardson, the eminent lexicographer. Lev. xxvi. 5, "And your threshing shall reach unto the vintage, and the vintage shall reach unto the sowing-time; and ye shall eat your bread to the full, and dwell in your land safely." Amos ix. 13, "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed."

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT IV.

1 SCENE I.—*" Come, hang them on this line."*

MR. HUNTER, in his 'Disquisition on the Tempest,' has a special heading, *" the line-grove."* He invites the friend to whom he addresses the Disquisition to accompany him to the " cell of Prospero, and to the grove or berry of line-trees by which it was enclosed or protected from the weather." He adds, " if you look for the very word *line-grove* in any verbal index to Shakespeare you will not find it; for the modern editors, in their discretion, have chosen to alter the line in which it occurs, and we now read—

' In the *lime*-grove which weather-fends your cell.'"

The editors, then, have substituted the more recent name of the tree for the more ancient: but the change had taken place earlier than the days of the commentators. In Dryden's alteration of the Tempest (edit. of 1676) we have the above passage, with *lime*-grove. The effect of the change, Mr. Hunter says, is this :—

" When Prospero says to Ariel, who comes in bringing the glistering apparel, ' Come, hang them on this line,' he means on one of the line-trees near his cell, which could hardly have been mistaken if the word of the original copies, *line-grove*, had been allowed to keep its place. But the ear having long been familiar with *lime-grove*, the word suggested not the branches of a tree so called, but a *cord-line*, and accordingly, when the play is represented, such a line is actually drawn across the stage, and the glistering apparel is hung upon it. Anything more remote from poetry than this can scarcely be imagined."

This, we admit, is exceedingly ingenious; and we were at first disposed, with many others, to receive the theory with an implicit belief. A careful examination of the matter has, however, convinced us that the poet had no such intention of hanging the clothes on a *line-tree:* that a *clothes-line* was destined to this office; and that the players are right in stretching up a clothes-line. Our reasons are as follow :—

1st. When Prospero says " hang them on this line,"—when Stephano gives his jokes of " mistress line," and " now is the jerkin under the line,"—the word " line" has no characteristic mode of printing, neither with a capital, nor in italics. On the contrary, the *tree*, in connexion with a grove, is printed thus,—*Line-grove.*

2nd. Mr. Hunter furnishes no example of the word *line* as applied to a tree, being used without the adjunct of tree or grove—*line-tree, line-grove.* The quotation which he gives from Elisha Cole is clear in this matter :—" *line-tree* (*tilia*), a tall tree, with broad leaves and fine flowers." The other quotation which he gives from Gerard would, if correctly printed, exhibit the same thing :—" The female *line*, says Gerard, or *linden-tree*, waxeth very great," &c. But Gerard wrote, " The female line or linden-tree waxeth," &c.; and the word *tree* as much belongs to *line* as to *linden.*

3rd. Mr. Hunter quotes " some clumsy joking about the line, among the clowns as they steal through the line-grove with the murderous intent;" and he quotes as follows, *omitting certain words*, which we shall presently give :—

" *Step.* Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line.

Trin. We steal by line and level," &c.

Now the passage really stands thus :—

" *Step.* Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: *now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.*

Trin. We steal by line and level," &c.

Is not the " clumsy joking " about *lose your hair*, and *bald* jerkin, of some importance in getting at the meaning? Steevens has observed that " the lines on which clothes are hung are usually made of twisted *horse-hair.*" But they were especially so made in Shakspere's day. In a woodcut of twelve distinct figures of trades and callings of the time of James I. (see Smith's ' Cries of London,' p. 15), and of which there is a copy in the British Museum, we have the cry of " *Buy a hair-line!*" The " clumsy joking" would be intelligible to an audience accustomed to a *hair-line.* It is not intelligible according to Mr. Hunter's assertion that the word suggested a " *cord-line.*"

4th. Is it likely that Shakspere would have made these drunken fellows so knowing in the peculiarities of trees as to distinguish a *line-tree* from an *elm-tree*, or a *plane-tree?* Is it conceivable that the trees in Prospero's island were so young

that clothes could be hung upon their lower branches? Are the branches of a line-tree of such a form as to hang clothes upon them, and to remove them easily? Had not the clowns a distinct image in their minds of an old-clothes shop:—

"We know what belongs to a *frippery?*"

Here is a picture of "a frippery," from a print dated 1587, with its clothes hung in "line and level." Is not the joke "we steal by *line and level*" applicable only to a stretched line?—or is it meaningless? It has the highest approbation of King Stephano.

Lastly, with reference to the *clothes-line*, when Mr. Hunter says "anything more remote from *poetry* than this can scarcely be imagined," we answer that the entire scene was intended to be the antagonist of poetry. All the scenes in which Trinculo and Stephano are tricked by Ariel are essentially ludicrous, and, to a certain extent, gross. The "*pool*" through which they were hunted had none of the poetical attributes about it. It was, compared with a fountain or a lake, as the *hair-line* to the *line-tree*. Mr. Hunter contends that, "if the word of the original, *line grove*, had been allowed to keep its place," the passages in the fourth act referring to *line* must have been associated with the *line-grove* of the fifth act. The poet, we are satisfied, had no such association in his mind.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before the cell of* Prospero.

Enter PROSPERO *in his magic robes; and* ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and Time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers?[a]

[a] *And s followers.* These words, says Steevens, spoil the metre without help to the sense; and so he prints "How fares the king *and his*"

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimfull of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord, Gonzalo;'
His tears ran down his beard, like winter's drops

[a] Mr. Dyce prints *winter-drops*, after the fourth folio.

Wheatley. R.

THE TEMPEST

ACT [illegible] SCENE I.

From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works them,
That if you now beheld them your affections
Would become tender.
Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.
Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am strook to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.
Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*
Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;[1]
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,[a]
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight-mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth
By my so potent art: But this rough magic
I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music, (which even now I do,)
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Re-enter Ariel: *after him,* Alonso, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* Gonzalo; Sebastian *and* Antonio *in like manner, attended by* Adrian *and* Francisco: *they all enter the circle which* Prospero *had made, and there stand charmed; which* Prospero *observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains.
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art!—Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
[*Exit* Ariel.
I will disease me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

a Most modern editors make here a *compound* epithet, *green-sour.* Douce would read *green sward.* Mr. Hunter agrees with Douce in his objection to the hyphen, and proposes another reading,—

"By moonshine *on* the green sour ringlets make."

But where is the necessity for change at all? Why cannot we be content to retain the *double* epithet of the folio? We know that the ringlets are of the green sward, and on the green; but the poet, by using the epithet *green,* marks the intensity of their colour. They are greener than the green about them. That they are *sour* he explains by "Whereof the ewe not bites." No description could be more accurate of what we still call fairy-rings.

Ariel *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire* Prospero.

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.2

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I prithee.
Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit* Ariel.
Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here: Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!
Pro. Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.
Alon. Whe'r thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?
Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.
Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.
Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends all:—
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
[*Aside to* Seb. *and* Ant.
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.
Seb. The devil speaks in him. [*Aside.*
Pro. No:—
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know
Thou must restore.
Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wrack'd upon this shore; where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.
Pro. I am woe for 't, sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says it is past her cure.
Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.
Alon. You the like loss?
Pro. As great to me, as late; and supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.
Alon. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrack'd, was landed,
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;
For 't is a chronicle of day by day,

ARIEL.

Ariel. "Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."
The Tempest. Act v., sc. 1

Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers Ferdinand *and* Miranda *playing at chess.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.
Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Seb. A most high miracle
Fer. Though the seas threaten they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cause.
[Fer. *kneels to* Alon.
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!
Pro. 'T is new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, she's mortal;
But, by immortal providence, she's mine;
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers:
But O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
Pro. There, sir, stop;
Let us not burthen our remembrances with
A heaviness that's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!
Alon. I say, amen, Gonzalo!
Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero, his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.
Alon. Give me your hands:
[*To* Fer. *and* Mir.
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!
Gon. Be't so! Amen!

Re-enter Ariel, *with the* Master *and* Boatswain *amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us!
I prophesied if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown: now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
Boats. The best news is that we have safely found
Our king, and company: the next our ship,—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,—
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.
Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went. } *Aside.*
Pro. My tricksy spirit! }
Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen,
From strange to stranger:—Say, how came you hither?
Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And (how, we know not,) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:

Where we, in all her trim,[a] freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was 't well done? } *Aside.*
Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod:
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I 'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit; [*Aside.*
Set Caliban and his companions free:
Untie the spell. [*Exit* Ariel.] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter Ariel, *driving in* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *in their stolen Apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune:—Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here 's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true: this mis-shapen knave,—
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power:
These three have robb'd me: and this demi-devil
(For he 's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?—
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pro. You 'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on. [*Pointing to* Caliban.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape:—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I 'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace: What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt* Cal., Ste., *and* Trin.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell: where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which (part of it) I 'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle: And in the morn
I 'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd:

[a] *Her trim.* The original has *our trim.* Applied to the ship, unharmed by the storm, *our* is undoubtedly an error.

And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.
Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.
Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel;—chick,—
That is thy charge; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—[*aside.*] Please
you, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

RECENT NEW READINGS.

Sc. I. p. 435.—"*Holy* Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the *show* of thine."
"*Noble* Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the *flow* of thine."—*Collier.*
Mr. Collier says, the epithet *holy* is inapplicable to Gonzalo, and equally so in the Winter's Tale, where Leontes tells Florizel he has "a holy father." The alteration proves that the Corrector lived at a time when *holy* had lost its meaning of *pure*, and was confined to *sacred* as opposed to secular. But Shakspere uses it elsewhere also, and with great nicety. In Cymbeline (Act. III. Sc. IV.) Lucius, the Roman general, is said to be

"Honourable,
"And, doubling that, most holy."

There is a clear distinction between *holy* and *honourable*, but not between *noble* and *honourable*. The alteration of *show* for *flow* is equally detrimental. The openly shown tears of Gonzalo produce the sympathising tears of Prospero.

Sc. I. p. 438.—"And deal in her command, *without* her power."
"And deal in her command, *with all* her power."—*Collier.*
The Corrector of the folio of 1632 changes *without* to *with all*, thus putting an end to all difficulty, as Mr. Collier says. But how is the difficulty, if any, removed? To "control the moon" is to interfere with the general action of the moon. The moon makes "flows and ebbs" according to natural laws. If Sycorax by her witchcraft would "deal" in the moon's "command" by an occasional suspension of natural laws, it could not be said that she possessed *all the power* of the moon. Sycorax exercised, locally and exceptionally, the office of the moon, but *without her power* as an universal cause of the tidal action.

[Naples from the Sea.]

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint: now 't is true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples: Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.

Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

[1] SCENE I.—"*Ye elves of hills.*"

THE invocation of Medea, in Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' was no doubt familiar to Shakspere when he wrote this passage, and he has used several expressions which we find in Golding's translation. We subjoin the passage from that translation, which Farmer quotes as one of his proofs that Shakspere did not know the original. The evidence in this as in every other case only goes to show that he knew the translation :—

"Ye airs and winds, ye elves of hills, of brooks, of woods alone,
Of standing lakes, and of the night, approach ye every one.
Through help of whom (the crooked banks much wondering at the thing)
I have compelled streams to run clear backward to their spring.
By charms I make the calm sea rough, and make the rough sea plain,
And cover all the sky with clouds, and chase them thence again.
By charms I raise and lay the winds, and burst the viper's jaw;
And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw.
Whole woods and forests I remove, I make the mountains shake,
And even the earth itself to groan and fearfully to quake.
I call up dead men from their graves, and thee, O lightsome moon,
I darken oft, though beaten brass abate thy peril soon.
Our sorcery dims the morning fair, and darks the sun at noon.
The flaming breath of fiery bulls ye quenched for my sake,
And caused their unwieldy necks the bended yoke to take.
Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortal war did set,
And brought asleep the dragon fell, whose eyes were never shut."

[2] SCENE I.—"*Where the bee sucks,*" *&c.*

There are probably more persons familiar with this song in association with the music of Dr. Arne than as readers of Shakspere. The first line is invariably sung,

"Where the bee sucks, there *lurk* I."

It is perfectly clear that *lurk* is not the word which Ariel would have used; and it is equally clear that the poet meant to convey the notion of a being not wholly ethereal; who required some aliment, although the purest and the most delicate :—

"Where the bee sucks, *there suck I.*"

We trust that the music-sellers, such as Mr. Chappell, for example, who has shown such taste in his 'National English Airs,' will not continue to destroy the meaning of the poet. Theobald changed the word *summer* into *sunset*. Warburton supports the old reading very ingeniously :—"The roughness of winter is represented by Shakspeare as disagreeable to fairies, and such-like delicate spirits, who, on this account, constantly follow *summer*. Was not this, then, the most agreeable circumstance of Ariel's new recovered liberty, that he could now avoid *winter*, and follow *summer* quite round the globe?" But here a new difficulty arises. Bats do not migrate, as swallows do, in search of summer. Steevens, with his own real ignorance, says that Shakspere might, through his ignorance of natural history, have supposed the bat to be a bird of passage. He inclines, however, to the opinion, not that Ariel *pursues summer* on a bat's wing, but that *after summer is past* he rides upon the warm down of a bat's back. Excellent naturalist! Why, the bat is torpid after summer. That Ariel is flying in pursuit of summer when he sings "*after* summer," is supported by Mr. Walker in the following quotations :—

"Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, IV. 1 :—

'——— 'In silence sad
Trip we after the night's shade.'
'——— we fairies that do run
By the triple Hecate's team;
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream.'

As Milton, Hymn on the Nativity, XXVI. :—

'And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd maze;"

Shakespeare's very phrase in the passage of the Tempest. Compare Dryden, in his modernization of Chaucer's Floure and Lefe :—

'At other times we [the fairies] reign by night alone,
And posting through the skies pursue the moon.'"

The spirit has described his habitual enjoyments and occupations; and then, bursting forth into a rapturous anticipation of the happiness of his freedom, he sees only one long *spring* of future pleasures :

> "Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
> Under the *blossom* that hangs on the bough."

Mr. Hunter conjectures that Ariel had a particular blossom and a particular bough in view—"the pendulous blossoms of the line-tree;"—and that his favourite abode will be Prospero's "*line-grove.*" We have not exactly the same opinion of Ariel's *inhabitiveness*, as the phrenologists express the love of home. His long confinement in the "cloven pine," during the reign of Sycorax, would make the island have somewhat of disagreeable associations when Prospero had quitted it. The "howl" of the "wolves" would still ring in his ears. We have no doubt that he would again make a trip to the "still vex'd Bermoothes."

['Where the bee sucks.']

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

THERE has been a royal marriage at Tunis. The king of Naples has given his fair daughter, Claribel, to the king of that African land; and is returning home from the festivities, with a gallant fleet. It was a marriage of policy. The fair soul herself hesitated between loathness and obedience. In the royal ship are Alonso, the king of Naples; Sebastian, his brother; Ferdinand, the king's son; Antonio, the reigning Duke of Milan; Gonzalo, a Neapolitan counsellor; and other lords of the court. The fleet is dispersed by a storm. The king's ship encounters the utmost fury of the tempest. In that hour of trouble distinctions are forgotten. The boatswain is now the sovereign: "What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin, silence, trouble us not," says the rough seaman to the frightened great ones. The ship is going down:—"All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!"

The ship has struck upon an island. Has it a name? Some of the learned say that it was one of the Bermudas; because the "still vex'd Bermoothes" is mentioned in the play—an enchanted region, too, according to travellers' superstition. Another critic holds that it was Lampedusa, situated in a stormy sea between Malta and Africa—an enchanted and a deserted island. Rare geographers! Poetry asks little of your demonstrations. She made the island, and she peopled it with a most wondrous population. Two human beings gaze upon that shipwreck—Prospero and Miranda. The first words they exchange tell their relation to each other, and to the sufferers in the ship. Twelve years before, Prospero was duke of Milan. He was a man of contemplation. He left the manage of the state to his brother Antonio, a man of action. Prospero neglected worldly ends; Antonio had the key of officer and office For Prospero his library was dukedom large enough; Antonio held all temporal royalties. The king of Naples, upon the promise of annual tribute, confederated with him to depose Prospero. He and his child, the little Miranda, were hurried some leagues to sea, and then

turned adrift in a rotten carcass of a boat. But a kind friend, Gonzalo, supplied the poor outcasts with food, and garments, and some of the prized books. And they arrived in that desolate island; and the father was the child's schoolmaster, and reared her amongst all sweet influences of nature. But Prospero, out of his secret studies, has obtained a command over more than the material world. Spiritual essences take bodily shapes, and obey his laws. By his art the tempest is raised, when fortune brings his enemies to that shore But he destroys them not. His Ariel, his brave spirit, saves them when they plunge in the foaming brine. Not a hair perishes—even their garments are unblemished.

Let us look a little at the attributes of this delicate Ariel. He is subject to the enchanter, and he pines for liberty. But he had been a slave to one of a less kindly nature—to the witch Sycorax. Her commands were earthy and abhorred, and Ariel refused her hests. For this he was imprisoned in a cloven pine. Prospero released him. Prospero's commands are sometimes toilsome, but the promise of freedom makes Ariel obedient—he does his spiriting gently. He fills the air of the isle with sweet music, or with solemn; he perplexes his master's enemies with "aery tongues that syllable men's names;"—he is a sea-nymph, and he is a harpy. He enjoys his work, he revels in his fun—he is all gentleness to his commander, with his "do you love me, master?" And his master loves him—Ariel is his free spirit; his bird, his chick. Dainty Ariel! thou art not of the earth—thou art but air—and yet thou art as natural as the veriest portrait of humanity. To fly, to swim, to dive into the fire, to ride on the curled clouds, to pierce the veins of the frosty soil—these are thy duties; but thy pleasures are of the most refined epicurism—to suck with the bee, and dwell under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Ariel, to all eyes but those of Prospero, is an invisible being. But there is another servant of the magician, even more marvellous and out of common life than that tricksy spirit. As Ariel is above humanity, Caliban is below it. Prospero is not always a magician. When he lays aside his magic cloak and wand, he has wants that must be supplied by ordinary ministrations. Caliban is his slave, to fetch in wood, and be used in other servile offices. He never yields kind answer—and naturally so, for he lives under the influence of terror. He has attempted a great crime, in the grossness of his nature; and Prospero henceforth governs him by stripes, not kindness. There was a time when Prospero pitied him, in his savage deformity; took pains to make him speak; taught him the nature of the things around him; endowed his purposes with words. Thus it is that the rude element of the creature has been moulded into the semblance of humanity, and his language is even that of a higher humanity than the language of common men; for, hearing no tongues but those of Prospero and his daughter, who are intellectually raised far above him, he employs the choicest words to express his thoughts, however material they be. And they are essentially material in their range—they are altogether wanting in moral associations—but they nevertheless belong to the region of poetry. With him the sun is the bigger light, the moon the less. He has wandered about the isle where he was born, and he knows all its qualities—fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile. He knows where crabs grow, and with his long nails can dig pig-nuts. He can find a jay's nest, and snare the nimble marmozet. His very curses are poetry, using the same material images. He invokes all the infections that the sun sucks up from bogs, fens, flats, to fall on Prospero. His sorrows are of the like material character. He dreads the spirit-apes which moe and chatter at him, the hedgehogs which raise their pricks at his footfall, the adders that hiss him into madness. But he has no sense of moral abasement. He prostrates himself before a drunken ribald who bears celestial liquor. He plans murder. When Prospero sleeps in the afternoon, the foolish drunkard whom he worships is to batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, or cut his wezand. He has no mincing of terms, such as the half-brutalized natures of social life are fain to use, as the transparent veils of purposed atrocities. And yet he is sensible to outward impressions of the beautiful. Miranda far surpasses Sycorax, his dam, the only women he ever saw. The isle is full of sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not. He dreams, and the clouds open and drop riches upon him. Franz Horn, a German critic, asks whether Prospero left Caliban to govern the island? He says he will be wise hereafter, and seek for grace. There have been Calibans on thrones before now, as earthy as this poor monster, and they have not always sought for grace, even when discomfited. The same German critic says that Caliban stands far higher than Trinculo and Stephano. And he says truly; for the crimes and evil purposes of those who claim to belong to civilized life are far more debasing than the instinctive violence and craft of savagery. When the conventional shackles are thrown off, the bad man of civilization is lower

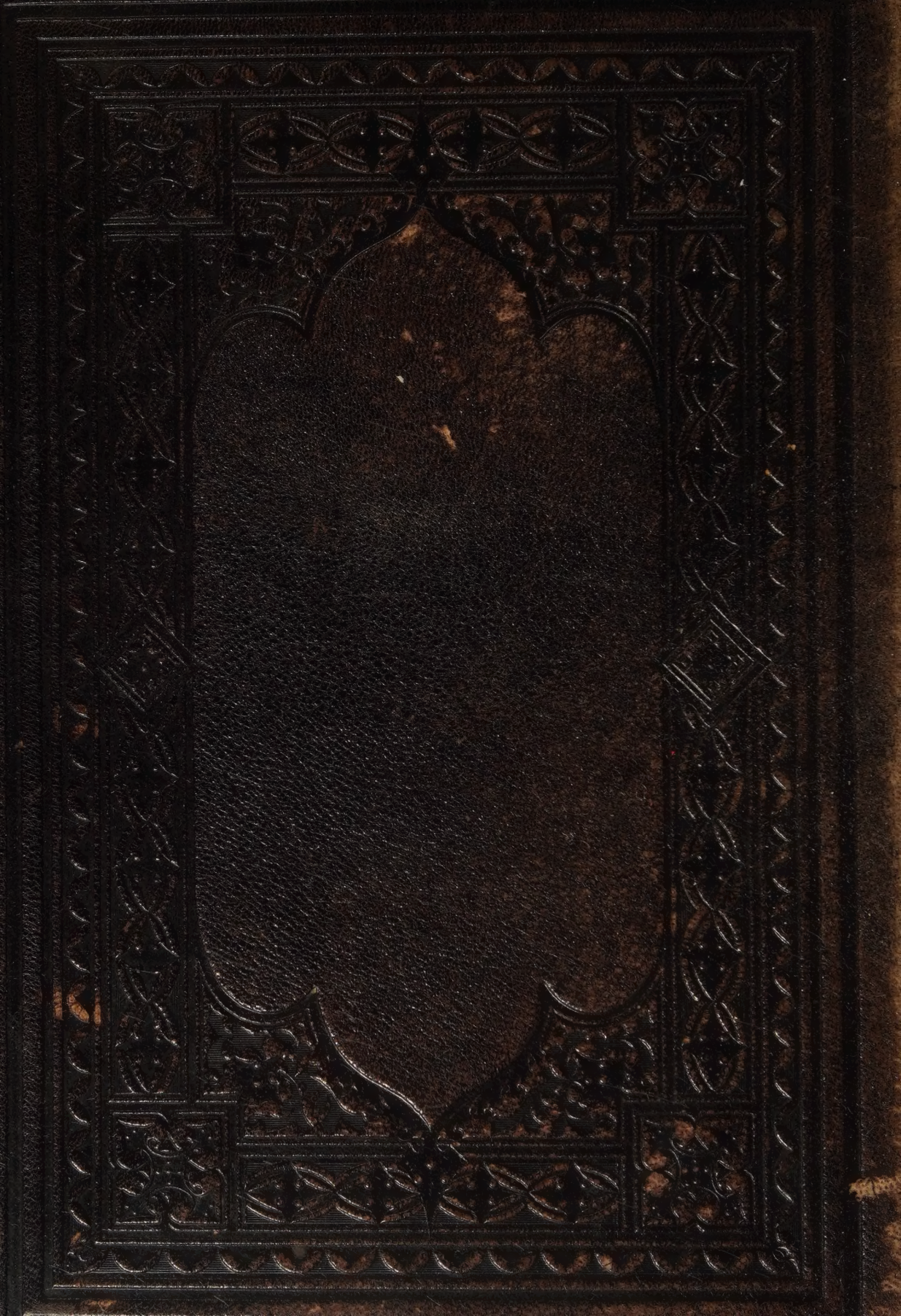
than the savage; and he is more dangerous, even when he is a fool, as Stephano and Trinculo are. These men are, to a certain extent, unconscious of doing wrong. Wrong doing, in such natures, is generally tested by the fear of detection and its penal consequences. They are out of the reach of the jail and the halter—and they look upon theft and murder as a condition of their new state of irrespon sibility.

The design of Prospero in raising the Tempest is not merely to bring his enemies within his power, and to punish their former treachery and cruelty to himself. In his relation to his daughter of his early history—exquisitely natural and unpremeditated as that relation is—the father carefully withholds his ulterior purposes. His enemies are brought to this shore—there is an auspicious star which is to influence his future fortunes. "Here cease more questions," are his words to Miranda. To Ariel he gives instructions, which no one else hears—"Fine apparition!—My quaint Ariel! hark in thine ear;" and the spirit says—"My lord, it shall be done." Ariel's song—"Come unto these yellow sands" —is soon heard. Ferdinand, the king's son, is the sole listener. He had heard that music as he wept his father's loss, and it crept by him upon the waters, soothing their fury and his passion. Another strain—"Full fathom five thy father lies."—This is no mortal business. But Ferdinand is in the presence of mortals. The enchanter's instructions to Ariel are accomplished.

Miranda has before spoken, out of the depths of her compassionate nature, when she beholds souls on board the sinking ship perishing. She is told of one who was kind to her injured father, and she exclaims, "Would I might but ever see that man." Ferdinand comes before her—and she asks, "What is 't? a spirit?" It is not a spirit—it eats, and sleeps, and has senses as her father and herself. Then it is a thing divine—for nothing natural she ever saw so noble. She speaks to him—it is his language. Prospero is harsh to him—outwardly harsh. "Sir, have pity, I'll be his surety." At the first sight they have changed eyes. Who shall dare to attempt even the faintest shadow of that exquisite scene, where the purest of womankind throws herself, in plain and holy innocence, into the arms of him who, for her sake, is the patient log-man that her father has willed him for a time to be? Soon does that evil time pass away. The just and benevolent Prospero gives him that thread of his own life for which he lives. She will be some day Queen of Naples. How will that most unworldly nature, who has breathed no air but that of the free woods and the solitary shores of her island home —who has heard, and that most imperfectly, of deceit and oppression—who has the most earnest sympathies and yearnings of affection towards all that bear the form of mankind,—how will she comport herself in the artificial atmosphere of a courtly life? If "spirits are not finely touch'd but to fine issues," she will be there, still, the "top of admiration"—strong in her own purity and the strength of her affections. She will rest upon Love—Love which depends not upon local influences or outward associations. The goodly creatures of her brave new world will become the objects of her beneficence. There will be sorrows to assuage and hearts to be comforted wherever she abides. There will be duties to perform, to which she will devote herself in all gladness, even as she said to her Ferdinand, "I'll bear your logs awhile." The exquisite Miranda is no abstraction; she belongs to the highest ideal, from her position and education; but her very noblest attributes are those of womanhood.

Prospero and Miranda stand apart from the group of human agents, as higher natures. Prospero never raises in our minds a doubt of the lawfulness of his magic during its exercise. He is so truly gentle and yet so serious—so generous and compassionate even in his anger—that we regard him with reverence wholly unmixed with fear. He has approved the loves of Ferdinand and Miranda. In the joy of that ratification he has thought little of perils which he knows are approaching. He would bestow upon the young couple some vanity of his art. There is a Masque. When Prospero tells Ferdinand that the masquers are spirits which by his art he has called from their confines to act his present fancies, does the Magician or the Poet speak? Shakspere, in the same gentle and modest spirit, might have been Prologue to the masque. And so of the solemn Epilogue which follows the insubstantial pageant faded. It may be a fancy; but Prospero himself often comes before us as a shadow of Shakspere—of the man Shakspere. Campbell had, to a certain extent, the same fancy, when he believed that 'The Tempest' was the last work of Shakspere. He says, "Shakspere himself is Prospero, or rather the superior genius who commands both Prospero and Ariel. But the time was approaching when the potent sorcerer was to break his staff, and to bury it fathoms in the ocean, 'deeper than did ever plummet sound.' That staff has never been, and never will be, recovered." But we are wandering. We said that Prospero and Miranda stand apart from the group of human

agents in that island, as higher natures. Ferdinand comes into their circle by the force of passion, which purifies and ennobles him. But, with one exception, Gonzalo, the princes and lords of Naples and Milan are either guilty men or mere men of the world, seeking to prosper in their stratagems or their compliances. Escaped from drowning, the courtly group begin to talk in the idlest fashion. Gonzalo tries to be grave at first—to exhort the king to comfort by the consideration of their escape, the miracle of their preservation. The jesters overpower him. He yields to their humour, but in a spirit of philosophical irony: Had I plantation of this isle, that is, its colonization, I would by contraries execute all things. There should be no traffic—no laws—riches, poverty, service, none; no division of property, no occupation—all idle, but innocent and pure—all things in common, for nature should bring forth all abundance. Is Gonzalo serious? No. But the world, in these later times, has had serious believers in some of these contraries. Poetry out of such materials made her pictures of a Golden Age; and it was the conception and desire of philosophy to feign such a condition of man. The courtiers laugh at Gonzalo; and he, in his secret heart, knowing the men whom he addresses for traitors and intriguers, may think that out of poetry and philosophy may some day come a happier state of society than the chance-medley of our working-day life.

The gentlemen who laugh at nothing have a secret purpose beneath their laughter. Sebastian and Antonio are wakeful while the king and his followers sleep. They believe that Ferdinand is drowned. If the king were removed, Sebastian might be king of Naples. This is the suggestion of Antonio. I remember, says Sebastian, you did supplant your brother Prospero. True, replies the hardened man, and look how well my garments sit upon me. The precedent is a good one. They draw their swords. Ariel hovers around them; and at his sounds of Awake, awake, the plot is defeated. The troop wander about the island in search of Ferdinand, wearied and perplexed. Strange shapes bring in a banquet, with gentle salutation. They are about to eat, but the harpy form of Ariel appears, and the banquet vanishes. Solemn are the words that the spirit speaks to the three men of sin, who from Milan did supplant good Prospero. They become desperate: the king, under the bitter sense of his trespass; the more guilty in the impotent fury of self-abandonment. Ariel holds them prisoners and under his master's charms they are distracted, stricken with madness. Then speaks out the nobility of Prospero. He comes forth from his cell in his magic robes. Ariel is by his side. It is the sixth hour of the day, when the enchanter had promised that the spirit's work should cease. In the progress of that work the spirit has caught something of human sympathies. If you now beheld, says Ariel, those upon whom your charm so strongly works, your affections would become tender. Hast thou, says Prospero, which art but air, a touch, a feeling of their afflictions, and shall not myself, one of their kind, be kindlier moved than thou art? Go release them. Solemn is the invocation which precedes Prospero's renunciation of his rough magic; and solemn is the scene in which those who have been distraught are gradually disenchanted. As the charm dissolves apace they hear the story of Prospero's wrongs; and at length the rightful duke of Milan stands before them in the garb of a former time. The king of Naples entreats pardon. Prospero forgives even that most wicked sir, whom he will not call brother. Then comes the last surprise. The interior of Prospero's cell is disclosed, and there are Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess in the security and ease of a life-long affection, after an acquaintance of three hours. The benevolent enchanter has worked out his most Christian victory over evil, and has secured the happiness of his dear beloved; and now to Milan, where every third thought shall be a thought of his grave.

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